

THE
Literary
SPECULUM.

ORIGINAL
**ESSAYS, CRITICISM,
POETRY.**

"By various Hands."

VOL. II.

Containing Portraits of Bloomfield, Coleridge,
Southey, Montgomery, Colman, Bernard
Barton, and Hogg.

"Jucunda atque idonea dicere vitæ."
HORACE.

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ON THE WRITINGS OF

Bloomfield;

INCLUDING A CRITICAL NOTICE OF HIS NEW POEM,

"MAY DAY WITH THE MUSES."

THERE is a fashion in all things; and even literature is not exempted from submission to its caprices. A writer, who, to-day, is exalted to the summit of popularity, shall to-morrow be jostled from his "pride of place," by some fresh candidate for fame, and be compelled to mingle with the multitude, whose ephemeral claims to regard have long since faded into the indistinct nothingness of oblivion. Hence the perpetual craving for some new delight gives a momentary importance to that which has only novelty for its recommendation; and singularity is often exalted at the expense of genius. Perhaps the reason why existing merit is either unduly appreciated or unjustly neglected, may be traced to this source. Modern productions must conform to our insatiate love of change; but we relax in this rigorous exaction, when perusing the works of departed authors, and are content with receiving instruction or delight on their own terms. Nothing but this principle could have given popularity to such works as even a few years have witnessed; and which, now the fervour of enthusiasm has subsided, are either not remem-

bered at all, or regarded only with contempt. Mr. Merry, with his no-meaning fustian; Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Pye, with their ponderous epics, and "prose run-mad;" and Sir John Carr, with his hot-pressed quartos, and tedious egotisms;—no longer levy their contributions on the pockets and patience of the public. Gently have they slid down the Lethean stream, and no one cares to revive their memory, or lend a hand for their resuscitation. "Of making many books," quoth Solomon, "there is no end." Dr. Watts observes (and he wrote seventy years ago) "the world is full of books;" and perhaps it is fortunate for the public, that this oblivious contempt of former favorites has saved them from further trials of their patience. It happens, however, most unfortunately, that neglect is not the exclusive portion of dull writers. Laurels, "that the very lightning spares," though once flourishing in the green verdure of popularity, have withered in the shades of forgetfulness; and names, consecrated by genius and by fame, after administering to the delight of the passing hour, are equally disregarded with those, who if they had written little, or had never written at all, would neither have been missed nor regretted.

The circumstances, which introduced the author of the *Farmer's Boy* to the notice of the public, were in themselves sufficiently remarkable, to account in some degree for the interest he excited; and would have attached importance to his productions had their merit been of a much meaner description. That a man in one of the humblest departments of life, unaided by education, and in a situation so unpropitious to the cultivation of literature, should have even attained mediocrity, would have reflected no inconsiderable honour on his talents and application; but that he should have gone beyond this, and produced a poem, worthy of a place next the *Seasons* of Thomson, was indeed a remarkable event in our literary history, and a convincing proof that genius is independent of time, place, and circumstance. The strong feeling Mr. Bloomfield's first appearance in the literary world, so generally excited, cannot be forgotten. There are few writers whose works have been more universally read, or more justly esteemed; and considering his well-founded claims on our admiration, it appears somewhat singular, that they should have latterly experienced a comparative neglect. Many causes however have conspired to produce this effect. The love of novelty, already adduced, and the multitude of new candidates for fame that have since started into notice, have contributed to displace a rival, who only aimed at attention through the affections

of the heart, and could ill sustain a conflict with competitors, who having given a feverish impulse to the public mind by the development of a preternatural or distorted association of ideas, have succeeded in driving the humble delineator of nature and feeling beyond the pale of the literary arena.

It is by no means easy to produce a correct definition of taste. It may perhaps be referred to a few general principles, but it varies considerably in particulars; and in poetry has as many shades of difference as the rainbow. Various minds are variously affected; and this does not merely arise from their natural construction, but from the fortuitous circumstances under which they are placed. The man who has passed his whole life in cities, amid the jostlings of traffic, and the bustle of commercial intercourse, can derive a mere negative delight from the perusal of pastoral images, or delineations of rustic scenery. His early associations not having been formed amongst

Hills and dales, the woodland, and the plain,

the impressions he receives are of a second-hand description; he has only obtained casual glances at nature, or she has merely appeared before him in the artificial vesture of books and paintings, and that glow of feeling, which rural poetry awakens in the mind of one, whose happiest hours were spent in her woods and wilds, is a stranger to his bosom. He wants a stronger excitement, than such placid sensations are calculated to awaken. There is too much repose in the picture to suit the bias of his mind, and he turns with a keener relish to a more poignant regret. On the other hand, the admirer of

Sequester'd scenes,

The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;"

he whose youthful days have been past

Where blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,

Where Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,

And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;

feels a powerful interest in all that places before him the scenes of his early life.* But it would be unjust to quarrel with the taste of either of these individuals. There is merit in every department of poetry; nor can we reasonably expect such an union of opinion as to assign the palm of superiority to one, at the expense of another.

* I remember an old lady, who had spent the last thirty years of her existence in London, who could not hear the perusal of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* without shedding tears; and the reason she assigned was both simple and just; she said it revived so forcibly the recollections of her youth.

Poetry of a highly imaginative description is warmly appreciated by some minds, while it is little relished or scarcely understood by others; and all I am anxious to contend against is that unfair pre-eminence, which each admirer of the Muses assumes for the object of his own particular predilection. But while I am willing to admit the claims of each advocate for his own peculiar taste, I would exclude every description of poetical composition, that spurns that just limitation of Horace, which presumes good-sense to be the very foundation and spring of writing well. It is not the heaping together a number of pretty words, or crowding metaphor on metaphor, or smooth metre, that constitute the poet. Out upon those bards, that

—ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes,
 And where you find the 'cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line it 'whispers through the trees.'

To prattle about the sun and moon and stars, of flowers and bowers and showers, may jingle prettily on the ear; but we must have ideas as well as words, sense as well as sound; and time is too brief to waste it in hunting for an author's meaning, through a wilderness of verbiage, and risk the mortification of discovering at the end of the chase that he had no meaning at all. Yet this is decidedly the fault of a great portion of modern poetry, and poetry too that does not lack admirers, and perhaps never will, while readers are content (as Dr. Watts expresses it) to let "their eyes slide over the pages, or the words slide over their ears, and vanish like a rhapsody of evening tales, or the shadows of a cloud, flying over a green field in a summer's day," and leaving no impression on their minds, but that what they have been reading was very pretty. It is to no purpose to allege that the rigorous laws of prose are not applicable to poetry. No man can be held excusable for talking nonsense; and though it may satisfy the authors of such works that "a book's a book, although there's nothing in't," they should not vent their *furor scribendi* at the expense of the public. And now, bringing the argument to bear upon the subject before us, I contend that Bloomfield has been unfairly thrust from that rank his genius entitles him to hold. He is a poet in the strictest acceptation of the term, let fashion say what it will; and merit having the hydraulic property of finding its level, there is little doubt that his works will be admired by posterity, when the ponderous quartos of his rhyming cotemporaries are sunk by their own leaden gravity in the ocean of oblivion.

If there was one consideration that would weigh with me more

than another in estimating the genius of Bloomfield, it would be the vein of good-sense, and strong moral feeling, that runs through all his productions. He does not go out of his way to excite attention or surprise;—but he evinces vigorous marks of correct thinking and a just and inartificial delineation of nature,—neither in her meanest nor her loftiest situations, but in that true medium where she is most interesting, and most readily recognised. We feel we are perusing descriptions which the author has embodied from his own personal experience; and indeed he seems so careless of what is termed effect, that his works have more the appearance of having been written for his own amusement than the public eye.

Although the design of the Farmer's Boy, appears the same as Thomson's Seasons, nothing can be more different than the various modes of the two writers in treating what may be almost termed the same subject; and the distinctions I should be inclined to draw would be these,—Thomson is the Virgil, Bloomfield the Theocritus of pastoral poetry. There is more art in Thomson; he writes in a loftier strain, and his imagination takes a more elevated grasp of his subject. He dignifies rather than describes; and possesses less simplicity. Bloomfield is more rustic and natural,—Thomson more polished and courtly; the former writes like what he is,—a man who has received all his feelings and nearly all his knowledge from nature; the latter like the scholar and the gentleman. And it is worthy of remark, that had Bloomfield not been contented to sing *paulo MINORA*,—had he assumed the same ground with the poet of the Seasons,—he would not only have hazarded his success, but must infallibly have lost those interesting traits of his subject, which Thomson's more lofty delineation either screened from his observation, or precluded him from appropriating. Yet neither the taste nor the judgment is offended in the poetry of Bloomfield. He writes with a natural and dignified simplicity, without affectation or meanness; and the melody of his versification would sometimes impress us with the idea of labour and study, were not such a supposition counteracted, by the air of unsophisticated nature that pervades the whole, and which can never be acquired by art. The apparent disadvantages of this writer are indeed a principal reason of his success. Had he been an educated man, there is little doubt but he would have trod in the same path with those who have preceded him in the description of pastoral poetry. The mind, conversant with the stores of antiquity, is insensibly led to adopt a similarity of ideas, and contented with these, it seeks no new

impulse to thought, but goes on multiplying resemblances, without daring to invent or investigate ; and thus there is little doubt, that had Bloomfield received classical instruction, he would not only have lost originality but truth.

The Farmer's Boy is an exquisite poem ; and is so generally known, that a minute detail of its merits is scarcely requisite ; and I cannot but agree with Dr. Drake, " that owing to its harmony and sweetness of versification, its benevolence of sentiment, and originality of imagery, it is entitled to rank very high in the class of descriptive and pastoral poetry." But we must not, in our admiration of this his first and longest poem, forget that many of his minor pieces are no less deserving of approbation. His Richard and Kate has no parallel in the English language, and I do not envy that man's feelings who can read it without shedding tears ; I adduce the following extract, as the very triumph of natural and unaffected pathos :

Kate viewed her blooming daughters round,
And sons who shook her wither'd hand :
Her features spoke what joy she found,
But utterance had made a stand.

The children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their fairings down the hill ;
Richard with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life stand still.

A father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said :
" My boys, how proud am I to have
My name thus through the country spread !

My good old partner, when at home,
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears ;
Goody, says I, let what wool come,
We've nothing for them but our prayers.

May you be all as old as I,
And see your sons to manhood grow,
And many a time before you die,
Be just as pleased as I am now."

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Then (raising still his mug and voice)

“An old man’s weakness don’t despise!

I love you well, my girls and boys;

God bless you all!”...so said his eyes.

For as he spoke, a big round drop

Fell, bounding on his ample sleeve;

A witness which he could not stop,

A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, Filial Piety, wert there;

And round the ring, benignly bright,

Dwelt on the luscious half-shed tear,

And in the parting word—“Good Night!”

Walter and Jane, the Miller’s Maid, the Market Night, Abner and the Widow Jones, and the Broken Crutch, will not diminish from his reputation, but will be read, understood, and admired, while poetry obtains an influence over the hearts of men. The necessity of dwelling somewhat largely on his poem of the ‘May Day with the Muses,’ just published, precludes further observations and extracts, and for this I shall be pardoned, as the re-appearance of Mr. Bloomfield among the votaries of Parnassus, after so many years’ absence that his being still living was doubted, is certainly a subject of some interest, particularly when we reflect on the many fresh candidates for fame that have sprung up since he last assumed his pen; and the curiosity that must be naturally excited in the public mind, how far a man on the verge of sixty has diminished or surpassed in excellency, by comparison with his former productions.

The ‘May Day with the Muses’ is a series of poems connected together by a narrative, the foundation of which is the resolution of an old English Baronet

To drive to town no more,—no more by night

To meet in crowded courts a blaze of light,

In streets a roaring mob, with flags unfurl’d,

And all the senseless discord of the world,

but to retire to his paternal estate, and there spend the remainder of his days; and the first act of his benevolence is a romantic whim to remit half a year’s rent to his tenants, on condition that they paid it in rhyme.

The tidings flew

As quick as scandal the whole country through;

and the day at length arrives when these rustic votaries of the Muses appear with their effusions at the baronet's mansion. The preparations for their entertainment are forcibly described:

From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless, expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride,
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five.

Some wheel'd the turf, to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough rined and bold, as master of the place ;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, *and felt the breath of May.*

Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropp'd the daisies for a dancing space.
Some roll'd the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison'd darkness into cheerful light,
And fenc'd him round with cans ; and others bore
The cracking hamper with his costly store,
Well cork'd, well flavor'd, and *well taxed.*

Not a face was there
But for May Day at least had banished care ;

Freedom was there, and joy in every eye :
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.

After the repast, those who had availed themselves of the invitation to "pay in rhymes instead of gold," recite their effusions. The first is entitled the Drunken Father, a rural tale exquisitely told, which relates the reform of a drunkard, whose life was saved by the timely presence of mind of his child. It is not very much inferior to Hector Macneil's celebrated Waes o' War. The affection of his wife, and the tenderness of her upbraidings are pathetically narrated.

" I work, I spin, I toil all day,
Then leave my work to cry,
And start with horror when I think
You wish to see me die.

But *do* you wish it ? Can that bring
More comfort or more joy ?
Look round the house,—how destitute !
Look at your ragged boy !

That boy should make a father proud,
If any feeling can ;
Then save your children, save your wife,
Your honour as a man.

Hear me, for God's sake, hear me now,
And act a father's part !"
The culprit bless'd her angel's tongue,
And clasp'd her to his heart ;

And would have vow'd, and would have sworn,
But Ellen kiss'd him dumb,—
" Exert your mind, vow to *yourself*,
And better days will come."

.
From that bright day, his plants, his flowers,
His crops began to thrive,
And for three years has Andrew been
The soberest man alive.

The Forester contains a vigorous description of an oak laid prostrate by the gale. The Shepherd's Dream has a political allusion to the fate of Buonaparte, that might have been spared, as it is out of place, and the Soldier's Home would have more interested, did it not remind the reader in some parts of Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, and faintly of Campbell's Soldier's Dream. It has however considerable merit. Rosamond's Song of Hope is trifling ; but Alfred and Jennet, the last piece in the volume, would amply redeem all imperfections, however glaring and numerous. It is a delightful morceau, and is fully equal to any of the author's former productions. It thus commences :

Yes, let me tell of Jennet, my last child ;
 In her the charms of all the rest ran wild,
 And sprouted as they pleased. Still by my side,
 I own she was my favourite,—was my pride,
 Since first she laboured round my neck to twine,
 Or clasp'd both little hands in one of mine.

Her lively spirit lifted her to joy.
 To distance in the race a clumsy boy
 Would raise the flush of conquest in her eye,
 And all was dance, and laugh, and liberty.
 Yet not hard-hearted. Take me right, I beg :
 The veriest romp that ever wagg'd a leg
 Was Jennet ; but, when pity soothed her mind,
 Prompt with her tears, and delicately kind.
 The half-fledg'd nestling, rabbit, mouse or dove,
 By turns engaged her cares and infant love ;
 And many a one, at the last doubtful strife,
 Warm'd in her bosom, started into life.

Jennet is patronised by a lady who resides in the village, and she becomes the playmate of her son, a blind youth, who is thus exquisitely described :

—— From his cradle he had never seen
 Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.
 But all life's blessings center not in sight ;
 For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
 Had given, in pity to the blooming boy,
 Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
 Fond to excess was he of all that grew ;
 The morning blossom, sprinkled o'er with dew,
 Across his path, as if in playful freak,
 Would dark his brow, and weep upon his cheek.
 Each varying leaf, that brush'd where'er he came,
 Press'd to his rosy lip he call'd by name ;
 He grasp'd the saplings, measured every bough,
 Inhaled the fragrance that the spring months throw
 Profusely round, 'till his young heart confess'd
 That all was beauty, and himself was bless'd.

Jennet is the companion of his rambles, and their attachment to each other is natural.

Whene'er she came, he from his sports would slide,
And catch her wild laugh, listening by her side ;
Mount to the tell-tale clock, with ardent spring,
And *feel* the passing hour, then fondly cling
To Jennet's arm, and tell how sweet the breath
Of bright May mornings on the open heath ;
Then off they started, rambling far and wide,
Like Cupid, with a wood-nymph by his side.

Jennet, by being constantly present when her protégé was receiving his lessons, insensibly acquires knowledge, and among the rest a taste for music.

Yet hitherto she kept, scarce knowing why,
One powerful charm reserved, and still was shy.
When Alfred from his grand piano drew
Those heavenly sounds that seem'd for ever new,
She sat, as if to sing would be a crime,
And only gazed with joy, and nodded time.
Till one snug evening,——I myself was there,——
The whispering lad inquir'd behind my chair,
“ Bowman, can Jennet sing ? ”——“ At home,” said I,
“ She sings from morn till night, and seems to fly
“ From tune to tune,——the sad, the wild, the merry,
“ And moulds her lips to suit them like a cherry ;
“ She learn'd them here.”——“ O ho ! ” said he, “ O ho ! ”
And rubb'd his hands, and stroked his forehead, so.
Then down he sat, sought out a tender strain,
Sung the first words, then struck the chords again ;
“ Come, Jennet, help me ; you *must* know this song,
“ Which I have sung, and you have heard so long.”
I mark'd the palpitation of her heart ;
Yet she complied, and strove to take a part,
But faint and fluttering, swelling by degrees,
Ere self-composure gave that perfect ease,
That soul of song : —— then, with triumphant glee,
Resting her idle work upon her knee,
Her little tongue soon fill'd the room around
With such a voluble and magic sound,

That spite of all her pains to persevere,
 She stopp'd to sigh, and wipe a sparkling tear;
 Then roused herself for faults to make amends,
 While Alfred trembled to his fingers' ends.
 Upsprung the youth: "Oh! Jennet, where's your hand?
 "There's not another girl in all the land,
 "If she could bring me empires, bring me sight,
 "Could give me such unspeakable delight.
 "You little baggage!—not to tell before
 "That you could sing;—mind, you go home no more."

The attachment of infancy at length ripens into love, much to the surprise (which, by-the-bye is somewhat strange) both of the father of the girl, and the mother of the boy. What's to be done? marriage is out of the question; the inequality of their rank forbids it: but nature at length prevails. The old lady, who perceives that the happiness of her son is interwoven with his affection for Jennet, consents, and they are united.

In giving a summary opinion of the 'May Day with the Muses,' I should be tempted to say, that as a whole, it is worthy of Mr. Bloomfield's pen. It betrays no marks of inferiority when compared with his former productions, but there is less rusticity, and more polish about it. It rather indicates increased vigour than feebleness, and gives evidence of cultivation, not visible in his other writings. It has more the appearance of labour and art, than of being the offspring of that spontaneous impulse which dictated his earlier effusions; but I doubt whether the mere removal of asperities has detracted from its merit; and I have no hesitation in asserting, that it appears to me to have lost none of that simplicity of thought, good-sense, and warm-hearted feeling which have hitherto characterized its author. I may conclude by observing of the genius of Bloomfield, that I have never risen from the perusal of his poems without feeling my heart improved and expanded; and that while a sentiment of pure morality and unaffected piety pervades all he has written, we are never led to doubt his sincerity by the appearance of that over-righteous affectation of godliness, which is the inseparable companion of cant and hypocrisy.

Novel Reading.

I CANNOT join in the common-place vituperations on Novel Reading, which the old and the ill-tempered, the fastidious and the unimagined, are perpetually putting forth, to the no small annoyance of the young, the light-hearted, the thoughtless, and the fanciful. I have so often found the most virulent detractors of works of fiction, devouring the pages of the last new romance with so much avidity and satisfaction, that I could not but think their example was more potent than their precepts; and I feel too grateful to those inexhaustible sources of amusement, the circulating libraries, to cry down their most thriving branch of trade, or endeavour to visit with the fire of criticism, those well thumbed volumes, replete with love and horror, which afford equal pleasure to maid Marian and her more accomplished mistress. The wilderness of the world has so few sunny spots, there is so much bitterness in the cup of existence, and moments of unsophisticated enjoyment occur so seldom, that I cannot think myself at liberty to denounce the harmless occupation of a leisure hour, with the pursuit of truth, in the bewildering labyrinth of fancy. No: in sickness and sorrow, when I endured the complicated agonies of physical and mental pain, a draught from the sparkling fountain of romance has been to me like the fabled stream of Lethe, and while lamenting the imaginary difficulties of

"Some banished lover, or some captive maid,"

I have forgotten my own afflictions, and have been soothed, while the interest of the narrative continued, into an utter unconsciousness of external evils. And this Sabbath of the heart, which I have sometimes felt, may have been frequently known to others. The ancient man, the white-haired sojourner on earth, who has survived all his dearest connections, who has none to love, none to be loved by; and the youthful aspirant, whose hopes are withered in the bloom, whose spirit is crushed by unmerited sufferings, and whose cheek is ruddy, but not with health, has perhaps ceased to brood over his wrongs, and tasted of the divine Nepenthe of forgetfulness, while reading the interminable mazes of some eventful

tales. And shall I veil from the sunken eye, lit up with hectic brilliancy, or from age "with spectacles on nose," the shadowy Eden of Fiction? Shall I say to the wretch,

Whose wand'rings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, tho' half untrue,

while he dreams of a cloudless Arcadia, bright with eternal sunshine, and fair with unfading flowers, "You are deceived; this is an idle illusion. You are still in a state of existence, where such fairy scenes can never be realised?" Might he not justly reply, "Officious fool, why have you roused me from my visions of peace and happiness?—I know that real life has nothing in store for me half so fascinating;—the wilderness of time may produce a few solitary roses, but to me it has only been fruitful in thorns.—I felt this. I wished to forget; I stood on the threshold of oblivion—why, oh! why have you recalled me to reality and anguish?" If the exaggerations of the novelist, if the ideal perfection of character, the unearthly loveliness of person, the faultlessness of innocence, or the unredeemed deformity of vice, which are the essence of his wonderful volumes, have power, even for a moment, to steal misery from itself, to give energy to the listlessness of disappointment, or to afford amusement to the tedium of indolence,—what right have I to call the spell unholy, or to dissolve the charm that works so agreeable a miracle? Is the reader of a novel really deceived by its misrepresentations of life and manners? Surely not. Are the young led to form a higher opinion of mankind than experience justifies, from a course of light reading? It may be so. While the elasticity of spirit and native gaiety of heart, which distinguish careless sixteen, are yet their's, they may look for truth, friendship, and love in all their associates, instead of the treachery, hypocrisy, and selfishness which they must ultimately feel and lament—and is the having a few additions made to the brief catalogue of their happy days an evil? Is the being exempted a little longer from the ignoble feelings of suspicion, jealousy, and distrust, an injury? I think not; for

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

But I am willing, nay desirous, to meet those outrageously moral persons, who would fain make it treason to write a novel, and misprision of treason to read one, on their own ground; and oppose the exertion of their charitable zeal, on the simple principle that the

tendency of novel reading is to quicken the exercise of our virtues rather than to paralyze them, and to accelerate the acquirement of knowledge rather than to retard it. "What!" I shall now be asked, in the whining cant of those vice-suppressing sages, who are the pests and scarecrows of the age, "can the lascivious nonsense of Lewis inspire with virtuous sentiments, or the mysteries and follies of Radcliffe facilitate the acquisition of knowledge?" Certainly not. But I am yet to learn that the abuse of a thing is an argument against its use. And I confidently assert, that the works of Opie, Edgeworth, and Burney, are better calculated to make us love virtue, and endeavour to become virtuous, than all the dull morality and abstruse theology that ever issued from the press. It will not be easy to induce the uninformed and the ignorant to go through a dry ethical lecture, but they eagerly devour the beautiful fictions of those highly-gifted women; and while they are interested by the incidents of the story, and delighted with its agents, they insensibly conceive a wish to imitate what they admire, and rise from a perusal of the well-told narrative, better and wiser and more intellectual. But how can novel reading facilitate the attainment of knowledge? Is it a knowledge of the human heart, that most difficult of all sciences, which is desired? Can we find in the long list of theologians, philosophers, and moralists, more able guides than Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett? When were our feelings and affections and passions more clearly elucidated than in the history of Tom Jones? True it is, that we are amused by the exquisite humour of the author, while we follow his hero through the various changes and scenes which are assigned to him; but are we the less instructed? No; while smiles play round our lips, and mirth sparkles in our eyes, we attend to lessons of wisdom and instruction for our own conduct in life, which are never forgotten. Parental affection disguises the nauseous medicine, that is necessary for the child's health, in a tempting sweetmeat—is it deprived of its efficacy on that account? Far from it. So the skilful novelist informs of offensive yet useful truths, by covering them with the alluring colours of imagination, which, while it renders them acceptable to our mental appetite, does not at all diminish their salutary effect. The indolent, the dissipated, and the weak-minded, shun the grave professor, who from his chair of authority doles out maxims of wisdom and rules of morality; and they will not be taught by him who recommends morality and wisdom, because he is paid for his exertions in the cause of virtue. But the novelist assumes the garb of a cheerful friend, who offers to

enliven the heavy hours of solitude, and amuse the intolerable torpor of ennui. He professes to narrate an interesting story, which you are at liberty to hear at your leisure ; he says nothing of the moral which he intends to convey, or of the neglected truths which he means to illustrate, but while the book is read, they sink silently into the heart, and the moral is often remembered, when the fiction that introduced it is forgotten.

But does not novel-reading tend to increase our stock of general information ? I am of opinion that it does ; for where, among the animated clods that cumber the surface of our globe, shall we find a being so brutalized, so destitute of that noblest of all incentives, when properly excited,—curiosity, as to peruse the wonderful productions of Scotland's giant genius, the great unknown, without feeling every dormant energy of his soul roused into action, without owning an ardent desire to explore truth in its most secret recesses, and to become familiar with the sublime mysteries of nature ? While we contemplate the simple, yet heroic Jeannie Deans, do we not feel a glow of admiration and delight, which exalts us above the every day world we live in ? When the high-spirited Fergus M'Ivor, his queen-like sister, and his chivalrous prince, occupy our thoughts, are we not carried back to the times in which they flourished ? and do we not long to be acquainted with the historical details that yet remain of the brave chevalier and his romantic court ? And when we behold the enthusiastic Covenanters assembled on the bare hill side, listening to the rude eloquence of M'Briar, or preparing with scythes and clubs to resist the terrible Claverhouse, while their psalm of gratitude and praise seems to call down warrior angels to fight their battles, can we quiet the inquisitiveness of spirit which is naturally awakened within us, without turning to the history of the persecuted remnant, and gleaning from the records of truth a just idea of the stern unyielding Cameronians ? Can we help reverting to the unsophisticated chronicles of the past, when the magnificent phantom of England's lion-like Eliza, and the pale, beautiful, impalpable shade of Scotland's ill-fated Mary, passes in review before the mind's eye ? Do not the revelries of Kenilworth induce us to draw nearer to the glories of the olden time ?—Does not our fairy glance of Lochleven prompt us to approach more closely that strong hold of the Douglas, hallowed in our recollection by the tears of the most unfortunate of an unfortunate house ? Hence it appears, that while employed in the perusal of works of fiction from the pen of

genius, the best affections of our nature, those pure feelings, which make us at times "but a little lower than the angels," are called into action, and our mental faculties, those types and shadows of our divine origin, are elicited, and brought into exercise. The indolent and the weak may lounge away their time over the rubbish of the Minerva-press, but would they occupy their hours in a more useful manner, were they deprived of Mr. Newman's literary abortions? The boarding school miss may neglect her sampler to devour three volumes per diem, of which every chapter furnishes a murder or an apparition, and the "clanking fetter and the yelling ghost" may haunt her diseased imagination when the candle is snuffed out, or when she goes shivering along a dark passage to her bed-chamber; but her first entrance on the stage of real life will certainly cure her of her romance. She will soon find, if she has a lover, that midnight serenades are *not* in vogue in our cold climate; that poverty would *not* be dear even with him; that the moon does *not* shine all the year round; that spectres do *not* always stalk when the bell beats one, and that it is quite possible to pass a church-yard without seeing a death-light. She will soon cease to believe the incredible relations of the supernatural school, if indeed she ever believed them, for absurdity may delight and yet fail to convince. What parent dreads that his child should credit the baby tales of Jack the Giant-killer, Cock Robin, the Glass Slipper, or Red Riding Hood? We might justly think the boy or girl, who believed such stories, "must have a most uncommon skull." Yet when were the more elaborate follies which amuse our riper years productive of the eager pleasure, the intense interest which accompanies the first perusal of our nursery themes? Betty, the housemaid, may bestow the few moments which she is able to spare from dirt and drudgery, on the Tales of the Heart, or the Sorrows of Sensibility; and her bustling mistress may think the time would have been more profitably spent in darning stockings; but why should the affluent envy the humble ministers of their luxuries and accommodations, a momentary interval of mental enjoyment, or rail at the temporary indulgence of a harmless fondness for romantic narratives of unattainable felicity? Susan, the nursery maid, may peruse tales of love and mystery, till she fancies her flame, Thomas the groom, a prince, or a lord in disguise—and where is the mischief of this? If Susan marries Thomas, it will be because he is a fine-looking young man, and not because she imagines, that in his person a sprig of nobility

has condescended to brandish the curry-comb. Timothy, my lady's gentleman, may addle his brains with incredible accounts of fortunate servants turned masters, till he thinks his fair mistress is passionately in love with him, and commences a Malvolio on the strength of her supposed attachment. But what evil can result from his insane raptures?—Timothy will remain a footman, and his lady a countess, despite of all the fantastical day-dreams which an unsettled fancy conceives. The mistress may disfigure her beautiful face with the laugh of scorn, and the servant may be silly enough to feel the bitterness of disappointment. No matter: he will soon grow sober again; his vanity will evaporate, and he will cease to strut cross-gartered. We may lose ourselves in the enchanted labyrinth of imagination for a time; its unfading flowers may allure, and its unclouded skies delight us, but we cannot long be blind to the stern realities of our destiny; and like Aladdin in the oriental fiction, who closed his eyes at night, delighted with the prospect of a royal palace, glittering with gold and diamonds, and opened them in the morning to gaze on a bare bleak waste, we shall find when we wake from our vision of ideal bliss, ashes for beauty, and the spirit of heaviness for joy. The tendency of most novels is decidedly moral. They may often display a grievous lack of taste and judgment; they may be ridiculous in design, and contemptible in execution; but the veriest scribbler who manufactures this species of literary lumber, at twenty shillings per volume, purposes, after accumulating horrors upon horrors, to do strict moral justice to all his characters, and conclude by a high flown panegyric on virtue. Through a thousand or fifteen hundred pages, our nerves may be attacked with terrible details of assassins and banditti, subterraneous dungeons and wave-washed cells, supernatural visitations and mysteries without end; but by the time we have groped our way to the close of the fourth volume, matters clear up—the persecuted damsel is rewarded for her sufferings, the constant lover is made happy, the unprincipled persecutors of the hero and heroine are punished, all difficulties are removed, and all “odds made even.”

On the whole, I come to the conclusion, that the perusal of works of fiction is decidedly beneficial to most readers, and innoxious to all; since it appears that Genius, in her delightful fancy sketches, by presenting perfect, yet human models of excellence, placed in situations of danger, and triumphantly sustained on the omnipotence of virtue; by exposing turpitude of conduct in all its

deformity, and unmasking the brazen countenance of falsehood, when clothed in the specious seemings of hypocrisy, and by substituting the eloquence of example for the prosing of precept, has rendered a most essential service to humanity, has encouraged perseverance in virtue, facilitated the acquirement of knowledge, quieted the querulous repinings of ages, and amused the indolence of youth, has created a new pleasure for the happy, and furnished consolation for all the sorrows of the wretched.

Transmigration.

I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITHIN a human form this soul of mine was first inclosed; this soul, which I feel to be immortal, imperishable, and carrying within itself a sense of eternal consciousness, and a memory which can never be beguiled into oblivion. I was born to power; the happiness of thousands of fellow-beings was entrusted to my care, and in my hands was placed their destiny. The sleep of intellect, which characterises infancy, leaves me nothing to record during that period. The first dawning of reason, like the faint glimmerings of day, is too indistinct to be remembered; but when I awoke to the full possession of my powers, I was conscious that mine was no common soul; and that if I was born to command, my abilities were equal to the station in which providence had placed me.

I was naturally proud and ambitious. In youth, I was overbearing, tyrannical and cruel. I delighted in the infliction of pain, in the writhings of agony, and the shrieks of despair. I loved to see the quivering of the flesh beneath the torture, and hear the groans of corporeal suffering. I was present at all public executions, and when at length the rod of power was placed in my own grasp, I multiplied occasions of gratifying my darling passion for cruelty. My very dreams were of blood and murder and horror. My busy fancy presented me with a host of victims, whose miseries I presided over, and whom I immolated with my own hand, till I was

tired of killing. But I refined on my demoniac passion. The mere sacrifice of slaves and plebeians left a something wanting to fill up the measure of my enjoyment; it wanted a relish—a poignancy, and I resolved to slake my thirst for blood by the murder of my friend—I stabbed him while pledging my health in the wine-cup. I drank pleasure in the contemplation of his dying pangs; and having thus found a new source of gratification, I sought the chamber of her who had given me her virgin heart, the wife of my bosom; I met her advancing towards me with a smile of affection, and as she clasped her snowy arms around me, I thrust the dagger crimsoned with the blood of my friend, into her sweet bosom. She staggered—she fell—she died. I felt transfixed to the spot; my limbs were stiffened, and an icy coldness crept through my veins: The hand of death was upon me; a vision of horror passed before my eyes;—a sea of blood rolled its red billows, as if to snatch me into its gulf;—the pulses of life beat fainter; animation ceased; my lifeless body encumbered the earth, and my spirit was snatched to another state of existence. But not as a human being did I again open my eyes upon this gay and smiling world. I felt myself encompassed within the form of the most abject beast of burthen, but consciousness of what I had been never quitted me. The soul of a man was prisoned in the body of a beast, accompanied by the conviction that I was suffering for the guilt of my former state of existence. But this was the peculiar misery of my fate,—that I could neither impart my feelings nor excite sympathy; and that while all my thoughts, my desires, and my wishes were human, I was compelled to submit to the nature of a brute. Yet this did not complete my calamities. Mine was a cruel owner; and then I felt how wretched was his lot, who was doomed to be the victim of a tyrant.

I endured as much misery as I had inflicted on others, without the sweet reflection, that had accompanied their sufferings, that they were undeserved. In vain I looked for death, in the hope of being relieved by even a change of misery. I felt a consciousness, that my life would endure for a long period; and I was withheld from self-destruction by a secret power that I could not resist. Wretched existence! Stripes and blows and severe labour, hard and scanty fare, and perpetual suffering, to which were superadded the faculties of a thinking being, to impart a still keener poignancy to my misery, were my daily portion. Often, when ascending the craggy steep of some lofty mountain; often, when pacing the narrow edge

of some fearful precipice, have I longed to dash me down the rocks into the frightful gulph beneath, that so I might revenge me on my tyrant, by ending his life and my own together; but I could not. My inclination was strong; but some secret principle controlled the will, and bound me to my fate. Years rolled on in multiplied misery. I began to think my sorrows were interminable, or that I was doomed to exist till the end of the world.

I frequently exchanged masters, but this rather increased than alleviated my woes, and I only gained at each transfer a more cruel owner. Old age crept on apace, and I began at length to hope that death would soon release me. I felt all the infirmities of an advanced life, but the vigour of my mind was unchanged,—and my sufferings greater. Being past labour, it was a matter of debate with the wretch who owned me, whether I should be suffered to toil on, till nature accomplished my dissolution, or finish my career by a violent death. He decided on the latter; I was led into a field, and tied to a stake. The preparations filled me with hope. At length, I mentally exclaimed, my miseries will be ended; but I knew not the agonies to which retributive justice had doomed me. The being I had served was ferocious and cruel, and he had a son, whose soul was as unfeeling as his own. To gratify this human fiend, he was permitted to inflict every species of torture his malignant ingenuity could invent. He first deprived me of my ears and tail; and laughed at the groans which his cruelty extorted from me. My hoofs were next chopped off, and I stood on bleeding stumps; for my tormentors had so fastened me that I could not lie down. In this state I remained in anguish indescribable, for four long hours; and then my oppressors kindly ended my existence by shooting me through the head.

Once more my soul inhabited a human form, but so hideous, that I was terrified by the reflection of my own image. All the deformities of nature seemed combined in my frightful person. I was the abhorrence and the scorn of mankind. I passed through the world as if I belonged not to the children of men. I could attach no one being, nor awaken a spark of sympathy. I loved only to be hated; esteemed only to be despised. The inhabitants of the earth passed before me as shadows, with whom I held nothing in common;—no interest, no communion. My heart was a prey to the bitterest anguish. It was a living coal, continually feasting on my vitals, agonised by the perpetual consciousness of my past guilt and my present wretchedness.

My conscience had a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brought in a several tale,
And every tale condemn'd me for a villain.
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng'd to the bar, crying all—guilty! guilty!

At beholding me, the smiles of beauty were converted into frowns; blessings were changed to curses, and Nature herself seemed to disclaim me for her own. To me the fair face of the creation was as a blank desert. I was everywhere pursued by the hatred of man and the abhorrence of myself, and found no resting-place. Even sleep, the sole comfort of the wretched, only brought fresh horrors. My dreams were more terrible than my waking moments;—and neither suspended my soul from consciousness, nor exempted me from being susceptible of pain.—Driven from the pale of society, I flew to the woods in despair. I meditated my own destruction; and no longer restrained from it by the influence that withheld me in my brute form, I exulted, as the reflection crossed my brain, that I possessed the power of at least exchanging, if not ending, my miserable being. I defied the malice of my destiny to aggravate its inflictions, and armed with these desperate thoughts, I drew a knife I had secreted, from my girdle, and with one stroke nearly severed my head from my body. I had no sooner done this, than I felt my soul slipping from its earthly covering, and sinking into the realms of space. But it retained all the faculties it possessed when confined within its clay tenement, and all the functions of the body. I could see and feel and hear; and though I seemed as if I were but a vapour, I was yet so sensitive, that each part, though ethereal, was keenly alive to every painful feeling. I had neither buoyancy, nor gravity; I had no power of guiding my motions, in the new scene of being into which my precipitation had plunged me; nor did I for a moment lose the dreadful consciousness of guilt. But I had scarcely been emancipated from the body, ere my sense of hearing was saluted by shrieks and cries so appalling, that willingly would I have shrunk back into my former state of existence. I could clearly distinguish the voices of those I had murdered; and louder and more horrible were the screams of my friend and my wife, who poured forth upbraidings, and threatened terrors so dreadful, that my immaterial form quivered with horror. Then the thick darkness in which I was shrouded momentarily unclosed, and their faces glared upon me with an expression so frightful, that language cannot describe

it. I heard a confused murmuring as of a thick multitude; they approached nearer; they closed around me; and yet I saw them not. The bands of darkness were burst asunder. A blaze of sulphureous light streamed forth, and I saw myself encompassed by the thousands I had sacrificed. In vain I attempted to escape. They howled in hideous concert, and mocked my frantic cries. Then a brighter flash of crimson flame burst over me;—I became suddenly corporeal, and a gigantic hand seized me by the hair. The spectres disappeared, and left me the victim of the mysterious being to whose power I was thus suddenly transferred. I was borne along, in agony inexpressible, and with a rapidity that almost deprived me of sense, through regions of the most intense heat and benumbing cold. At one time, my very brains boiled in my head; at another, I was petrified with an icy chillness. At length we came to an extensive ocean. The black waters beneath me roared in hideous horror, and the foaming billows suddenly congregated in a mass, and formed a tremendous whirlpool, hurrying round in awful rapidity, and presenting the appearance of a hollow cone inverted, the bottom of which seemed miles in depth. Over the centre of this horrible gulph, I was suspended. The form of my conductor became visible. He seemed in bulk a Titan, in hideousness a demon. He laughed aloud;—it was a laugh like thunder, so vociferous and appalling, that I felt myself quivering in his grasp. His hand let loose its hold; I fell into the dreadful chasm; I was sucked into its fell embrace, and felt myself hurried round rapidly in the cold waters, till at length the billows resumed their form, they rolled over me, and I sunk. My consciousness never for a moment quitted me; and I felt that I could not die again. The monsters of the deep pursued me. Here were the sword-fish, the craken, the great sea-serpent, and the seven-armed cuttle fish; all that imagination could conceive of horror surrounded me. At length I felt myself rising to the surface of the water. Hope whispered that my sufferings were at an end. But alas! no sooner had I reached it, than the same horrid hand was extended: it grasped me again by the hair, and again bore me along the realms of space. We arrived at a new scene of horrors. Another gulph unfolded itself beneath me. It was a chasm of living fire. Figures of gigantic form and hideous aspect howled upwards as if exulting in the expectation of their victim. I was suspended with my head downwards over this fearful place, while the shouts and cries of demons assailed my ear, demanding me for their prey. I became

suddenly sensible of the progress of time, and in this fearful situation, expecting momentarily to be precipitated into the abyss, I counted a thousand years. The gulph closed; I was borne upwards. I saw the bright moon, in figure like a crescent, above my head. We soared towards it. We reached it. My terrific conductor placed one of her horns in my grasp, and quitted me. The clouds rolled away from beneath my feet. I saw the globe gradually unfolding to my view. Its seas, rivers, rocks, mountains and vallies lay clearly exposed to my sight. It then diminished to a speck, and thus demonstrated to my eyes, the immeasurable height at which I was suspended. I was seized with horror, I grasped my hold tightly; but soon I felt my hand benumbed, and unable to support my body; it loosened; I shrieked, and toppled down headlong. I was five hundred years in reaching the bottom; and the concussion was so great that—it awoke me! I found it was but a dream, and that I was lying on my bedside carpet, more terrified than hurt; I looked around me, and at last I recollected that I had not gone to bed sober. From that time I resolved never to get tipsy with punch again; and if ever I eat pork chops for supper they should not be underdone. For all this comes (said I to myself) from indigestion.

*

Bells.

“ This music mads me :—let it sound no more ! ”

SHAKESPEARE.

I HATE Bell Ringing. I never hear it, but it makes me, as Falstaff says, “ as melancholy as a jib cat.” A single peal of ding-dong harmony, let my spirits be ever so elevated, is sufficient to put to flight every merry thought, and bring a troop of sombre phansies into my brain, that a world of revelry, with good wine and good fellowship into the bargain, can scarcely drive out again. And yet what pleasure it gives to some folks ! I have heard of men, whose whole lives were spent in this most dismal study; who could talk of nothing but bells, think of nothing but bells, listen to nothing but bells, and who dreamt of nothing but bells. “ God save the mark ! ” And might not Dean Swift’s definition of an angler be applied, with a slight

alteration to these rope-pulling worthies? *Videlicet*,—bell-ringing is a long string, with a fool at one end, and a clapper at the other.

Now seriously, my good tintinnabulists, my knights of the belfry, my sweet creatures of discord, though your ding-donging may by chance give pleasure to the ears of listeners a mile off, yet, in the name of all that's harmonious, how can *you* feel any of that delight, who pent up in the narrow space of a few yards, are having the tympana of your ears nearly split asunder by your proximity? But "*de gustibus non est disputandum*,"—there is no arguing against hobby-horses, as Sterne says. What is one man's bane is another man's pleasure. Yet for all that, I have little respect for his taste, whose whole delight consists in the pulling of a rope; and I cannot help thinking that Sir Matthew Hale, though a clever lawyer and a good man, might have employed his youth better than in devoting it to this scurvy amusement.

To hope to draw merry sounds out of church bells appears to me about as absurd, as to expect a bear to sing or an elephant to caper. They are the very antidotes to mirth; and when I hear them clubbing their clumsy clappers together, in an attempt to produce such tunes as "Away with melancholy," or "Life let us cherish," their unwieldy movements, instead of exciting pleasure, fill me with the vapours. But do not imagine I am for exploding bells altogether; I only wish them to be applied to proper purposes. They are appropriately used in summoning people to solemn worship; and when they toll for funerals or the execution of a criminal, they are also completely in character, and suit the sound to the idea with admirable precision. It appears to me as natural to have gloomy thoughts when we hear the sound of bells, (whether tolling or ringing is of no consequence) as to think of the sprightly dance when we hear the scraping of a fiddle; and I admire the idea of our ancestors who tolled the passing-bell to frighten fiends away from the dying man's soul; the devil, it seems, had very little relish for this sort of harmony, and scampered out of hearing as fast as he could. A similar effect was produced in the army of one of the early kings of France, who were frightened from the siege of Sens, by the besieged ringing the bells of their church; and it was a very natural result. There is no one, who is not proof against the horrors of discord, but would prefer, on such an occasion, the use of his heels to that of his ears.

It seems bells were frequently inscribed with this doggrel couplet, composed in the true style of a rhyming Latinist:

Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

I shall not attempt to versify it. Here is the literal translation : " I toll for funerals ; I scatter the lightnings ; I fix the Sabbath ; I rouse the slothful ; I disperse the tempest ; I appease the ruthless ; "—all very sober, melancholy offices ; but not a syllable about births, or weddings, or merry-makings. It was reserved for the addle pates of modern times, to attempt the fruitless task of squeezing mirthful sounds out of such unpropitious instruments. Our wiser forefathers never dreamt of such a thing ; and I believe, that to this day we are the only nation who cherish so absurd an idea. The Romans applied them to the most ignominious purposes. They hung them round the necks of criminals when they went to execution, to warn folks to get out of the way of so ill an omen ; and suspended them with whips on the triumphal chariots of their conquering heroes, to remind them of their being amenable to the laws of their country.

That bells were heretofore considered as bearing no affinity to mirth, I need only point out the opposite uses to which they have been and continue to be applied. They are hung in the yards of manufactories, to call the workmen to labour ; in gentlemen's houses, to rouse the servants to attendance or duty ; and as alarums, to awaken the sleepers, in case of thieves or fire. They burst the sweet bands of slumber, and say to the drowsy menial, or tired mechanic, " Arise ! renew your daily toil ! " and are types of slavery. They denote the approach of an invading enemy, a rebellion or a tumult ; " Awake ! Awake ! " says Macbeth, after he had murdered Duncan ;—" ring the alarum bell ! Murder and treason ! " The very idea strikes terror into the heart ; and who can forget the celebrated curfew-bell, that tolled away the liberties of Englishmen ?

With all these facts before us, it is amazing to me, how we can attach any ideas of joy to the sound of bells. That they seem to have that effect on some persons, is however not to be disputed ; but we should first ascertain how far the connection of the act with the occasion has contributed to produce this effect ; whether, because it is usual to ring the bells for weddings, public rejoicings, &c. the cause has not been confounded with the act itself ; and begot an ideal association, when none intrinsically exists. It is usual, for instance, on the celebration of a victory, or any other event of a generally interesting nature, to fire off pieces of ordinance, as a demonstration of joy ; and when we hear the roaring of the cannon

on such occasions, the sensations of pleasure we receive arises, not from there being anything joyful in the sound, but from its connexion with the event that it celebrates. Remove these hoarse-mouthed engines from the park to the field; place them on the plains of battle, and charge them with devastation and slaughter, and the sound strikes terror instead of joy. The same reasoning will apply to bells; or why is it that in all minds they excite the opposite emotions of mirth and sorrow, according as the event which they celebrate partakes of one of these characters? It is the occasion alone that forms the distinction. I am aware of a very powerful objection that may be urged here. It will be said that bells possess an intrinsic harmony, that they are in themselves musical, and when rung on scientific principles, produce in point of correctness the same melody as any instrument. This I admit; I acknowledge that they form a tune; but they want two essentials to make that tune capable of exciting pleasurable emotions: the first is quickness. The spirit of the air is lost by the sluggish dovetailing of the various parts; it is evaporated before they can connect: the other, is, that the sound of every single bell (observe, I confine my observations to church bells) is solemn and melaucholy; and it loses none of this heaviness by conjunction with others. The very tone of bells, separately or collectively, whether ringing what they call sprightly peals or tolling for funerals,—whether set in motion for the marriage union, or a criminal's execution,—the very tone, I say, is mournful, solemn, and dismal, and quite opposite to any idea I possess of mirth or harmony.

I shall pursue the subject no further. Perhaps some of my readers are ringers; and if I *clapper-claw* their favorite science any more, I may expect a peal about my ears. Let me then act the part of a prudent general.—Gentlemen of the belfry, your most obedient.

Genius.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance or search, was offered to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.

BEATTIE.

THAT which we denominate genius is the bent or disposition which the mind commonly takes from some occurrence or object met with at the early dawn of reason, and which is most frequently forgotten in proportion as we are occupied by the effects it has produced. The natural constitution of our bodies, the scenery around us, the frequent recurrence of circumstances attaching an association of pleasure to a certain train of ideas, all join to allure us to a certain pursuit. In our first feeble efforts to follow this gay meteor of the imagination, the casual cheerings of one applauding voice will animate us with a vigour, by its novelty as delightful to our awakening mind as exercise is to the springy fibres of youth, and which may be remembered with pleasure, when the plaudits of nations in our maturer years could be heard with indifference. There is hardly a man of eminence in any art or science, who does not recollect with tender interest the anxiety which attended his first cautious footsteps to the temple of fame, and who does not regard with an almost filial reverence the hand of encouragement which the first passing stranger held out to him. How much does it become us then, if we have any veneration for the productions of genius, if we have any regard for the general welfare of society, to watch over and contribute to nurse into maturity the earliest buds of intellect, the slightest approaches to excellence we can discern in those youths who come under our immediate observation. For want of this fostering care, I am convinced, that many bright geniuses, who might one day have illuminated the path of science, or embellished the fairy land of elegant literature, have perished ere they blossomed. It only remains for us then to consider the best means of promoting the desirable object of refining the taste, and elevating the sentiment, of giving grace and dignity to that mental fabric, which will afterwards be cemented and con-

solidated by the lessons of experience and the deductions of a more frigid reflection.

It is the design of this essay to enumerate and recommend a few of these means, and following the course which nature seems to point out to us, I begin by earnestly directing the attention of parents and tutors to the necessity of rather interesting the imagination of youth, than prematurely appealing to their judgment. The former is the earliest, and continues to be the most active principle in our nature, and forms the foundation of more of our opinions and propensities than we are ever aware of. No man at any age can entirely resist that love of the romantic and marvelous, which seems to point him out as intended for the inhabitant of a happier region; but in youth, the perception of pleasure arising from these, is most intense; it partakes of the character of a strong passion implanted in our breasts by the wise Author of nature, for the purpose of alluring us forward in the pursuit of excellence. This pleasure in youth is not allayed by the experience which sometimes painfully prescribes bounds to mental or physical capability. There is no extraordinary energy, no wonderful attainment which is the morning of life we imagine may not be realized. The vast sandy desert, through which the knight-errant marches, on some awfully perilous, but alluring adventure, seems passed in a moment, and the tremendous surge, which the shipwrecked mariner has to contend with in his passage to some unknown island, presents to the mind of the youthful reader only the assurance of some wonderful, perhaps delightful country, whose excellencies have hitherto been hid from human sight, and which it was this man's glorious fate to have discovered.

The constant contemplation of the sublime and wonderful, perhaps of the unattainable, assuredly gives a strong stimulus to action, and has frequently been the means of discovering a wider range to human capability. All is not impossible, which the timid, the frigid, and the cautious believe to be so. It is to those bold and enterprising geniuses, who have soared above what to a vulgar mind appear the bounds of possibility, that we owe our acquaintance with regions which former ages never supposed to have existed. It is to such men we are indebted for those amazing discoveries in science, which have rendered futile the cold calculation of those who have pretended to fix the boundaries of human power. Let us not then restrain the imagination of youth; let us indulge their

fancy in the contemplation of every physical possibility, of every most extraordinary exertion of mental energy. This will give vigour to his arm as the soldier of his country, animation to his ideas as a poet, and excellence to his hand as an artist.

I enlarge the more on this point, as many men of learning and talent have been of opinion, that exhibiting to the mind of youth a series of events passing the limits of probability, however ingeniously arranged, tends to pervert the judgment, by misleading the understanding, accustoming the mind to form false estimates of things, and thereby draw conclusions, which, being founded on error, can produce no practical benefit. But these arguments, in my opinion, are only effective, when arrayed against narratives of physical impossibility; and the dangers alluded to are only to be dreaded, when the accomplishment of the adventure is made to depend upon the intervention of supernatural agency, instead of the most extraordinary and almost unparalleled exertion of those powers which human nature really possesses. Works of fiction, of both kinds, have their beauties; and both, when read at a proper age, help to improve the fancy and invigorate the judgment; but the former, I consider, must always be attended with danger to a mind so young as to be incapable of listening to the precepts of reason, while nothing is to be feared from the mere exaggeration inherent in the latter. Not to dwell upon the continual check which experience has on the eccentricities of imagination, we ought to consider that youth verging into manhood is on the point of entering into the busiest scenes of life; what then can be a greater stimulus to act their part with animation, than that noble desire after perfection, which, though ideal and unattainable, may yet carry the mind to all the excellence of which our nature is capable? In short, though we cannot convert this world into a fairy land of ever-blooming verdure, though we cannot realize the manners and government of the Utopia of our imagination; yet, by keeping these models of perfection continually in our eye, we may exalt the tone of our thoughts, and render our perceptions of beauty almost celestial. Thus it is, that the genius or disposition of mind imposed upon us by circumstances, may, by the aid of imagination, be conducted to its greatest and most important operations. Nor is this elevation of sentiment less favourable to morals, than to talent. As a counterbalance to the seductions of vice and sensuality, I would have the brightest beams of virtue playing before

the imagination of youth in the most glorious and dazzling colours. I would have a hero painted to them, enduring every privation and even the extremity of torture, boldly and firmly, in the cause of glory and truth ; for what could be more proper to arm them to suffer with fortitude the real evils which they must frequently meet with in life, than exhibiting to their fancy, and imprinting on their minds, with the indelibility always attending first impressions, the idea of a fortitude towering above disappointment, and uncontrollable by human suffering.

To generate that grandeur of conception, which is the true mark of genius, few circumstances have a more powerful influence than the frequent contemplation of the sublime and beautiful features of nature. There is hardly any local situation deprived of the means of exciting an elevation of idea. Everywhere the setting sun tinges the western clouds with golden radiance, everywhere the dark cerulean canopy of heaven may be seen studded with starry gems. The inhabitants of flowery plains, or even crowded cities, have an opportunity of cultivating their taste by an observation of the sublime and beautiful : these last are only precluded from the perception of that species of sublimity, which depends upon the awful and the terrific ; yet in both situations, amidst the grander or more mild appearances of nature, it is only necessary to allure the mind to wonder and admiration : it will then begin to describe, and this is poetry. Hence true poetry, which seems to be the harmonious expression of feeling, is to be found in all climates ; only the imagery, which forms the illustration of those feelings, differs according to our different associations. The poetry of the fertile plains of Italy is thus distinct from that of the frozen regions of the north. In the former, the imagination peoples the delightful groves and meandering rivulets with sportive nymphs and laughing Cupids ; in the latter, the shade of the departed hero rides on the stormy clouds, or shrieks from the foaming cataract.

These observations are made with a view of pointing out the influence, which an attention to the appearances of nature has in forming the character of our conceptions, and need hardly be coupled with a recommendation to make use of this influence, as a means of directing that disposition of mind, which at the commencement of this essay, I denominated genius. A perception of physical and moral dignity and beauty will thus soon be awakened in the mind of our pupil ; and to embody these perceptions, to enable him to

impart them to others, and to fix them more indelibly in himself, he ought to be accustomed to harmony of language, to powerful expression, to a diction, varying with all the various emotions of the mind. Mankind in all ages, however separated they have been by habits or opinions, have felt the influence of appropriately harmonious diction. In every state of society, the feelings of the sensitive mind have been attempted to be expressed in numbers, and this is no less effective than universal. The soul of your pupil will assimilate its feelings with that degree of harmony and dignity, with which it may be in the habit of describing its perceptions. Every man of cultivated taste has felt the reality of this in his own case. The frequent recitation of poetry will at last accustom the mind to think poetically, and no where is this rendered more apparent, than in the productions of some great masters in painting: in these, the conception is generated by the glowing energetic diction of the poet, rousing, as it were, the soul from the insipidity of everyday circumstances, to the delights of a purer and more sublime creation.

And here I cannot help remarking how circumscribed must be the enjoyment of persons possessing such a frigid mathematical turn of mind, as renders them incapable of tasting those pleasures of the imagination which depend upon elegant and inspiring associations. I cannot help pitying the man, who traverses this earth with his square and his compasses in his hand, for the avowed purpose of reducing everything to the standard of truth, but really with the design of stripping her of all her ornaments. Even valuing as I do the study of those useful sciences which enlarge the sphere of human potency, I consider, that in order to produce perfection of character, it is necessary to allure mankind to admire while they investigate. Surely he is not to be envied, who could sit on the ruins of the Capitol, and never behold in imagination the shade of a Cincinnatus or a Fabricius, stalking in majesty before him; or who finding himself in the pass of Thermopylæ, should have his mind engaged entirely in a geological investigation of its different strata.

The last thing I shall now recommend for the cultivation and improvement of genius, is the study of the sublime compositions in arts and literature, left us by the ancient Greeks and Romans. These nations were fortunate in possessing poets, historians, and orators, who preserved, by painting in glowing colours, every trait of

greatness of soul and energy of action which fell under their observation. The examples they have handed down to us, are perhaps, like their statues, beyond the ordinary standard of human excellence; but what man would reject the garland offered to him by the hand of taste and genius, because the flowers were placed in a more regular and beautiful order than they would have been, spontaneously growing on the uncultivated bosom of nature. I again assert, that the constant contemplation of such models as are nearly approaching to perfection, is assuredly most likely to lead us to excellence. I am far from supposing, however, that the ancients generally excelled the moderns, or perhaps were equal to them in virtue or talents; but the heroic triumphs of principle exhibited in voluntary self-devotion to the most arduous tasks of virtue, have been so immortalized by the description of their historians, the verses of their poets, and the chisel of their sculptors, that cold and dead to feeling must be the heart that is not warmed by them to a more vigorous resolution, an honourable emulation, and a general elevation of sentiment, which the reader easily perceives I consider as the inseparable concomitant of genius, stimulating and directing its most glorious efforts.

Before I conclude, I would remark that the study of the precious works of genius left us by the Greeks and Romans, is not less necessary to the useful, than to the imaginative or ornamental pursuits of life. Though the ancients never could acquire that extensive knowledge which must be the result of accumulated discoveries, I think it is instructive to trace the progress of the human mind in its passage from conjecture to certainty, from experiment to practical operation. Knowledge with us is like a broad and deep river. It has fertilized a wide and extensive track of country, and is continually enlarging its banks; but though we may admire the majestic appearance, we cannot be said to be acquainted with all its meanderings until we have traced it to its source. We can only be sensible of its present magnitude by comparing it with its primitive insignificance. It is only by this that we can discover those causes which effected its increase, and discriminate its pure element from that adventitious matter which may have rolled along with it.

R.

BRIEF NOTICES OF
Eminent Authors.

BY TOBIAS OLDSCHOOL, GENTLEMAN.

—
SWIFT.

PERHAPS no author ever did less for the applause and recollection of posterity than Swift. His high character as a writer is universally admitted, and yet it would be no easy matter to turn to that portion of his works which fairly entitles him to such distinction. Nothing can be more unamiable and repulsive than the general tone of his prose; and dreadfully vitiated indeed must that mind be, which can relish his obscene and disgusting attempts at poetry. His productions are chiefly remarkable for their striking originality; the dullest critic can be at no loss to ascribe all his effusions to their real parent: the elegance of Addison, the harmony of Pope, and the playfulness of Gay, have been successfully imitated, but the hard, dry, caustic style of Swift, though often caricatured, is without parallel in the language. Do we regret this? Surely not. For if ever mortal was actuated by the malevolence of a demon, it was the Dean of St. Patrick's, who seems to have dipped his pen in gall rather than ink, and has communicated to all his heterogeneous compositions the poison of his angry and malicious feelings. The greater part of his writings consists of political or controversial tracts on subjects of much interest at the time, but now either forgotten or despised, virulent attacks on men of all parties (for Swift was the Cobbett of his day) who are now above or below censure, and flimsy sophisms, fostered into importance by the prejudices of the age, but now rejected with contempt by the veriest smatterer in political economy, that ever misunderstood Adam Smith. And what is there in all this to excite our admiration and delight? The language of this clerical Proteus, particularly in the Draper's Letters is no doubt nervous and truly English, without any of the fopperies of foreign or artificial refinement. He is content to embody the suggestions of his ill-nature and malice in plain, unaffected, and therefore forcible terms, without seeking to adorn his periods with vainly ambitious epithets, or far-fetched illustrations. He abuses his friends and foes in the tone of every-day conversation, freed from

its incorrectness, and bespatters his quondam favorites, and his avowed enemies, with the filth of his coarse satire, as the scavenger of Literature, without evincing any desire to assume the stately airs of a Spanish grandee, or the idle prettinesses of a French dancing master. And can this give so high a claim to our notice and commendation? Do we praise the bravo, who handles his stiletto fearlessly, or the unblushing scoundrel who rails at his benefactors with ease and self-satisfaction? But Swift may have done better in his other works. The Tale of a Tub, considered merely as a work of genius, is entitled to all the notice it once excited, its keenness of sarcasm and bitterness of humour are quite overpowering; but while we confess its merits, its faults are too glaring to escape notice. It is merely a political squib, obscure, because addressed to the feelings and conceptions of a day, and unsatisfactory, because designed to gratify the exasperated prejudices of a few party zealots, whose creed was as ephemeral as their influence. The Voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver is the corner-stone of Swift's reputation, for though it is in many parts scandalously immoral, and is in its plan evidently intended to afford scope for the unrestrained outpouring of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," it nevertheless appeals strongly to that ever active principle of our nature,—curiosity, and maintains throughout an influence over our imaginations, abundantly sufficient to ensure its popularity with every reader, from the uncombed slattern in the scullery, to the languid miss in the drawing-room. With the personal character of Swift we have nothing to do; yet it is impossible in his case to avoid identifying the man with the author; and when perusing his works, while the shades of statesmen and heroes, poets and philosophers, pass in review, while we mourn the infatuation of James, and hail the advent of the conservator of our liberties, William the Third, we cannot but feel that the Dean of St. Patrick's, who planted daggers in the hearts of the only beings that ever loved him, who trusted by all, and betraying all, was finally despised by all, disgraced his age, an age rife with every virtue, and is,

"Like Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame."

BUTLER.

The author of Hudibras wrote at a period so darkened by the clouds of civil and religious discord, that it was hardly possible for the most perspicacious mind to remain free from the taint of prejudice

and error, and while we justly eulogise the powerful genius which exposed to scorn and detestation the vice and hypocrisy of those sanguinary zealots, whose unhallowed hands deprived the altar of its ministers, and the throne of its possessor, we cannot but lament the bitterness of feeling and the want of candour, which blinded the otherwise penetrating eye of Butler, to the virtue and self devotion which distinguished many of the Puritan party. We read *Hudibras* at present rather as an elegant fiction, than an historical satire. The doughty knight, his fair inamorato, the conjuror and Ralpho, are regarded, while they excite our mirth, as the creatures of imagination, not as faithful portraits of the passions and crimes of actual existence, or outlines taken with the pencil of truth from the more striking groups of real society. On this account, few readers, to speak comparatively, have the lively relish, the keen delight, in perusing this astonishing work, which the contemporaries of the author certainly felt. Had we ourselves been actors in that tragedy, in which a whole nation took part; had we trod that stage of change and guilt, red with the blood of a royal victim, and trembling under the giant step of a Cromwell, we should have duly appreciated the wonderful felicity of intellect, which could convert the strife of demons, and men worse than demons, of fanatics and martyrs, into a merry tale, and a series of frequent jests. But to us, who can only look through the telescope of memory, on a state of misrule and division, of which we have no tangible idea, the truly vivid pictures of the poet put on a dim and dreamy appearance; we consider them as mere fancy sketches, and though we are amused by the exquisite tact of the writer, we cannot for a moment persuade ourselves that he employed the pen of truth. Butler, like Shakespeare and Milton, has had his annotators, and they have encumbered his light and racy pages with the dust and rubbish of pseudo-criticism; one sapient commentator informs us that Sir Harry Vane sat for his caricature likeness to the indignant bard, while another sage blockhead declares with equal solemnity, that the poet employed his divine art to stigmatise and brand his benefactor. But the malicious dullness of these muckworms of literature is inoperative, for their elaborate nonsense remains unread, unless by some kindred spirit, anxious to signalise himself in the same field, and crop with them the untractable thistles of controversy. Genius of a common order must have sunk under the weight of such pertinacious auxiliaries; but the muse of Butler breathed the airs of immortality, and the

results of her potent inspirations will not be permitted to escape from the ardent grasp of gratitude and admiration. The nasal twang of the conventicle may cease from the land; the reign of the saints, with all its insane visions and extacies, has long terminated; fifth monarchy men, levellers, independents, and anabaptists can now meet in the same apartment without becoming mutual assassins; the priest wears his surplice, and the bishop his lawn sleeves, and nobody is offended; the House of Lords and the House of Commons join in the work of legislation without quarrelling as to their relative powers; and the monarch of a free people wields the sceptre of peace and the sword of justice in honour and security: yet the recollections left us, in that unique poem, *Hudibras*, by a highly gifted imaginative mind, of that season of turbulence and wrong, when every man's hand was against his brother, and rapine and murder were the order of the day, retain their influence, and will be read with interest when the voluminous works of many a sleepy historian are forgotten. *Hudibras*, we are told, was a great favorite of Charles the Second, yet he suffered its author to live and die in want and obscurity. The anathema of the Muse is on his memory.

OTWAY.

A perfect tragedy has been pronounced, by high authority, to be the noblest effort of human genius; how great, then, must be the merit of *Otway*, whose *Venice Preserved* is certainly the most effective dramatic representation of passion and suffering, which the English stage can boast. Mixed up with the masterly delineations of devoted love, and heroic friendship, with which this fine play abounds, we find many glaring defects to revolt both our taste and judgment. But while the gifted votaries of the tragic Muse embody its pathetic, heart-rending scenes before our eyes, and hurry us along on the rapid tide of feeling and interest, we have no leisure to be critical, all our faculties are overwhelmed with pity and terror, while we contemplate the delicate tenderness of domestic life, the agony of anxious affection, and the fearful effects of disappointed ambition, preying on a powerful mind roused to energy and exertion by its wrongs. Nothing can be better managed than the plot of this tragedy; to the tender feelings, the endearing passions, which form the family group of our firesides, and give them all their charms, are added the counsels of senates for a nation's safety, the dark, suspicious cabals of conspiracy, shrinking from its own eye,

and the reckless bravery of commanding spirits, triumphing in danger, and disdainful of death. The strongly contrasted situations to which these opposing elements give rise, are so skillfully blended and shadowed into each other, that no violence is done to our sense of probability; the agents of the poet's brilliant vision pass before us in the light of truth and nature, and our tears fall, while the exciting enchantments of genius exercise their mastery, as for the real afflictions of our brother mortals. The perfect virtue and heroism, which so often mock poor humanity in the artificial dramas of authors, whose personages are anything but the men and women of the world we live in, awaken neither emotion nor emulation, because they are inconceivable and unapproachable, while the characters of Otway, formed, as they are, of our own flesh and blood, and subject to the same griefs and infirmities as ourselves, naturally call forth our sympathy, delight our imaginations, and interest our hearts. Pierre is a truly noble being; his energies are misdirected, but we perceive much in his history to extenuate his aberrations from rectitude; he stands before us, endowed with the bravery, fortitude, and all grasping intellect of Catiline, without the alloy of low vice which disgraced that singular man; and when we behold him, a manacled captive, braving the vengeance of his judges, by publishing the catalogue of the crimes for which he had doomed them, or see him about to fall on the rack, as on a bed of roses, yet with some yearnings for a nobler end—the death of a soldier,—what inclination have we to censure? We can only wonder and be silent. Jaffier is no hero; he is a mere man, an erring, tempted, afflicted, heart-broken man, and we love him the more for his follies, his faults, and his misfortunes. But then he is a tenderly attached husband, a warmly affectionate father; we are agonized at his last parting with the dear being for whom he has sacrificed reputation, fortune,—all; yet intense as our feelings are at that moment, they are heightened when he returns, every fibre of his frame trembling with emotion, to speak of his child, the sole pledge of their unhappy loves. Belvidera is the perfectly beautiful creation of a felicitous fancy, glowing with recollections of female fascination and loveliness; she is all sweetness and tenderness and affection; she clings to her household gods, as if her heart-strings were twined round them; her wedded Jaffier is the deity of her feelings and her imagination; her day spring beams from his eyes; the nestling place of all her joys is in his bosom, and on his exis-

tence hinge her life and reason. On the whole, though many other tragedies may appear more excellent, theoretically, we doubt whether even Shakespeare has produced anything that surpasses in actual representation, *Venice Preserved*. On this play however, the author's fame must depend, for his other productions are infinitely inferior: the *Orphan* evinces high talent, and the character of *Monimia* is exceedingly beautiful, but the whole interest of the action turns on a circumstance too revolting and indelicate for the modern stage.

MASSINGER.

There is much power, and many scintillations of genius, in the works of the early English dramatists, and of these, Massinger holds the first place. To the critic, who fondly clings to the unity of time and scene, who insists on classical purity of diction in the dialogue, and probability of incident in the plot, who would put genius in the go-cart, and regulate all its movements by the rules of Aristotle, Massinger and the writers of his school have no attractions. But to the candid mind, that delights in beholding the first efforts of the giants of our literature, and in tracing the wide spreading oak of our country's glory to the root, there can be no higher enjoyment than in doing justice to the great talents of those, who by their intellectual achievements prepared the way for the bard of Avon. The age of these, the parents of our drama, was rendered remarkable by the wonderful revolution which took place in the mental world; for centuries the soul of man and its mighty faculties had been dreaming away their energies, and consuming themselves in the gloom of the cloister, the noblest endowments had been wasted on monkish legends or in polemical trifling; skins of parchment to which had been committed the classical treasures of Greece and Rome, were converted by fanatical zeal into albums for tales of superstition; imagination wedded absurdity, wisdom joined itself to credulity, and taste slumbered in the embrace of ignorance. But with the invention of printing came knowledge; and with the Reformation freedom from the shackles of religious despotism; fathers who had grown old in folly and bigotry, saw with amazement their children exercise the privilege of rational creatures, thought, mental capabilities were roused from their long sleep, and though for a season their efforts were wild and irregular, experience soon restrained their errors and conducted them to solid and useful results. The

age in which Massinger wrote was perturbed by the convulsive throes of the disarmed demon, Rebellion, and troubled by the tempests of change and discord, his audiences were comparatively barbarous, and could he have written in a style agreeable to the fastidious delicacy of modern times, he would have utterly failed in fixing the attention of his contemporaries. Strong passion, harrowing incident, violent sorrow, and intense excitement, despair, madness and death, were the elements best suited to his purpose; love, with him, was a powerful, all-absorbing feeling, lasting as life, and jealousy and revenge were yoke-fellows. The light, faintly delineated operations of slightly excited affections may satisfy the play-going population at present, but by men, who were often the spectators of rapine, murder, and violence in real life, such weak sketchy scenes would have been treated with derision. The ladies and gentlemen of the year 1822 have become so exquisitely polite and refined, that the appearance of a ghost, or the representation of a violent death in tragedy, is scouted as a sin against taste or morality. But Shakespeare and the lofty ministers of the Muse that preceded him, had not to soothe such intellectual squeamishness, or bring down their fiery tempered agents to the meagre conceptions of a fashionable audience. They were the poets of nature and truth, and while in their enthusiastic reveries, the sublime, the terrible, and the affecting, took shape and locality at their best, they had not the fear of reviews or newspapers before them. To the almost canonized Shakespeare, applause is awarded as a matter of course; Macbeth with its witches, and Hamlet with its ghost, are the theme of never failing admiration. Yet to writers who trod in precisely the same path, and not unfrequently with equal power, we wholly deny the meed of praise, or bestow it with a tardy hand. Surely there must be quackery and prejudice in all this! We admire Othello and King Lear, not because we keenly feel their astonishing beauties, but because our forefathers admired them: and we consign *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and the *Duke of Milan* to oblivion, not because we perceive their defects, but because we have never read them.

H.

Epistle

From the Author of Hudibras, to the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

Dear Spec, we in Elysium marvel,
Though you for mental palates carve well ;
How all your book-wrights, blustering Hectors,
Find readers, purchasers, protectors.
Bales of dull letter-press still vending,
Th' abyss of bathos still descending ;
Your Reading Public beats us hollow,
And has a most prodigious swallow ;
If, without fear of suffocation,
It finds for all the scribbling nation,
With patronising airs so gracious,
Stomach sufficiently capacious,
For all the cobwebs and abortions
Which lunatics in their contortions
Of writing frenzy, squeeze from brains dull
As mine, or poor Sir Harry Vane's skull ;
To execute Appollo's judgments,
In wrath for literary fudgements,
On England, o'er the globe's four quarters,
Renowned for bull-dogs, fools and matyrs..

Sam Johnson, tells us somewhat drily,
Your rhyming small-coal men seek slily
To throw the pulvil of their noses,
Upon the laurels, pinks and roses,
Which Britain's bards, on ground enchanted,
In fame's rich green-houses have planted.
Should these vile dealers in brass thunder,
Their purpose foul effect, I wonder
When the rife glebe lay bare and fallow,
With not one plant divine to hallow
The sacred fields, whose groves and fountains,
The Muses lur'd to leave their mountains ;

What would these Solomons provide us,
Our hive of heaven cull'd sweets denied us;
Oh! they would sow the fair parterres,
With hemlock, nightshade, docks and burrs,
While fragrant beds of garlick, ample,
Of taste would furnish an example:
But safer in their toils to coop us,
They'd surely plant a deadly Upas,
Whose baleful shadow o'er us stealing,
Would soon destroy each wholesome feeling!
Excuse, Dear Spec, my thus inditing,
As on your earth I still was writing,
And ne'er had sailed o'er Lethe's waters,
For yet I love Eve's sons and daughters;
And tho' King Charles forgot me sadly,
Still would I leave Elysium gladly,
Earth's smiles and tears again to cherish,
To live and love—to write and perish!

And yet I own 'twould be ungrateful,
Were I to call Elysium hateful,
For here, his literary cousins,
Flock round each happy wight by dozens,
And the severest criticism
Could deem it no Anachronism,
To make old Homer and Will Shakespeare
Contemporary authors:—take here
The hours, from when we doff our night-caps,
To those in which we take our slight naps,
You'll scarcely find on sphere diurnal,
Folks that can keep a fairer journal.
Then for amusements—what with smoking,
Chit-chat, and stringing rhymes, and joking,
On book-vain dunces dead and living,
We manage so as not to give in
To melancholy fancies, when we
With devils blue contend, or ennui;
And yet sometimes I must acknowledge,
Cares enter our Elysian college,
As when tobacco pipes all broken
No whiff expires, no word is spoken;

Or when, our *short-cut* all exhausted,
The porter of hell-gate has foisted
The shearings of his dog, Cerberus,
For right Virginia——when to cheer us
The corks are drawn, and 'tis expected
Mild ale should foam with hearts dejected,
We see, or rather feel, alas,
The vapours of mephitic gas!
But these 'tis true are trifling evils
Compar'd with duns, those earthly devils,
Who, tho' old Pluto at the centre
Finds them a fire, can never enter,
Where fate has interdicted dunces,
And stony hearts, and wooden sconces.
Our course of studies is precarious,
My own are vastly multifarious.
Each modern poem I read, I con it,
Epic, or elegy, or sonnet,
With care, nor boggle at the metre,
Tho' 'twould out-pindarise wag Peter.
From Scott to Byron oft I ramble,
Then pass to Wordsworth, Crabbe or Campbell,
And dip at times in Laureate Southey,
His " Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy,"
His last productions make me sneeze,
His wine of wit " is on the lees."
But I must finish, or the paper
Will not admit a single wafer.
My weary pen, cries, " Hold, enough,"
But, prythee, send some good Scotch snuff,
With your next number, and I'll treat you,
When in Elysium I meet you;
Till when I rest Apollo's suttler,
And, Spec, your warm admirer,

BUTLER.

Literature.

"NAPOLEON, and other Poems," by Bernard Barton.

MOST of our readers, we believe, are as well acquainted as ourselves with the circumstance of the author of the above poems being a member of the Society of *Friends*. On the publication of his former offering at the shrine of the Muses, the novelty excited considerable interest, as the worthy and respectable sect, to which he was known to belong, have never been suspected of having, even in secret, wandered in the flowery path of this world's imaginings, and least of all where illustration is so frequently made to depend upon fictitious associations. Despising the vulgar excitement of sonorous applause, they have hitherto unobtrusively trodden the plain path of duty, supported only by the wish of at least feebly imitating Him, who, while he sojourned upon earth, set an example of meekness and benevolence, which were if practised by all who profess to be his followers, would alone be a cure for almost all the evils this weary state of existence is burthened with.

The larger poem, which is at the head of the present collection is entitled "Napoleon," but has so little particular regard to that wonderful man individually, that the author in his preface seems to think some explanation or apology necessary for prefixing such a name to the title page. The poem, as far as regards the general tendency of its purpose, which is to exhibit the folly of ambition, the madness of war, and the guilt of what the world calls glory, might have been, with as much propriety, headed by the name of Julius Cæsar, Alexander, or Tamerlane. We are against the constantly particular selection of Napoleon, to prove the truth of all these, as it tends to keep alive those passions and prejudices on the subject, which we wish were for ever buried in his grave. Besides we think it not one of the least instances of partiality, in estimating the character of the late emperor of France, that all the vituperation, which deservedly ought to be heaped on the genus to which he belonged, should be accumulated to fall upon his far less guilty head. The school-boy construes Quintus Curtius without one word from his preceptor to lessen his respect for the Macedonian drunkard; he is to follow Cæsar in his march through Gaul, and to admire the

talent displayed in conquering states of freemen, for no other reason than that they lay contiguous to those who were last subjugated; we say he is taught in general to admire all this, and at the same time ordered to detest Napoleon. Even we of a maturer age are hurried on by the excitement of glowing poetry, inspiring music and enchanting spectacle, to an admiration of characters which are in direct opposition to the mild and benevolent precepts of that religion we pretend so highly to venerate: thus our minds become so imbued with error, that the feelings originating from it become as it were a part of our nature. Yet with all these implanted ideas of false heroism, we are required, the moment that Napoleon becomes the subject of our discourse, to revert to our natural feelings, to have a loathing at the wickedness of ambition and the cruelty of war, and to try him and him alone by the immutable standard of truth. The conversation of some of the ultra Bourbonites at Paris, forms a humorous illustration of this: they are never weary of expatiating on the grandeur of the projects and actions of that unprincipled sensualist, Lewis the Fourteenth; but the name of Napoleon is no sooner mentioned, than as if things had suddenly changed their nature, war is a dreadful evil, ambition a destructive vice, and the only good man is he who is averse to action and shrinks from celebrity.

But we trust (at least we hope) that Bernard Barton's musings do not arise from these prejudiced and jaundiced feelings. It seems that he went out one lovely morning to take a walk, when a variety of reflections crowded upon his mind, partly from viewing the unruffled aspect of nature and

“Partly from tidings that had just gone forth,
That He, the marvel of our later age,
NAPOLÉON! who had seem'd to look on earth,
As does the actor on his scenic stage,
Had now fulfilled his part and closed his pilgrimage.”

In following our author through his subsequent stanzas, we meet with much common-place sentiment, trite reflections, and undisputed truisms, expressed in a phraseology we can scarcely call poetical. He who seeks for “words that glow and thoughts that burn,” will not find them here. The few flowers, which this prudent poet picks up on his way, have so obviously lain before him, that he could hardly, without affectation, have passed over them. Indeed

almost the whole poem might be taken from its present form of measured lines, put together again, and form a very sensible, decently written prose essay, full of very wise, grave, and improving reflections. To give our reader an idea of the justness of our remarks, we extract the following stanza in the above form, copied *verbatim et punctatim* from the original :

“ Again ; Napoleon was not famed alone for feats of arms, or for that magic skill, by which he made his hardy followers prone to obey his edicts and effect his will. In *science*, as in *war*, his name may fill no common niche ; though in the first he might be no profound adept, he wielded still what he *had* won with that consummate sleight, which best might lure their praise who in her power delight.”

In order seriously to win us to a belief that war is generally attended with a great deal of misery and devastation, he introduces us to the prospect of a rural cottage,

“ First in its native loveliness serene,
Last as it may be found, when glory there has been ;”

and we really do think this, though seemingly a waste of argument, the best executed part of the poem. For instance, there is considerable beauty in the description of the humble, unassuming appearance of the lowly village church :

“ How quietly it stands within the bound
Of its low wall of grey and mossy stone,
And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
Its guardian gather'd,—graves, or tombstones strōwn,
Make *their* last narrow resting places known,
Who living lov'd it as a holy spot ;
And, dying, made their deep attachment shown,
By wishing here to sleep when life was not.”

We are afterwards introduced to a couple of portraits, borrowed from the collection of Mr. Wordsworth :

“ On one side of its porch, poor, old, and weak,
A patriarch sits, in homely raiment drest ;
A woman opposite, whose faded cheek,
Though younger far than his, some lines of sorrow streak.”

Two lovely children are next discovered, and the following will shew that our author has caught no small portion of the above-named minstrel's homely inspiration ;

“ A girl the eldest, who perhaps may be
Ten summers old, assumes her sagest look,
Sits down, and opens wide upon her knee
Her youngling brother's well conn'd spelling-book.”

We have not room for many extracts, but our readers, we have no doubt, are, from what we have already said, pretty well acquainted both with the design of this poem, and our opinion of the manner in which it is executed. In the minor pieces, passages are frequently to be found, which by every person of taste and feeling, will at least be distinguished by the epithet of *pretty*. But what has most pleased us in the volume, is the general tone of meek benevolence and unaffected philanthropy, which convinced us we were listening to the effusions of an excellent heart and a cool correct judgment, and here we should take leave of the subject, did not the occasion suggest to us to say a few words concerning the school of poetry to which the author has been induced by nature and education to attach himself.

The poetry of a country is always a tolerably faithful portraiture of the feelings of its inhabitants, and the general condition of the society in which it exerts its influence. The song of the Muses used formerly to be burthened, either with the record of deeds of high and heroic enterprise, or owed its warmth alone to the recollections and associations of corporeal sensuality, or affected Platonism. The votaries, we believe, of such poetry, will always be the most numerous, but they have ceased to reign alone. In a state of society like the present, where philosophy, effeminacy, and luxury affect to walk hand in hand, especially where the latter has been the fruit of extensive commerce, or what we might call the lazy employment of capital, it was not wonderful that a new race of sentimentalists should arise, to whom the loud sound of the trumpet, the noisy triumphs of Bacchus, and the syren-like song of the Paphian queen, had no charms ; this race, though individually obscure, are by their negative virtues at least respectable, and by their wealth and numbers possess considerable influence. The general tone of their thoughts falls in with that of the common mass of mankind, and their very indolence assumes the hue of virtue,

because every opportunity is artfully seized of contrasting it with vicious and inordinate exertion. To this class of persons a bard was long wanting, who might consecrate their defect of vivacity, and dignify the incidents of their unimportant existence. Those who had formerly made verses upon every-day or trifling occurrences, had left them trifling as they found them: but more was now wanting. The economy of the nursery or the tea-table was to be raised into importance, the small still voice of inconsequential feeling was to be modulated to harmony, and the drowsy life of the spiritless and the torpid was to be so dignified, as to make littleness proud of its enjoyments, to beguile impotency into an idea of its amiability, and to stigmatize grandeur of conception and energy of character, with the epithet of malevolent restlessness. To effect this, the silly school of minute poetry was established; it was a thing excellently formed *ad captandum vulgos*, for there, enervated youth and gouty old age might hear the praises of inglorious retirement, and paucity of talent congratulate itself upon its good fortune in never having become the theme of celebrity. For this purpose, the dark shades inseparably connected with the execution of great, important, and luminous undertakings, have been industriously pointed out, while ideal qualifications have been imputed to the lower or unmentally gifted part of society, enjoyments founded on trifles have pretended to the sanction of philosophy, and a circumscribed sphere of action supposed to be the only theatre of moral excellence.

Bernard Barton, if not the most inspired, is at least the most zealous apostle of this school, and to shew that we deal fairly by him we shall conclude by presenting the reader with a stanza, which he seems anticipatively to have written as an answer to our present observations.

"Well! be it so!—if life have taught
 To me one truth distinctly clear,
 'Tis this, that unto wakeful thought
 The humblest source of joy is dear.
 The lowliest object that can wake
 Our better feelings by its power,
 The minstrel for his theme may take,
 In contemplation's musing hour."

R.

POEMS. *By William Hersee.*

WE have certainly been much amused by this work; that is,—it has powerfully excited our risible muscles; and we feel too willing to share our good things with the reader, to pass it by in silence. Mr. Wm. Hersee's Muse has been delivered of her burden, with all the eclat, which the printer—(and he appears to be the author) could possibly bestow. To say the truth, the volume is very prettily got up; and what with its fine paper, its hot-pressing, and its mob of dedications, we have no doubt the public will consider it a monstrously cheap book. It must have already survived the ordeal of criticism, for this is the third edition. Where the two former impressions were circulated, we know not; but perhaps the "Great Marshal," whom he has immortalized, supplied his soldiers with copies in the breach of Badajos, or the plains of Vittoria.* In the title-page the poet's harp, enwreathed with laurels, is offered to our notice, and we are told that "there is a living spirit in the lyre;" we hope so, "for there are living mites in rotten cheese." His inspired effusions are inscribed "To Mrs. Huskisson," and the bard assures her that "he feels in silence what he must not tell." Probably this alludes to some juvenile prank of Master William; we fear he has been a sad boy in his day; he has heard "the chimes at midnight" before now. The preface follows, and the author modestly says, "I have produced a mere *simple shed*, where the wanderer may condescend to retire from the splendid feast of genius." He next expresses his fears that he shall ultimately get into the lumber-room of posterity; but consoles himself by declaring that he is a good churchman, and hates Carlisle and Waddington from the bottom of his heart. He then babbles very pathetically about Mr. Hayley and the Reviewers, talks of a hasty composition on the fall of Badajoz

* The reviewer is certainly mistaken in his conjecture, and I think I can set him right. Editions can be multiplied with wonderful facility, without the public seeing one of them. This is a secret, it is scarcely fair to reveal. The whole mystery however lies in the readiness with which the title-page can be altered to any number of editions when it first goes through the press; and thus a work may reach twenty before a single copy is sold. Mr. H. who composed his poems in a double sense, no doubt availed himself of this ready expedient for acquiring reputation for popularity by a less tedious method than the usual ordeal of public approbation.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

" which was well received, both by friends at home and by the noble commander *while* he was in *Spain*." (Did he change his mind when he came to England?) " This was followed by another *martial* attempt, (even more hastily composed than the former) which was also favourably received." He concludes by lamenting his egotism, which he says he cannot help, bewailing the death of his patron, and throwing himself on the candour of his purchasers. Another peal of brass thunder succeeds, " To the Right Honourable the Earl of Egremont, et cetera." Mr. H. seems to be hand in glove with the great, and he strings their names together in his book, like onions on a rope. In a Tribute of Gratitude, the minstrel " roars ye as gently as a sucking dove;" no doubt he thought it wonderfully pathetic, and he must be the best judge. The little *Poemlets* that are appended, must have pleased Mr. Hayley, for they say very civil things of him. The Dialogue between a Poet and Experience is very religious; but Church-goers may think it methodistical, and object to it on that account. The Thoughts on Mortality are dismally appropriate; " all that is earthly will decay,"—very true—very original. The extracts from the Poet's Album about his best friend and her little Cherubs must have afforded agreeable family reading, they do infinite credit to the domestic character of Mr. Hersee, and we would stake his volume against Lord Thurlow's Translation of *Anacreon*, that he never crosses his threshold without asking leave.

" Thou art my bosom friend! my best beloved!

O Mary! in this world of bitter strife;

How blest is he whose wayward fate has proved

The heavenly value of a virtuous wife!"

The poet, however, does not always forget *himself*, for we are favoured with his hymn on his own birthday, adapted to the tune of the cxlviiith psalm, for the benefit of those who wish to make merry on that happy occasion. The subjoined stanzas from the Ode on the Birth of a First Child, are full of the milk of human kindness, and evince all that *softness*, for which the author seems distinguished:

Little infant, bringing pleasure,

Greatest pleasure of the heart;

Oh, what bliss, thou heavenly treasure,

Does thy birth to me impart!

Who would be debarr'd for ever
 From the joys of wedded love ?
 Who can say that joy is never
 Found but in the realms above ?

But we must hasten to Mr. Hersee's master-pieces ; we need only quote them to prove their excellence, as we need only point to the sun to demonstrate its brightness ; we really doubt whether any of our modern bards of simplicity have ever produced anything more charming than the following

EPITAPH ON A VERY OLD CAT.

Shelter'd by the mossy wall,
 Beneath its rugged stones,
 Mould'ring like the leaves that fall,
 Lie poor old Puss's bones !
 Ah ! poor old Puss ! thy glass is run,
 And life's with thee no more ;
 Its lengthen'd thread, unbroken, spun,
 Thy years almost a score !
 While sleeping by the parlour fire
 Cold winter to assuage,
 Thy mistress oft would thee admire,
 And tell thy wond'rous age.
 Then little Miss, with hand snow-white,
 Would stroke thy glossy fur ;
 " Poor Puss !" she'd cry, " thou'rt my delight !"
 And smile to hear thee purr.
 A sportive kitten thou hast play'd,
 Thy tortoise coat look'd gay ;
 But now in endless silence laid,
 No more thou'lt purr or play !
 And can we e'er that friend forget,
 Who long has faithful been ?
 No, poor old Puss ! 'tis with regret
 We see thee end the scene !

How natural—how touching ! what heart can refuse a sigh—what eye a tear of sympathy ? This is indeed the essence of poetry. The Epitaph on an old *Horse*, and the Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a favourite *Mare*, are equally beautiful ; but the pair of Funeral Notices on a *certain Man* and a *certain Woman*, are exquisite—

ly finished, and we are of opinion that one of the stanzas, slightly altered, would be just the thing for the author himself:

Good reader ! tread lightly

Over these stones ;—

Below them are resting

Poor Hersee's old bones.

H.

“ LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE, a Selection from the
Papers of the late Arthur Austin.”

THIS little volume is ushered into the world from a very suspicious quarter, with a very affected show-off title; but is, notwithstanding, a work of uncommon merit. It is dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, and assuredly that great writer need not be ashamed of extending his protection to the orphan volume before us. It consists of a series of simply beautiful and deeply interesting little histories, narrated in a tone of pathos and feeling, which must find its way into every heart. Three of the stories originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and formed a strange contrast to the malignancy and bitterness of spirit, displayed in almost every other page of that publication. But the author, if this too be not a trick of the bookseller, has closed his eyes on all sublunary concerns, and is no longer accountable for the form in which his productions may be introduced to the public.

It is no easy matter, where there is so much to admire, to select any part for critical notice. it is comparatively easy to be severe, the noblest effusions of genius are faulty. On a close examination, the design or the execution will be found defective; but to confer praise judiciously, though delightful to the feelings of every kind-hearted man, is extremely difficult. Scarcely two readers in a thousand shall peruse the same passage without coming to a different conclusion as to its merits, and what by one is pronounced faultlessly excellent, may be denounced by another, as wretched exaggeration or idle common-place. He, therefore, who proclaims his opinion by means of the press, had need to be exceedingly guarded in his decisions, lest his impartiality should be mistaken for favouritism, his praise for flattery, and his censure for malice.

The agents of the miniature history-pieces of which this work is composed, are for the most part chosen from the humbler walks

of life, they are not the extraordinary beings that people the regions of romance, they are neither the commanding monsters of Byron, nor the buoyant chivalrous spirits of Scott, but the plain, unsophisticated race of mortals, still to be met with in the wilder and more remote districts of Scotland. The deep feeling of piety which is breathed over all the narratives, gives them, to us, a peculiar charm; the over delicate and fastidious in literature will, perhaps, call it cant, and despise what they may consider the whinnings of the conventicle; but to him, who amidst the sin and sorrow of the world, preserves in the recesses of his heart, feelings of love and veneration for the God that made him, the religious aspirations and sentiments abounding in this work, clothed as they are in all the elegancies of language, cannot fail to be highly delightful. The *Lily of Liddersdale*, the charming fiction with which the volume commences, is exquisitely written—what can be better than the following description? “Amy Gordon had grown up under the dews, and breath, and light of heaven, among the solitary hills; and now that she had attained to perfect womanhood, nature rejoiced in the beauty which gladdened the stillness of these undisturbed glens. Why should this one maiden have been created lovelier than all others? None could tell; for had the most imaginative poet described this maiden, something that floated around her, an air of felt but unspeakable grace and lustre, would have been wanting in his picture.” The moral conveyed in this interesting story, which it would be the height of injustice to compress, is most effective, and none can read it, we think, without resolving at least to remember Amy Gordon, when the unruly passions of our breasts require control. “Sunset and Sunrise,” pathetically illustrates the uncertainty of earthly enjoyments; a tender and confiding husband is introduced gazing with his young, beautiful, innocent wife on the splendours of a setting sun. “What might not beings endowed with a sense of beauty, and greatness, and love, and fear, and terror, and eternity, feel when drawing their breath together, and turning their stedfast eyes on each other’s faces, in such a scene as this? They looked in mere human happiness over the surface of the inhabited earth. The green fields, that in all the varieties of form lay stretching out before them, the hedge-rows of hawthorn and sweet-briar, the humble coppices, the stately groves, and, in the distance, the dark pine forest loading the mountain side, were all their own;

God had given to them this bright and beautiful portion of the earth, and he had given them along with it hearts and souls to feel and understand in what lay the value of the gift, and to enjoy it with a deep and thoughtful gratitude." The sun sank behind the dark hills, and they returned to their quiet home, though some faint forebodings of sorrow were breathed by the way, the wife to repose on the bosom of her lord, and the husband to thank that beneficent God, who gave him such an invaluable treasure. It was soon to be taken away. "Before midnight all who slept awoke. It was hoped that an heir was about to be born. Tenderly beloved by all was the young and beautiful lady. Many a prayer was said for her." The husband could not bear the agonizing suspense of that moment—he walked into the open air, and without intending it, found himself in the village churchyard; he was soon to be summoned to attend the death-bed of his Anna. But we will let the author speak for himself. "The lady was dying, but not dead. It was thought that she was insensible, but when her husband said, "Anna—Anna!" she fixed her hitherto unnoticed eyes upon his face, and moved her lips as if speaking, but no sounds were heard. He stooped down and kissed her forehead, and then there was a smile over all her face, and one word, "Farewell!" At that faint and loving voice, he touched her lips with his, and he must then have felt her parting breath; for when he again looked on her face, the smile upon it was more deep, placid, stedfast, than any living smile, and a mortal silence was on her bosom that was to move no more." Such writing as this, and there is much that is equally powerful in the volume, can require no comment. The Minister's Widow is perfect in its kind; the Forgers; the Snow-Storm; and indeed most of the artlessly told pieces in the selection, have irresistible claims on our admiration and sympathy, and we should not be doing justice to our own feelings, to the author's memory, or the interests of our readers, did we not bestow on this production our most unqualified praise. The young will peruse it, and weep over the afflictions of those, who were once young and fair like themselves; and the old as they read, will live over the joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears of their younger days. The gay and thoughtless will learn to reflect as they dwell on its pages. The happy, taught by the force of example, will bless the Giver of all good gifts; and the unfortunate rely in humble hope on the beneficence and mercy of their God.

H.

Fine Arts.

Their's are the lessons, and the plans of peace,
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all,
Embellish life.

THOMSON.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

At a great feast, we are not a little distracted by the variety of dainty dishes, that seem emulating each other in their claims to our early notice, and we frequently consume a considerable portion of time in mentally discussing the respective merits of Birch's Turtle, *Potage Vermecelli à la Verry*, and a goodly company of Calipash and Calipee. Indeed, on such occasions, so nicely poised is the elective principle within us, that we should remain in suspense for ever, like the ass which has been hypothetically placed between two hampers of hay of equal fragrance, were we not timely relieved from our dilemma, by the happy thought that there must be a beginning, and notwithstanding all that has been said, or can be said, it is of little consequence upon what.

The number of Exhibitions that have just been thrown open (which by-the-bye proves May to be as merry a month with painters as with poets) occasioned a perplexity very similar to what we have described above. The Royal Academy invited us here,—the British Institution solicited our company there,—while the Society of Water-colour Painters threw out pretty broad hints, that no where should we be better entertained than at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; for besides what it could shew us, Mr. Day had an excellent collection of casts from the great Michael Angelo's works;—and Mr. Martin's Paintings were well worth a second visit. Mr. Ward's Groupe of Cattle as large as the life, Mr. Hall's two Marys at the Sepulchre of Christ, Mr. Glover's, and Mr. West's Gallery, were equally pressing. We cast our eyes wistfully at one, and then at another, for a considerable time; at length we were relieved from our embarrassment by what we considered the superior claims of the Royal Academy; and while we were feeling for our purse, we found we had made a transit over the threshold, and were consoling ourselves by the reflection, that if variety occasion perplexity, abundance always produces pleasure.

The general character of the present Exhibition we consider superior to the last. Portraits however abound in this as in all former Seasons, and while this department of the art is so much better patronised than any other, they will continue to abound. The President displays his full complement, and maintains his pre-eminence. His most successful effort appears to us to be a portrait of the Duke of York: it is correctly drawn, highly finished, and not so ostentatious as he generally represents royal personages:—indeed it forms a striking contrast to the portrait of his kingly brother by the same hand, hung just above, and which is intended to decorate Windsor Castle. If ruffs and rees and furbelows are indicative of kingship, Sir Thomas has made George the Fourth “every inch a king,” for he is covered with them. But the simple attire, in which Napoleon used to be painted, his small cocked hat, his plain green coat, and military boots, struck us more than all the paraphernalia that disfigures (we were about saying) but we will use another term, disguises George the Fourth;—for a fine person, whether man or woman, “when unadorned is adorned the most.” We have not seen his Majesty sufficiently close to pronounce upon the likeness, but this we will say, that if it is a faithful portrait, his Majesty’s personal appearance has remained stationary for the last thirty years. He is the most youthful looking gentleman of sixty in all his dominions,—really an evergreen. We know the kingly functions are very potent, but we were not aware that time had any respect for them. There are portraits of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Littleton, and the charming Countess of Blessington, by the same hand. Of the three, the last is decidedly the best;—the attitude is strikingly easy and graceful. The right breast, however, appears too large for its fellow, and the whole has the appearance of being unfinished. We must here be allowed to indulge in a word or two to the President; we are no despisers of the department of painting in which he excels; we know it is not the easiest, but we also know it is not the most difficult. Now we think the honorable situation in which he has been placed requires him to give occasional proofs of his ability in the loftiest branch of art. His illustrious predecessor, preferring honour to profit, confined himself to Epic compositions only;—and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was honoured with the chair before him, may be considered as having excelled in both. The influence of Sir Thomas’s example upon the rising students must be very inju-

rious. We are naturally disposed to acquire wealth and fame at the easiest rate, and who will subject himself to labourious study, unceasing practice, and the vexatious disappointments, arising from repeated failures in experimental essays, to say nothing of the pain and grief arising from neglect and comparative poverty in the prosecution of the most difficult branch, if the post of honour, which should be the post of danger or at least difficulty, can be obtained without them? The truly great mind looks not to private profit or personal aggrandisement, but to its posthumous fame and country's greatness. If Sir Thomas is influenced by such a spirit, he will in future devote a considerable portion of his time to this grand object, and grace the Exhibition, and gratify the public, with the representation of subjects, worthy the pencil of the President of an Association, whose professed object is to raise the character of the arts in England.

Mr. Shee has his full complement. The best of them is the portrait of T. S. Rice, Esq. M. P. painted for the Chamber of Commerce, Limerick;—the attitude is animatedly meditative, he is almost speaking,—that is, he seems turning a thought in his mind, that he is about to deliver. The portraits of the Misses Birket, we think not so successful: there is a formality in the arrangement of the hair, and which pervades the figures generally, though in a less degree. The abruptness, also, of the light upon the hair is too great.—we know the transition from light to dark upon all glossy substances, is sudden and violent, but to exclude all gradation of tint is too much. The general diffusion of light over the whole picture, and the smoothness of the surface, remind one too strongly of some paintings upon trays and tea-boards that we have seen.

There are five portraits from Sir William Beechey's hand—the first No. 27, a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Foster Pigott, is extremely good,—there is a softness of execution, mellowness and richness of colouring extremely delightful, perhaps a little too much on the yellow hue. It has always struck us, that Sir William has aimed at giving a candle-light tint in his flesh; this, if managed with felicity, confers richness, but there is a danger of its assuming too much the appearance of wax. His portrait of the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, detracts nothing from his fair fame; but we are not quite clear that it adds to it.

Mr. Philips, who, we believe, has the reputation of being the

best colourist of all our portrait painters, has eight subjects,—we shall notice two, the best and the worst—the first we consider, No. 177, “Returning from the Hop Garden:” this is a beautiful brunette, with countenance as blithe as spring, and complexion as rich as autumn; and her hair decorated with a profusion of hops and flowers; but the arms—the arms—the arms—they are not half finished, and what is worse, not half large enough. No. 96, Portrait of Sir B. Hobhouse, Bart. There is a mistiness and dirtiness about this portrait, that if the catalogue had not told us it was a production of this gentleman, we should never have guessed it.

Mr. Jackson is not so successful this year as last: his portrait of Miss Stephens, 230, is certainly not a flattering one,—we are not friendly to the spirit that adorns ladies with personal charms they do not possess, but to rob them of what is really their due, is nothing short of treason. No. 127, Portrait of the Duke of York, is a failure, the slovenly *scumbling* is offensive, and the pinky hue unnatural.

The best service we can render Drummond, is to say nothing.

The number of scenes drawn from familiar life is greater this year than any preceding one that we recollect. Wilkie, Mulready, Sharp, Leslie, Witherington, Ripplingille, and Allan, are conspicuous. From the number of subjects that we have to notice, it must be apparent that our observations are necessarily of a general character, displaying the most obvious beauties, and exposing the most glaring defects; but Mr. Wilkie's merit this year is so transcendant, that we think it due to the artist, our readers, and ourselves, to indulge a little our propensity for detail. No. 126, Chelsea Pensioners receiving the London Gazette Extraordinary, announcing the Battle of Waterloo. This picture represents an assembly of pensioners and soldiers, in front of the Duke of York public-house, Royal Hospital Row, Chelsea. The principal group surrounds a table in the centre of the picture, at the end of which is an old pensioner, a survivor of the seven years' war, who was at the taking of Quebec with General Wolfe, reading aloud to his companions the details of the victory of Waterloo, and never was a hacking hesitating manner more happily depicted, than in the countenance of this humble scholar. Every feature marks the difficulty of the task he has undertaken. A female, with a child at her breast, is overlooking and reading for herself: her great interest in the particulars, will not allow her to wait for his tardy

developement of them,—the greediness with which she devours the account, is firmly indicated by her staring, penetrating eyes. Opposite is a black, one of the band of the first regiment of Foot Guards, who was in France, during the Revolution, was present at the death of Louis XVI. and was afterwards servant to General Moreau, in his campaigns in Germany, during the revolutionary wars. This figure is happily introduced, and felicitously executed. The joyous exultation of the soul sparkles in every feature, and his ebony complexion forms a striking contrast to all around, each setting off the other, like a "jewel in an Ethiop's ear." Next to the black, in a foraging dress, is an Irish light-horseman, explaining the news to an old pensioner who was with General Elliott, during the bombardment of twenty-one months and twenty-one days, at the memorable siege of Gibraltar. The rough hardness of body and wild uproarious joyousness of the heart of the former, are finely contrasted with the decrepitude, and blunted feelings of the last; the first, in the prime of life and vigour of health, is ready to "seek the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth;" the last, after many hair-breadth escapes, has arrived at that period, when even the grasshopper becomes a burthen. The film of age not only obscures his bodily, but his mental vision, and all the explanations and enthusiasm of his youthful companion, seem alike unintelligible; the worn-out intellect cannot comprehend the one, and the frozen heart ceases to glow with the other.

But perhaps the most interesting group in the picture is that on the right. A corporal of the Oxford Blues, who was at the battle of Vittoria, is throwing himself exultingly back on his seat, catching as much of the intelligence as his active and delightful occupation will allow,—for our readers must know that this athletic son of Mars is performing the part of a good citizen, tossing his infant child in the air, and by the mixed emotion of his countenance we may gather that he anticipates the day when his boy shall be

"To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the war
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye him."

The mother is opposite, fastening her tresses with a comb; her dress is extremely neat, and so arranged that the fair proportions of her fine person are plainly discoverable beneath them; the face, too, presents one of the finest samples of beauty taken from

real life, we ever gazed upon : connected with this group are two females, one listening and exulting, the other retiring with feelings somewhat saddened, probably occasioned by her ignorance of the fate of one, whose good or ill fortune identifies the character of her own. All these females shew how susceptible the painter is of the charms of feminine beauty, for such loveliness can only be embodied by one who has felt its potency. Through the window of the Duke of York public-house, a soldier is thrusting the greater part of his body, to catch the sounds of victory. The head cocked on one side, the mouth open and drawn back at the corners, the brows elevated, and eyes fixed:—all inimitably develops his anxious curiosity. Under this window is an old beldam, listening and opening oysters at the same time. As this was the month of June, the introduction of this incident is a little out of season; but the anachronism is amply compensated by the variety of character it brings into the scene, and the foil she proves to set off the buxom beauties about her. On the left of the picture is the light-horseman who has just arrived with the Gazette, and is relating further particulars to his comrades, among whom is a Glengary Highlander, who served with General Graham at Barossa; about the light horseman, there is a military carriage, a gallant bearing, that seen is felt, but when felt not easily described. The Glengary Highlander appears illustrating by attitude some portion or circumstance related in the Gazette. Thus have we given a brief sketch of the principal actors in this matchless production. We have heard His Grace the Duke of Wellington has given a princely price for it,—whatever the sum may be, it is worth it, for in Europe there is not another hand or mind so felicitously gifted for this peculiar and pleasing department of painting. In colour and form, expression and action, the physical and moral attributes of the art, Mr. Wilkie is equal to Teniers, Ostade, or Hogarth, while he far excels them in the purity of his taste and the chastity of his feeling. He picks and culls from out the common herd and ordinary occurrences of life, and presents you with agreeable, not disgusting objects, with familiar not vulgar scenes. They are alike pleasing to the most delicate Miss, the most fastidious gentleman, and humble boor. None blush to look upon them, while all feel and enjoy them.

No. 226, a Party of Pleasure, by M. W. Sharp. The scene, we

think, is laid in Greenwich: a small pleasure boat is about leaving for London, from whence probably it had previously come; and the humour of the piece consists in the terror, real or affected, of a young and beautiful belle, at the danger of the water. She is represented with one foot on the bank, and the other on the edge of the boat, about making a hasty retreat on the first gentle motion of the vessel, although supported by the waterman on one side, whom she is strangling by convulsively grasping his neckcloth, and encouraged and entreated by a buck, whose solicitude clearly indicates the character of his feelings, and the relation in which he stands. It is no party of pleasure to him. The old and ugly city gallant, with his hat tied on with his handkerchief, who has been on a visit to a friend, on whose garden he must have made a sensible impression, judging from the magnitude of the bouquet which is laying on the seat, is excellently conceived. The extending of his arms to receive her, his own self-possession, and the good natured smile at her timidity, are very excellent. There are two or three incidents that heighten the effect, and contribute to the telling of the story. The archness of the girl's countenance in the stern of the boat, gives us to understand that she can read and interpret her sex's whims better than we can, and that these pretty airs are only affected to plumb the depths of her lover's affection. The urchin with his miniature man of war, who is crying to encounter the perils, so dreaded by this lady, and the mere apprehension of which averts the head of his sister, who is leading him away, form an invaluable antithesis. The rugged, greasy jester, who is extending his arm out of a window with a full pot for the lady, is characteristic of the rudeness of that order of persons, and seasonably effective. Perhaps the attitude of some of the figures is a little theatrical, but the colouring is very brilliant, and the whole is executed in a manner worthy the conception. The gentle undulations and lucid quality of the water, is extremely happy, and is entitled to distinct notice.

Rippingille has two subjects, 276, a Recruiting Party, and the Funeral Procession of W. Canynge to Radcliffe Church, Bristol, 1474. These we consider clever pictures and nothing more: the first wants soul,—the flatness that pervades it, might easily have been avoided by the introduction of more brilliant lights and deeper shades. The cathedral of the second seems compounded of

clay or wood, and not of stone. We suppose this is owing to an unsuccessful attempt to give the reflection of the setting sun. This gentleman has not answered the expectations we formed of him, when he exhibited his Post-office, some years since.

264, the Dancing Bear, by Witherington, has action and expression,—the first, however, wants energy, and the second vividness.

In this department of the art we consider Allen the most successful after Wilkie. 301, *the Broken Fiddle*, we think, will confirm our opinion. A wandering wooden-legged musician has given a saucy urchin a rap with his instrument. The fiddle is shivered, and the boy is sprawling on the ground; the grandam is picking him up and scolding the fiddler, who with a light hearted despair seems to say, "If *he* is hurt *I* am ruined, and so you have nothing to complain of." It is a very excellent picture.

Leslie, Mulready, and Kidd, have been much more successful; perhaps the excellent company they are in (for their pictures are close to Wilkie's) may be a disadvantage to them.

There are but few Epic compositions. Hilton, Thomson, Singleton, and Howard's are the best. The Calydonian Hunt, by the first, is a vigorous production. The figures are energetic, and the colouring is glowing. Miranda's first Sight of Ferdinand, is an excellent specimen of light and shade.

389, The female Soothsayer deprived of her power by Paul at Phillippi, possesses vast energy, but the characters do not sort with our preconceived notions of what they should be: Paul and his companions were very ordinary people, and the very term, damsel, conveys an idea of simplicity, but they are all clothed with dignity, and that not of nation but of the stage.

There is a glowing picture of Cupid and Psyche by R. Westall, which makes one lament that he does not confine himself to fancy subjects.

Northcote has two of the best pictures we have seen from his easel a long while; No. 6 and No. 26. The infant Princess Bridget Plantagenet in the former, and the anatomy of the dead Christ in the latter, merit considerable commendation.

The landscapes are not so numerous or imposing as we have seen, but there are a few very delightful. No. 183, a view on the Stour by Constable, is a very fine specimen of forcible painting, and in the hot rooms the cool refreshing appearance of the water, the trees, the sky, in short the whole was quite a relief to the half

fainting gazer. 390, View of Edinburgh Castle from the Grass-market, by Richardson. There is a richness of tint and palpableness about the buildings, both natural and delightful. I. Chalon has a View of the Market and Fountain of the Innocents, Paris, in which he not only gives a correct representation of the place, (we speak from our acquaintance with it) but the costume and air of the people with surprising spirit and fidelity; but we think his outline too hard. Lady Long has a view in Paris, No. 182, extremely bright and forcible, good palpable painting, but which would have been better if the linear and aerial perspective were more correct.

No. 171, Smugglers alarmed by an unexpected change from hazy weather, while landing their cargo, by A. W. Callcott, R. A. The liquid appearance of the air is very true to nature, but the figures resemble each other too much; they seem all of one family, or rather a number of copies of the same person, and comparing Mr. Callcott with himself, we certainly have seen him to more advantage.

There is a falling off in the miniature department this year. Robertson reigns here as Lawrence does in oil, without a competitor, at least one that he need fear. There are a few others that might be commended, but the greater part are very bad. Bone's enamels are however beyond praise: the delicacy, precision, force, and richness, charm and surprise.

In the Model Academy the quantity of Sculpture is greater and the quality better than usual. There is a statue, in marble, of Eve at the fountain, by Bailey. Psyche by Westmacott. The houseless traveller by the same. Statue of Eve by Rossi. The judgment of Brutus by W. Scouler; and a sleeping child by Flaxman, that we must point out, and can do no more for want of room.

We cannot conclude our remarks without expressing our surprise that when so many pictures were returned, and some of them good ones too, that so much rubbish should disgrace the walls. Let us point out one or two to shew we do not speak at random, 255, portraits of two ladies. 269, Care. 270, The Graces adorning the bust of the late Princess Charlotte. 271, The Novel, and many others. If it be said they were small and occupied but little room, the same cannot be urged in behalf of the gaudy and despicable rubbish, No. 500, christened "Rownham Ferry."

Song.

THE tears bedew those eyes of blue,
Sighs heave thy troubl'd breast, dear Mary,
Would that anew 'twere mine to view
Thy joy-bestowing smile, kind Fairy.

That throbbing heart, would'st thou impart
All thou hast felt and all thou fearest,
Would cease to smart with sorrow's dart,
For I would share thy anguish, dearest.

Then tell thy tale, no tears avail
The weary load of grief to lighten,
To soothe thy bale, tho' love shall fail
Yet sympathy the cloud will brighten.

Each grief of thine is doubly mine,
Without thee I can taste no pleasure ;
At beauty's shrine I'd life resign,
And reckon love my only treasure.

Then to each sigh let love reply,
And kiss away those tears, sweet Fairy,
Each tear to dry from that blue eye
Would answer all my hopes, dear Mary !

H.

Stanzas.

ATHENS, city of the soul,
While ages o'er thy ruins roll,
And Time, thy ruthless foe,
Prepares, as grim Destruction smiles,
Applauding his completed toils,
To strike a final blow :

While thy last column on its base
 Crumbles away, till not a trace
 Of glory past remains,
 While all the hand of Phidias wrought,
 Sculpture that seem'd instinct with thought,
 Grows dust upon thy plains :

The praise thou gain'st in better times,
 Lies in all languages and climes,
 The heir-loom of mankind,
 Their pride until the day of doom,
 When nature's self shall find a tomb
 'Midst falling worlds enshrin'd.

And o'er the fame of years gone by,
 Tho' with spread wings, Obscurity
 Broods like the bird of night ;
 O thou, that wert of Greece the queen !
 The glory of what thou hast been
 Shall shine for ever bright.

H.

The Freebooter.

—
 A SKETCH.
 —

" Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

THE TEMPEST.

—

In the year — after a ramble through the wilds of Caledonia, I re-entered England by "our good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed," and travelling at a leisurely rate southward, gratified my curiosity by visiting some of the most memorable vestiges of Northumbrian grandeur—the scenes of many a stern conflict celebrated in border song. To those, in fact, who, like myself, have a tinge of romance in their disposition, no part of England offers a wider field for its indulgence, or the continued excitement of local emotion,

than "bleak Northumbria" as Falconer is pleased to term it. Here the Scottish Borderer loved to prick from the Cheviot with a burning wisp at the spear's point, and here the ancestry of our northern countrymen delighted to bless them with the broad-sword. Here the Percy battled with the Douglas, and Saint Cuthbert with the Devil, here chivalry glowed in all its enthusiasm, and superstition swayed in all its terrors. Every turn of the road presents the ruins of a monastic or castellated structure—every stream recalls a tale of the past—every hill has its legend. I passed the desolate moon of Coldingham, once famous for its monastery and the story of a Lady-abbess who sacrificed her nose and upper-lip to the preservation of her chastity; visited the priory of Lindisfarne and the retreat of Saint Cuthbert on one of the Farn Islands, where the print of Satan's foot was shewn me in various places; Hulne Abbey, the first establishment of Carmelite Friars in this kingdom; and many a "fair structure," as old Leland would say, beside. As, however, I am introducing a narrative, not writing a tour, it may be sufficient to inform the reader that one evening, on quitting the village of Howick for the remains of Dunstanborough Castle, one or two trifling accidents (common to travellers, as well in reality as romance,) so far delayed my progress, that not only had the sun set, but the twilight deepened into shade, before the walls of that majestic building received me. Dunstanborough Castle commands an eminence sloping to the sea, and edged to the northward with precipices in the form of a crescent, by the eastern termination of which is an opening in the rocks under a hideous precipice called Rumble Churn, from the roar and tumult of the waves in tempestuous weather. Immediately above this is the main entrance of the castle, a mass of gateway, defended by huge flanking towers, in the round, heavy style of old Saxon architecture, and which frowned defiance on more than one royal assailant during the wars of York and Lancaster. Through this I passed, with a befitting portion of pensive and solemn feeling, and, as it was now impossible to distinguish objects with precision, resolved to await the rising of the moon, and, in the interim, perambulate at leisure through the area of the broken fabric.

Monk Lewis and my friend Mr. T. S——e have both thought proper to versify a legend relating to this Castle; in which a certain knight having failed to dissolve certain enchantments, is condemned to wander for ever among the ruins, in an eternal but

fruitless search of the mystic chamber in which he is supposed to have made his first unsuccessful and fatal effort.

"Far as the aged pile extends
From morn till eve his course he bends,
And vainly seeks again to find
The stairs to the haunted hall that wind ;
Full many an age its course hath run,
Nor yet his life nor search are done."

The Wanderer of Dunstanborough, by J. S.

To this tale of the olden time my thoughts naturally recurred while pacing amid the gloom and solitude of the ruins. Fancy was busied sketching the figure of the wanderer tottering among the remains of the Chapel, and I had fixed my eye upon a certain archway where his appearance at such a moment would be most effectually picturesque, when in reality it was darkened by some passing object, and, had either my superstition or imagination been somewhat of a stronger cast I might have concluded that the hero of the tale was coming upon me in propria persona; my apprehension however, was dull and common-place enough to suggest that either some animal of the domestic kind was peregrinating like the white doe of Ryswick, or that, like myself, some romantic traveller had lingered to enjoy the scene in the calm moonlight now gradually brightening over the cliffs and the grey towers that surmount them. This latter conjecture proved nearest to the truth, and in another instant a stranger advanced towards me, not with the undetermined step of a loiterer, but the firm resolved pace of one disposed for colloquy and prepared to meet it. His figure even by the uncertain light in which I beheld it, had something prepossessing, and he was evidently on the youthful side of the middle age. I addressed him with the frankness of an equal, in the style which it was natural to imagine would best harmonise with the feelings of both—with the hour and with the scene.

"I believe, Sir, we are mutually indebted an apology for this intrusion on our respective reveries, and, as the best reparation in the power of either, should mutually aid each other to regain the lost clue of thought in conversation." "Perhaps, Sir," replied the stranger in a tone of reserve, "a more congenial course would be to pass, and disturb each other no more."

"Not to my feelings, I assure you, and permit me to hope, not decidedly to yours; my greeting has probably been conveyed in

blunter terms than the etiquette of a city prescribes, but scenes like these around us have such an aspect of the olden times, we forget, while gazing upon them, the refinements of our own; besides, we encountered too suddenly for a more guarded salutation, and as good king Robert observes;

“—In deserts when they meet
Men pass not as in peaceful streets.”

“Your frankness, Sir, sits well upon you, I will return it, by asking if you are alone?”

“Alone!” I exclaimed with some surprise, “you see no living creature near but ourselves, and I am no magician to enjoy the converse of an invisible familiar.”

“I was not greatly apprehensive of that,” answered my new companion, in a manner which left me doubtful whether he entered into the spirit of my reply, or wished to mark his contempt of its peculiarity. Immediately after he added, “the female, then, whom I observed a few minutes ago, has not the honor of your protection?”

“Assuredly not,” was my reply, “nor can I imagine that a solitary female, of whatever rank, would at such an hour make choice of such a spot for her unprotected rambles.”

“You may readily convince yourself,” he replied, “look to the right.”

And, in fact, on glancing my eye in that direction, it rested on the figure of a woman, emerging from the deep black shade thrown by a fragment of a ruin, and moving to and fro with a quick restlessness and an apparent indecision of course or purpose, which puzzled me exceedingly to account for. Sometimes she stooped to the ground, as if in the act of raising or plucking something, then walked a few hurried paces to the left, then turned as suddenly to the right, and at every change of path, flung her arms upwards with a peculiar wildness, or waved for a few seconds something contained in her right hand. We drew slowly towards her; on observing which, she instantly became stationary, and awaited our approach with the motionless silence of a statue; one hand pressed, apparently with violence, on her brow,—the other, which was filled with weeds and long grass, dropping listlessly by her side. As she stood in the clear, broad moonlight, I was enabled to survey her features distinctly: they were of a delicate cast, or, at least, to speak with more correctness, had once been so, and yet retained

sufficient traces of their earlier expression to augur favorably of the possessor's rank in society; but sorrow of no ordinary nature had anticipated the malice of time, and the lines which years are sometimes slow to trace on the brow of fortune's indifferent children, conflicts of internal agony, had deepened prematurely on her's. It was the countenance of one who had numbered, perhaps, five and twenty summers, and during that portion of them which claimed a place in the calendar of womanhood, had endured the very extremity of ill, adversity in its blackest shape, the wreck of hope and the blight of reason. She was ghastly pale; her thin, white lips slightly convulsed, as if indistinctly murmuring to herself, and her pale, blue eyes wandering vacantly from object to object, with all the restlessness and wild light of insanity. The figure of this unfortunate was slight, and far from inelegant, but lost something of its interest by the strange, and almost ludicrous, confusion of dress which enveloped it; several long shawls or scarfs being disposed about her person in a sort of festoon shape, and looped over various ill-according garments of different colours, and of the most contradictory fashions. Her hair, which was of a light brown, had attained a surprising length, and was brought forward in bands coarsely plaited, that rose one above another over her brow; forming a kind of fantastic coronet.

To my enquiry, whither she was wandering alone, and at such an hour, she replied in a low, subdued tone of voice:

"To the Churn: he rows his boat there at midnight:—they tell me he cannot drown, but I topple down grey stones that would sink a fleet, and when the billows foam and curl and burst over his head, I'll shriek for joy, and bid him swim lustily! Come, come and watch!

"Who are you, my poor maiden?"

"The lady of Dunstanboro."

"And who has injured you so deeply, that you would have so fierce a revenge?"

"I'll not tell. Do you think I'm mad, to speak of it while the moonlight sleeps on the sea? I tell you it blew a tempest, the clouds rolled before the wind large and black, and the waves tumbled over us merrily, though I think I have never been merry since! and the thunder sang to us, and then we all prayed but one, so the old man went to his grave, and I could never pray more!"

"Eternal Heavens!" exclaimed the stranger, clasping his brow

with both hands, with a violence of emotion which at once alarmed and surprised me.

"Aye!" said the maniac, "*you* may pray, but not for *him*: come, sit down here, and I'll teach you to curse like the evil one! It drives away the heart-ache, and cools a hot brain like the night-dew; after that I can sleep for a long, long minute, and never dream of the sad days that are gone. Come, Sirs, come," and hurrying forward she caught my arm, but, with the capricious waywardness of her usual manner, released it again instantly, saying, "no, not with you, not with you."

"And why not?" I replied:

"Because you look sad, and I'll go with this laughing stranger. Come, Sir, shew me to Rumble Churn!"

She advanced to my companion, whose intensity of emotion (from whatever cause arising) did not appear to have abated, drew his hands impatiently from his face, gazed upon it for a moment, and then uttering a piercing shriek, which the grey ruins reverberated fearfully back, sank at his feet as if motionless for ever!

That some mysterious connection subsisted between this unfortunate girl and the object of her present alarm or surprise, was not to be doubted; but the time admitting of no queries, I assisted to raise and revive her in silence; the stranger murmuring in a tone of suppressed bitterness, "Oh! villain! villain!" but whether in an agony of self-accusal, or apostrophising the spirit of another, I was, of course, altogether ignorant.

A fisherman's cottage stood at a short distance upon the beach, and being the nearest human habitation, thither we resolved to convey her. It was a wretched hovel, scarcely capable of protecting its inmates from the bitter inclemency of the elements, to which at certain seasons the situation must have exposed it; but in the calm of an autumnal night, a slight breeze only rising at intervals, and the tide breaking far out with an almost imperceptible murmur, the discomfort of its aspect was considerably lessened; a ruddy light, too, glared from the casement, and on a near approach we heard laughter and other sounds of merriment from within, ill-accommoding, it is true, with our predominant feelings, but so far welcome as they promised the ready means of reviving the helpless creature under our protection, and an opportunity of learning some particulars of her fate. To the impatient knock and call of my companion, the proprietor himself gave answer; a short, stout-built,

weather-beaten man of about forty-five, evidently in a state of exhilaration from the use of some strong liquid, and equally disposed to jest with the miserable and the gay. He admitted us without appearing to comprehend the nature of our visit, or, indeed, to trouble himself with a moment's reflection upon the subject, but giving an antic caper across the floor with a sort of drunken vivacity, resumed at once his seat and his song, to the infinite delight of some four or five bon-vivants who had disposed themselves round a small table in the middle of the hut, and in the true spirit of sea-faring men, for such they were, smoked, and laughed, and shouted, and pushed round the glass and pitcher; which latter vessel might, at the commencement of their revelry, have held, perhaps, about three quarts.

This jovial party appeared somewhat embarrassed by our entrance, and wheeling round upon their seats, stared as if doubtful how to construe the intrusion, while we drew an old chest towards the fire that blazed cheerfully in a corner, and seating the object of our attention, endeavoured, as we best might, to recal her to animation. I was about to interrupt our merry host's "wood-notes wild" by requesting a little spirits, when one of the sailors started up, exclaiming in broad Northumbrian;

"Aw'l be d——d Jack if here isn't fond Cicy of Howick! the cull vesom* shall sing us a sang noo if she never did. Cicy! you fond b——h! tune up, and aw'l gie thee a swig o' †blue-dick!"

"You will do better," said I, "to content yourself with the merriment of your companions, and offer no insult to the unhappy girl while protected by that gentleman and myself."

"Aye, hinnies," replied the fellow with a sarcastic drawl, at the same time stepping towards the hearth, "and what'll ye do noo?"

"Lay your head as low as your insolence deserves, and from whence, perhaps, you may never raise it more, if you advance another step towards this unfortunate." Exclaimed my companion with a determined voice, while his brow darkened and a deep flush shot into his cheek.

"We'll suin‡ try that, my canny lad!" cried the ruffian, grasping at the maniac's arm, and as suddenly experiencing the con-

* A low-life epithet, literally, an idiot.

† A name given by the vulgar in some parts of Northumberland to English gin.

‡ Soon.

sequences of his temerity, being seized by the person he defied, and flung to the ground with a violence that seemed not unlikely to fulfil his previous threat, and with a fatal strictness. The fisherman and his other guests, who had hitherto gaped with a sort of stupid satisfaction on the passing scene, now rose en-masse; I conjectured that the fall of their companion would be the signal for hostilities, and prepared to take an active part in the conflict, grasping a boat-hook which lay by the fire, and placing myself by the side of my ally. He, however, decided the affair without blow or bloodshed, for drawing a pistol from his pocket, and setting it upon the full cock, he walked deliberately to the table, struck upon it with the full force of his left hand as if to command attention, then seizing a glass, ordered one of the groupe to fill it instantly with spirits, and swore that the first who ventured to oppose should die upon the spot! My astonishment at this piece of stern and decisive daring was only equalled by surprise at its consequence, the whole party quailed silently from his glance and dropt one by one into their seats, the glass was filled without a murmur, and throwing down several pieces of money he retired calmly from the table, only saying, "Now my good fellows, take up yon meddling fool, pursue your own merriment, and interfere no more with me or mine." I had heard much of that magic with which a spirit of superior energy can quell and overawe the vulgar, but never till this instant witnessed its actual effect. These rough kernes, each of whom had been an equal match for their opponent, obeyed his commands almost to the very letter, reinstating their humbled companion at the festive board, and endeavouring to resume their former good humor with the abashed air of corrected children; our worthy host, indeed, had immediate recourse to the spirit-pitcher, and after solacing himself with a plentiful libation, struck at once into an ancient border ditty, but either forgetting the context or lacking spirits to proceed, stopt short in his melody, and the strain died away with a most ungratifying quaver.

(To be continued.)





Man. sculp.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.,
POET LAURÉAT.

London, Published by T. Richardson, 98 High Holborn.

On the Poetry of Southey.

AMONG those who have laboured to "build the lofty rhyme," inclination as well as justice induces me to notice Southey. I would have come to this self-imposed duty with unmixed satisfaction, but that, unfortunately, is impossible; for no two beings can be more dissimilar than the youthful enthusiast, who in the wild fervour of imagination breathed the truly poetical rhapsodies of the Joan of Arc, and the starched, precise, thorough-bred courtier, who at present employs his pen on dull histories and duller odes. And how can we praise the prophet of the Muses, whose irregular yet bewitching voice once held our souls spell-bound with wonder and delight, without remembering that he has exchanged his heaven-tuned lyre for the droning, monotonous bagpipe of a poet-laureat? Who, with feelings and affections open to the enchantments of genius, can be insensible to his mysterious, unearthly, but attractive theme,—who embodied all the intense passion of his nature in the grand though phantastic creations of his fancy, and threw at will around the Madoc, the Kehama, and the Thalaba of his tale, a brightness of intellectual glory, which elicits from our hearts that applause which our judgment might have denied? But while we thus luxuriate on the Southey of other days, should some of the bulky abortions of his later years, stately and repulsive as the Gog and Magog of Guildhall, be obtruded on our notice, can we forbear exclaiming "how is the mighty fallen?" For who, without demonstrative proofs of the fact, would believe that the bard of Roderic was the author of those interminable quartos on the Brazilian History? The butt of sack, from which the poet now regales himself, rather than from the pure fountain of inspiration, seems with its somnifying fumes to have darkened the once keen vision of his intellect, and every object on which he now expatiates is beheld through the "palpable obscure" of a court atmosphere. Strange, that a man so highly gifted should have sunk into a mere vender of *flattery plums* and *oil of fool*, should have sacrificed his fair fame for a cask of muddy wine, and with far less excuse than Esau, since the mess of pottage for which he sold his birthright was necessary to the preservation of his life.

But perhaps a decay of mental power, not a longing after the flesh-pots of Egypt, has led to the declension which every lover of fine writing will lament, and it must be said of Southey, as was once said of the veteran dramatist Cumberland,

Now his fame has grown maudlin, he writes for the fees,
And the mental wine gone, he gets drunk with the lees.

It is the fortune of writers who are eminently successful, that they must thereafter be always judged by the standard of excellence which they themselves have raised; they must write up to their most perfect performances, or be fated to behold the withering blight of neglect fall on the laurels which they have already culled. There is no medium for an author; he must either advance or retrograde. "Have you read the *Fortunes of Nigel*?" (Such is the cant of the town.) "Yes, but we read the *Antiquary* and *Kenilworth* before, and it had but little relish for us." "Have you seen Milman's *Martyr of Antioch*?"—"No doubt,—but the bard has ruined himself by his *Fall of Jerusalem*, it was too good!" Southey, however, has displayed so much alacrity in sinking, that it would be difficult to find any point of resemblance between his early effusions and the hobbling Pindarics which have libelled his reputation since the poetic wreath was placed upon his brow. It is painful to look over such trash, with which no printer would have cumbered his press, but for the influence of the writer's name; in which royalty is rendered utterly ridiculous by excessive adulation, and the Lord's anointed is set up like the golden image of Nabonasser, that fools may fall down and worship, while sensible people pass by and laugh. One cannot even mention the *Vision of Judgment* without exciting ideas of everything that is pedantic, absurd, and irreverent, not to say blasphemous,—and those who have had patience to wade through the prose enormities of the *Laureat*, which, with the exception of the *Life of Wesley*, have no redeeming qualities, fairly rival the *Man of Uz* in his most admired accomplishment. The great poet, whose surpassing genius astonished our reading public in its youth, has dwindled into a mere scribe in its old age, and seems ambitious only to deserve the praise of a good subject, anxious to increase the consumption of, and the *duty on paper*, unconcerned as to the ultimate fate of his works, and careless whether they

Line trunks, clothe spice, or glittering in a row,
Befringe the walls of Bedlam or Soho.

I shall consider the mighty conqueror in the fields of intellect, who once bore the name of Southey, as defunct and gathered to his fathers, while I proceed to speak of him as of the dead, and "nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice." I can vividly recollect the delicious delirium of heart and mind, produced by a first perusal of his "singularly beautiful and original" dreams of an ideal world. It seemed as if some highly privileged child of humanity had taught me the fine, voiceless language in which the impalpable denizens of the elements hold their communings. I saw in a waking vision such exquisite forms of life, light, and loveliness, as may sometimes people the blissful hallucinations of sleep,

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eve by haunted stream.

I inhaled a subtler atmosphere than that of the gross, visible creation, and stood spell-bound within the charmed circle of the daring enthusiast, to whose spirit-stirring eloquence I had listened. Those feelings have passed away, or are sobered down into more common-place sensations ; yet even now, when a volume of the *Curse of Kehama* is before me, I tremble as if in the presence of a being far mightier than man, and own in its fullest extent the irresistible superiority of talent. The cold, the unimaginative, and probably the professedly critical, may call the glorious reveries which the muse has hallowed, the insane ravings of frenzy ; and mangre all their glowing beauty and voluptuous sweetness, and passion-kindling melody, condemn them to the lumber room of oblivion. The square and rule judges of literary merit will not, however, attain their end, for while we perfectly agree with them that "the ancients were pretty fellows in their day, very pretty fellows," and echo back their words in applause of Dryden, Pope, and Addison, there is too much good sense and too much good taste left among us, to admit of our being totally insensible to the pretensions of more modern aspirants after renown. There is a freshness, a novelty, an independence in the literature of our own age, which will ultimately pave the way for nobler intellectual triumphs than the world has yet seen. Had Milton imagined that no epic could be written, because Homer and Virgil were exclusive possessors of the 'vantage ground, we should have been deprived of the *Paradise Lost*—had Lord Byron believed the sapient reviewer of the north, *Hours of Idleness*, his first, would have been his last production, and had Southey submitted to the wiseacres who sneered at his *Joan of Arc*, his *Roderic* would never have appeared.

The poet, who chuses for his agents beings out of nature, or rather, of whose nature we have no experience, who marshals them on an imaginary stage, and employs them in scenes and for purposes of which we have no conception, and for which we can feel no sympathy, had need to bring extraordinary powers to his task. The whole Phantasmagoria of supernatural essences, disposed of by a bungler, will produce none but a ludicrous effect, yet who has not felt the appearance of the solitary spirit of Hamlet's father deepen his most ordinary perceptions into sublimity and terror? Southey, I have always thought, touches the chords of fear and dread that vibrate in the human heart, with a master's skill, his incantations are too potent to dally with, they call down the lightnings on our heads and wake the slumbering earthquakes at our feet, and sometimes in a milder mood they bid "the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and pour forth streams of living water in the thirsty desert." Unpardonable exaggerations and inexplicable obscurity may be often found in his bold but bewitching fictions; there may occur roughnesses of expression extremely offensive to ears polite; (though I cannot regret the absence of "the clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme") while, on the whole, the success of the author may be decided and complete. It is easy for a smug-faced, civil spoken gentleman in black, to expand himself in his elbow chair, review the last new poem, and excruciate the writer on the rack of criticism. He may read, and sip his Port, and find fault,—one line may be too short, and another too long, this phrase may be too humble, and that too sonorous, and thus he may go on quarrelling "on the ninth part of a hair," to the end of the book. The would-be Aristotle ends his thankless labour, and we learn, what indeed was sufficiently evident before, that

Whoever hopes a perfect work to see,
Hopes what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

The most exalted effort of mind, if closely scrutinized, will betray a variety of imperfections sufficiently obvious to the meanest capacity, but are we on that account justified in withholding our approbation? I do not say that Southey is free from faults, but I do say that his merits in his early poems are greater than his faults.

Southey's poetical works, even the most estimable of them, are so voluminous, that a cursory glance in passing is all we can afford them. At this moment my eye falls on an appalling pile of his lucubrations in quarto, they are a load for a sturdy porter. I have Shakespeare and Milton in a nutshell, to speak comparatively, yet if

the public like large types and wide margins, the bookseller is not to blame for indulging the whim, and to say the truth, notwithstanding the old saw that a great book is a great evil, there is much in these volumes "which posterity will not willingly let die." The first considerable production of the author's was *Joan of Arc*, a work on which he poured out all the ardour and enthusiasm of his youth; the fable of the poem is too well known, to call for any remarks here, and though there are many glaring defects in the execution of the poet's own conception, it is impossible to deny that the true spirit of inspiration and poetry is breathed over the whole. How sweet is the description which Joan gives of her pastoral life:

" Here in solitude

My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
To see the mountains' wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope,
Rich with the blossom'd furze, as the slant sun
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
To lie me down and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever varying forms; and oh, most sweet!
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home."

Here, without the least inflation or bombastical swelling of style, an effect is produced, the deeper, because the means employed are simple, and influencing in an equal degree the illiterate and the cultivated. How natural and unostentatiously affecting is the expansion of a parent's heart over a family of happy and blooming children!

" A pleasant sight it was

To see my children, as at eve I sat
Beneath the vine, come clustering round my knee,
That they might hear again the oft told tale
Of the dangers I had past: their little eyes
Did with such anxious eagerness attend
The tale of life preserved, as made me feel
Life's value."

Nothing can be finer than the glowing and picturesque delineation of the holy maid's consecration; the ancient abbey in all its awful pomp, shrines of saints and tombs of heroes, the tonsured priests and the soul-subduing grandeur of sacrifice, become visible to the maid's eye; but the heaven-sent championess herself, how felicitously is her appearance described:

" As she came, a loveliest blush
O'er her fair check suffus'd, such as became
One mindful still of maiden modesty,
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle
The cold wind moaning as it pass'd along,
Wav'd her dark flowing locks. Before the train,
In reverend silence waiting their sage will,
With half averted eyes she stood compos'd:
So have I seen the simple snowdrop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation."

More, much more, might be said of the Maid of Arc, but as yet we have only advanced to the first stage of our journey, and we must remember that brevity is the soul of wit.

Thalaba the Destroyer is, according to the bard himself, "a wild and wondrous song," all attention to probability or even possibility is forgotten, and the reader is treated to a course of as stark "midsummer madness" as ever was concocted by an unhappy wight afflicted with scribomania and

" Weaving fine fancies fit for skull
That's empty when the moon's at full."

Yet if it be madness, "there is method in it," and however monstrous and unnatural the outlines of the picture, it is drawn by the hand of genius. Take the opening of the poem, reader, and if you are not pleased with it, your perception of poetical excellence is exceedingly dull.

" How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, no little cloud
Breaks the whole serene of heaven:

In full orb'd glory the majestic moon
Rolls thro' the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!"

The extreme of misery and the absolute desertion indicated in the following lines are truly harrowing ;—a mother wandering over an immeasurable plain of burning sand, with an helpless infant on her bosom, is suddenly roused to a sense of her forlorn situation.

" Alas ! no tents were there
Beside the bending sands ;
No palm tree rose to spot the wilderness.
The dark blue sky closed round
And rested like a dome
Upon the circling waste.
She cast her eyes around,
Famine and thirst were there.
Then the mother bowed her head,
And wept upon her child."

The mysterious feelings of awe, which insensibly take hold of the mind during the perusal of this wonderful production, are perhaps the best evidence of its great merit. A narrative of exaggerated physical or imaginary supernatural horrors from a common-place tongue, can only produce merriment : even children laugh at the raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories of the nursery. It is only when spirits of power invest such subjects with the glories of triumphant intellect, that we acknowledge ourselves to be the creatures of fancy, and pay the involuntary homage of our fears, while we are encompassed by the spells of the enchanter. Another extract, and I proceed.

" Oh ! who can tell the unspeakable misery
Of solitude like this !
No sound hath ever reach'd my ear
Save of the passing wind.
The fountain's everlasting flow,
The forest in the gale,
The pattering of the shower,

Sounds dead and mournful all.
No bird hath ever closed her wing
Upon these solitary bowers,
No insect sweetly buzzed amid these groves,
From all things that have life,
Save only me, concealed.
This tree alone that o'er my head
Hangs down its hospitable boughs,
And bends its whispering leaves
As tho' to welcome me,
Seems to partake of life ;
I love it as my friend, my only friend !"

In the above passage, without the assistance of the charm which metre frequently bestows on hacknied or insignificant ideas, the strength and dignity of the poet's thoughts support him, and the unadorned yet energetic expression of real feeling in a situation of difficulty, is found sufficient to ensure the highest result of his art.

The design of *Madoc* is so extensive, that it was hardly possible for the author to expect more than partial success ; the subject has so many ramifications that it was highly improbable the same degree of interest could be infused into them all. But even to fail in such an undertaking would have been glorious, and it is evident that the writer has been eminently happy in many portions of the work. The blank verse employed is particularly harmonious, and is fully sufficient to shew that the Laureat has "music in his soul." Who can be insensible to the aptitude of numbers expressing ideas by sounds in the subjoined passage ?

" 'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us ; but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look round and only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,....

O ! God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner !”

Writing like this can require no eulogium ; there is a fashion in poetry as there is in dress, and the beauties of Madoc may be neglected, as silks are laid upon the shelf for a time, only that they may be more admired and sought after at a future period. In the quotation above, we have the “ war of elements” depicted with terrible accuracy, we may fancy the storm howls in our ears while we read, we may imagine the broad blue lightnings play before our eyes as we turn over the pages ; how delightful then is the transition to nature in a calmer mood, breathing sweetness and beauty and repose, as pourtrayed by the gifted votary of the muse.

“ We sailed onward over tranquil seas,
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild,
That even the very breath became an act
Of will, and sense, and pleasure ! Not a cloud
With purple islanded the dark blue deep.
By night, the quiet billows heaved and glanced
Under the moon, that heavenly moon ! so bright,
That many a midnight have I paced the deck,
Forgetful of the hours of due repose ;
By day the sun, in his full majesty,
Went forth, like God beholding his own works.”

The recollections of home, and of the delight enjoyed while gazing on the dear familiar faces of our native land, are pathetically dwelt on, as coming over the spirit of Madoc, in a remote and savage region :

“ Madoc’s heart
Was full : old feelings and remembrances,
And thoughts from which was no escape, arose :
He was not there, to whose sweet lay, so oft,
With all a brother’s fond delight he loved
To listen. Hoel was not there ! the hand
That once so well, amid the triple chords,
Moved in the rapid maze of harmony,
It had no motion now ; the lips were dumb,

Which knew all tones of passion ; and that heart,
That warm, ebullient heart, was cold and still
Upon its bed of clay."

Long could we linger with the intrepid wanderer of the western main, and pursue his adventurous quest after glory with sympathetic feelings, but we are called away briefly to record the triumphs of the same mighty mind in a different field.

The lines, which form a sort of preface to the *Curse of Kehama*, give the reader due intimation that all the usual rules of composition are disregarded.

" For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure ;
Pedants shall not tie my strains,
To our antique poets' veins ;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please."

GEORGE WITHER.

And in this departure from the more ordinary modes of writing, the author has given an example of judicious daring, which cannot be too highly appreciated. The ultra-romance of the poem in question would have found a very unsuitable vehicle in pompous heroics, or unvarying blank verse ; lines constantly recurring of similar length and sound, would have expressed but feebly the passions and feelings and fantasies of this singular work, while the rambling, unfettered metre which *is* chosen, adds all the force of language and all the power of inartificial melody to the effect produced by the strange and harrowing incidents of the story. The merit of a fiction like this, to be justly estimated, would render a much more elaborate examination necessary than the limits of the *SPECULUM* will permit ; but we cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of indicating some of its most splendid flights. The description of the source of the Ganges is really sublime.

" From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding,
The mighty cataract rushes ; heaven around,
Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding
And Meru's summits shaking with the sound.
Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray
Dances aloft ; and ever there, at morning,
The earliest sun-beams haste to wing their way,
With rainbow wreath the holy flood adorning ;

And duly the adoring moon at night
Sheds her white glory there,
And in the watery air
Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light."

While a grand, full, majestic tone of harmony like this floats around us, how refreshing is it to a mind wearied with admiration, to repose on the softness and sweetness of such a passage as the following :

" They sin, who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But love is indestructible."

The rapturous devotion, kindling extasy, and divine enthusiasm of that portion of the poem called Mount Calasay, entitles it to rank with the noblest effusions of the British muse. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few lines.

" Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight,
For all around is light,
Primal, essential, all-pervading light!
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,
Nor eyes of angel bear
That glory unimaginably bright;
The sun himself had seem'd
A speck of darkness there,
Amid that light of light!"

Roderic, the Last of the Goths, is one of the finest narrative poems in any language, and incomparably the most successful effort of its author. The story of the work is deeply interesting; and the interest is of a kind felt equally by every reader. Such beings as the awful Kehama and the terrible Thalaba, though they may excite our wonder and reverence, have little or no claim to the milder, more human feelings of pity and affection. But for the wandering Roderic, in sorrow and suffering, who having sinned on a throne, is doomed to expiate his offences in the fires of afflic-

tion, we feel as for our brother man, and remember while we lament his miseries, that they might have been ours. Here criticism is silent, for the errors are too slight for animadversion, and unmixed praise is generally heard with suspicion. We have only, however, to look into the poem to produce abundant confirmations of our opinion. Take a few specimens. How exquisitely touching is the account given of the fugitive monarch's remorse and penitence.

" He had not wept till now, and at the gush
Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart,
From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,
Had open'd to the genial influences
Of heaven."

What a glowing picture of sun-rise is presented to us at the commencement of the third book.

" 'Twas now the earliest morning ; soon the sun,
Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branchless pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect,
Like pillars of the temple."

But nothing in this poem, in Southey's other works, or in those of any poet, can be more beautiful than the following passage. The fallen king, after a long seclusion, ventures from his solitude, when a Moor, touched by his apparent wretchedness, offers him money.

" With a look of vacancy
Roderic received the alms ; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans suppress : the mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,

She laid her spindle by, and running in,
 Took bread, and following after, call'd him back,
 And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
 She said, 'Christ Jesus for his mother's sake
 Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed
 Like idiotcy, he heard her, and stood still,
 Staring awhile, then bursting into tears,
 Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
 Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts."

I have thus, as succinctly as possible, noticed the most important of the Laureat's productions, indulging myself rather largely in quotation, because I was anxious to atone as much as justice would allow, for the censures passed on his later compositions. But the Vision of Judgment—what can I say of the Vision of Judgment? Nothing. Had the subject of these remarks concluded his literary labours with the poem of Roderic, few of his competitors in the eager and anxious pursuit of fame, would have gone down to posterity with less disputed claims to distinction. The mongrels of criticism had well nigh yelped their last, and the most insensible to his talents were beginning to discover "that the fellow was clever." The flattering prospect was soon to be checquered with clouds, and at a moment when it was obvious that the malevolence of others could not ruin him, the bard became the suicide of his own reputation. Surely, the patronage and support of a grateful nation, were more valuable, even in a pecuniary point of view, than the vails of a court. Surely it was more honourable, with the warm feelings of independence, and the thrill of enthusiasm, to speak the language which his own ardent spirit dictated, than to become the hired bardling of the great, furnishing his quota of fulsome compliments for an annual butt of wine. The author of *Thalaba* and *Madoc* was regarded by all the good and wise with deep feelings of esteem, gratitude, and love; of esteem for his exalted genius, of gratitude for the mode in which it was exerted, and of love for his generous efforts in the cause of truth and justice. The manufacturer of unreadable hexameters, soporific odes, and never-to-be-ended histories, is the theme of universal—But I fear I shall grow too personal, and will express my meaning in a couple of lines:

Southey writes prose, and no one heeds it,
 Southey writes verse, but no one reads it!

H.

The Actor of all Work.

Do you remember Bob Buskin? No,—how should you? He has been quiet in his grave at Stepney these many years. Poor Bob! Those who missed seeing him are ignorant of one of the pleasantest rarities ever turned out of the creative hand of dame Nature. His mother was a lady's maid, with a pair of wicked black eyes; his father, a strapping footman with a handsome leg,—but why should I detail his birth, parentage, and education? What does that irritable little cripple and poet, Pope, say?

“Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

Buskin agreed with the bard, and the most important article of his belief was “all the world's a stage.” He soon contrived to quit his mamma's wing, (probably she was not vastly anxious to detain him) and thinking it incumbent on him “to act his part,” joined a company of strolling players, on the understanding that he should monopolise all the baby kings, princes, and ghosts in the drama. Such an engagement could be no sinecure—Bob toiled day and night for his stale crust, mouldy cheese, and rank onion. In Pizarro, he was Cora's child, and tugged at Rolla's carrotty locks most unmercifully; in King John, he was Prince Arthur, and whined in the most touching manner, to save his eyes from Hubert's red hot curling-irons. He enacted all the spirits of the infernal cauldron in Macbeth, performed a ghost and a king in Richard the Third, and screamed most appallingly as the dainty Ariel of the Tempest. But he soon grew too tall for a baby, and though somewhat too short for a hero, was enabled, with the aid of high-heeled shoes, to assume the character of Young Norval. The play of Douglas was acted on the occasion in a village assembly room.—Bob had been announced by himself “as a young gentleman, his first attempt on any stage,” and the more cultivated part of the audience concurred in declaring, that if he would but learn to pronounce his words properly, and wash his face cleaner, he might in time become a great acquisition to the boards.

This was fame. Buskin began to feel that “a thousand hearts were swelling in his bosom,” and renouncing finally his place as extra candle-snuffer to the establishment, he determined for the future to execute nothing but your tip-top tragedy parts, particularly Lee's

Alexander, and Rowe's Bajazet. His success was prodigious ; he did every-thing in Ancient Pistol's vein, and tore the "passions into rags and tatters" most dexterously. Many a barn has felt an ague of applause, "when, in the Moor, he ground his teeth to dust ; many a red-faced, raw-handed dairy-maid has exhaled in sighs, when as "the gentle Montague" gazing on the moon, or rather the bottom of a copper kettle, his Juliet exclaimed "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo ?" And often have the country beldames sate trembling with apprehension, when, as "Devilish Macbeth," he appeared after the murder of Duncan, with his hands and face crimsoned o'er, not with blood, but red ink. Bob was a devoted worshipper of Melpomene, but he soon grew too wise to slight her laughing sister, Thalia. He could be the Tom Shuffleton of Colman's John Bull, and the Endless of No Song no Supper, in the same evening. He would take Charles or Joseph Surface in the School for Scandal, as circumstances required, and if a bravo was wanting in a melodrama, or an Harlequin in a Pantomime, Bob was the man. He could sing too "as well as any Italian of them all : " the ballad and the bravura style were equally easy to him ; his bass voice was divine, and his tenor surpassed that of any match-seller's extant. In short, he was an universal genius. Yet, with all his talents and indefatigable exertions, he was poor : he commenced his theatrical career without a shilling in his purse, and after ten years of glorious labour, he had not increased his stock of ready cash. The fact was, those who witnessed his performances were too poor to reward his excellence, and somehow or other, the managers of stationary theatres always declined giving him an engagement. It mattered little to Buskin ; for his good-humour was indestructible, and whether he ranted, the leader of ragged legions, or smoked his pipe in a deserted barn, he was still a cheerful, frank-hearted companionable fellow.

Buskin, as he was a good-looking spark, except that his legs were rather crooked, at one time entertained thoughts of making his fortune by marriage ; but love, omnipotent love, was too strong for Bob's resolution, and in a luckless hour, he united himself to the Prima Donna of the company, a lady who was equally at home in Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, and Farce, and who would have been perfectly beautiful, had she not resembled Polypheme in having but one eye. They passed their honey-moon like their betters, and though Buskin found his wife was not absolutely an angel, he was satisfied. Soon, however, his purse always con-

sumptive, was exhausted, and he discovered to his inexpressible horror, that his spouse consumed more aqua-vitæ than himself. In vain he strutted nightly the monarch or the conqueror of the scene, his rabbit-skin ermine and his copper-gilt sceptre must be laid by at the fall of the curtain. In vain his dear rib queened it at his side, and was pronounced in sonorous blank verse, the "fairest of the fair;" the play ended, and her Majesty of Denmark was glad to make her supper of a red herring. The income of an itinerant player will afford no luxuries, and when Bob's one-eyed dame declared that she was "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," there was no small difficulty in gratifying the various expensive fancies which she indulged. But Buskin was not easily put out of temper, and every farthing of his professional earnings was willingly expended to please the capricious palate of madam. At last, when, after he had performed from Monday to Saturday in his best parts, and only received six shillings from the treasurer, as his share of the profits, she insisted on his providing a sucking pig for her Sunday dinner, our histrionic hero felt his patience completely exhausted, and gravely spreading his hands, exclaimed with infinite pathos, "for ever and for ever, farewell, Molly." The lady took it in the way of a jest, but Bob immediately quitted the barn, walked as fast as possible for the London road, and bidding adieu to the pains and pleasures of a stroller's life, determined, maugre the critics and the newspapers, to try his luck on a metropolitan stage, before a fashionable audience.

He arrived in London; but the great men of the patent theatres, the major domos of the drama, treated him coolly enough. He might pass muster as the starved apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, or as the ghost in *Hamlet*, but for characters of a higher class they could not conceive that he had the least capability. Such a sentence was death to Buskin's ambition; "it killed his noble heart." The minor houses were open to him: with them his genius took shelter, and for many a painful year, he was the King Cambyses of Wapping, Surrey, and Westminster. His gains, perhaps, were greater than during his country practice; but the honest pride of his spirit was departed: he no longer embodied the glorious conceptions of Shakespeare,—he had dwindled into a vile posture-master, a declaimer of ridiculous bombast, and he heartily despised himself. In the village ale-house, or the uncovered barn, open on all sides to the "pitiless storm," he was the gayest of the gay. His mirthful eye carried a fascination in its glance, and those who associated with

Buskin, were happy in his company, however miserable at other times. His hilarity and joyousness made him the most amusing of guests; "how often has he set the table in a roar!" Poverty could not depress him; wants and privations were not merely endured but welcomed, and when others would have died of despair, he uttered a jest instead of a groan. I have seen him with the green grass for his carpet, and the clear blue sky for his canopy, basking in the sunshine, drinking in the loveliness of nature, and chaunting some merry snatch of an old tune "in absolute content." But why do I speak of his by-gone enjoyments,—enjoyments, lost to me as well as to him? Poor Bob Buskin! he had no genius to reckon up pounds, shillings, and pence; he knew not how to make "barren metal breed," the air of London was fatal to him—he had passed his youth "under the greenwood tree," unrestrained as the wild birds that carolled around him,—he could not exist in the smoky cage of the metropolis:—like Sir John Falstaff "A' babbled of green fields" and died. Reader, if thou art curious, in Stepney church-yard thou mayest find the grave of the Actor of all Work.

H.

BRIEF NOTICES OF

Eminent Authors.

BY TOBIAS OLDSCHOOL, GENTLEMAN.

—
BLAIR.

WHY is the eloquence of the pulpit so rare? It is no easy matter to answer the question. For where can we find themes so powerfully awakening to all the noblest energies of the soul, as those which religion supplies? Surely the uncertainties of life, the terrors of death, and the triumphs of eternity, are heart-stirring and sublime subjects. The senator is frequently compelled to treat of matters individually, but not generally interesting. And the dry details of law must of necessity fetter and paralyse the oratorical powers of the pleader. But the preacher, in his sacred character of the messenger of heaven, has to speak of things essentially important to all the sons and daughters of Adam. No condition is too exalted, no situation too abject, to kindle the benevolent zeal of his nature; the most atrocious sinner is not without the pale of his ministry; the most meritorious cannot but

need his admonitions. And can a man so circumstanced, and influenced by such considerations, be at a loss for appropriate language, or lack the inspiring voice of persuasion, when he stands in the presence of men and angels, to publish the tidings of salvation, and to expatiate on those awful realities, "Death, Resurrection, and Judgment?" To whatever cause it may be owing, we certainly find a lamentable deficiency among the clergy of the established church, in that eloquence and unction which are so absolutely requisite to the due performance of their holy functions. The sermons of our divines are "coldly correct," the doctrines they broach are orthodox, and their language is pure; but there is no vital warmth about them; they may satisfy our judgments, but they do not affect our hearts; our reason may be convinced, while our imagination lies torpid, and our passions remain listless and uninfluenced. If we have read the discourse in our closet, its plain good sense would not be ineffectual; but its dull, pointless sentences, tamely delivered to a yawning congregation, close up the portals of the ear, and relax the muscles of the eyelid. The dissenting ministers, with infinitely more energy, have much less good sense. The zeal with which they dilate on the truths of the gospel, arouses the hearer to a full conviction of their vast importance; but then, they injudiciously mix up so much mystery with the simple and easily understood precepts of scripture, that their followers are filled with terror and uncertainty, rather than with hope and peace. It has always appeared to me, that abstruse and complex trains of reasoning are improper from the pulpit; we do not go, or we ought not to go to the temple of our God to be convinced of his justice and mercy, nor to hear elaborate arguments on the incomprehensible parts of our belief. Who can be wiser or better for listening to an angry, dogmatical discourse on the Trinity, or an examination of the doctrine of original sin? The preacher has a right to suppose that his auditors are, in theory at least, christians. And his duty to them, and his allegiance to his heavenly master, require that he should endeavour to make them *doers* as well as *hearers* of the word. If his heart tells him that he has faithfully performed this task, he may safely leave all merely doctrinal points to the consciences of his flock. It is his business, therefore, to enforce the necessity of practical virtues, and to declare that good works are indispensable to acceptance with the Saviour; to the vicious he must boldly speak of the dreadful con-

sequences of their crimes, should they be laid on an impenitent death-bed; and to the virtuous and well disposed he must say "be not weary of well-doing—press forward to the prize of your high calling—faint not—remember the rich reward that awaits you." He who thus, with a conscience void of offence in the eye of his Maker, and of his fellow mortals, energetically and unweariedly labours for the regeneration of souls, may look down, if indeed so pure a being is leavened by pride, on the rich, the titled, and the mighty of this world, and feel himself infinitely exalted above all its pomp and grandeur, for the gauds of time are but for a moment, but the hope of the christian shall fructify in immortality.

Blair is incomparably the most eloquent of our British divines, and withal is one of the chastest writers in the English language. Even the sceptic, while perusing his sermons, must feel more than half persuaded of the truths which they so forcibly illustrate. They attack the heart of man through its best affections; they address themselves in the first instance to the passions, which too often coalesce with vice, and by winning them over to the cause of religion, find no difficulty to convince us of the beauty of holiness. There is nothing harsh, pedantic, or affected in these discourses; the style seems to be the natural vehicle of the ideas which it is intended to convey—sublime, pathetic, ornamental, or unadorned, as the subject requires. Now, while the preacher, giving vent to all the impassioned sorrow of his spirit, describes the sufferings and shameful death of the Redeemer, he brings the tremendous spectacle before our eyes, and swells our bosoms with pity and remorse; pity for those unmerited agonies, and remorse for the sins which caused them. Or when drawing aside the veil which conceals the awful secrets of eternity, he descants with sublime enthusiasm on the unspeakable raptures of the righteous, and the indescribable tortures of the wicked, who does not own that all temporal interests are trifling, and starting from the delusive dreams of sense, exclaim "What must we do to be saved?" Is it the blessedness of charity on which he descants?—he sets before us, with the vividness of the pictorial art, all the various forms of human wretchedness; and then, while we cannot but sympathize in the sufferings of creatures like ourselves, and feel our bosoms yearning with a desire to alleviate the miseries of our kind, he declares in a strain of commanding eloquence, the absolute necessity of our practising the holy doctrine of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us. Nor is

he content with considering the exercise of charity merely an act of duty, for he goes on to prove that to every well regulated mind it must be an exalted enjoyment. What task more delightful than to wipe away the tears of friendless worth, than to soothe the anguish of the poor and persecuted, than to spread the widow's table with abundance, and cause the hearts of the orphans to sing for joy? Who can resist such an appeal?—who can refuse his assent to the proposition, when told in the language of scripture, that “Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy?”

In the present day there is a species of writing which passes for excellence with the million, than which, however, nothing can be more remote from true eloquence. The avowed leader of the bombastic school, is Orator Phillips, who mistaking alliteration for pathos, showy epithets for arguments, and extravagant far-fetched allusions for sublimity, delivers at every public dinner and Bible Society meeting, some unique specimen of his talent “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” How different to this inflated, unmeaning style, the calm, dignified, yet persuasive tone of Blair. The one is mere rant and idle declamation; the other is the voice of a superior being, breathing from the heights of piety and divine joy, pardon, hope, and peace, to the guilty and the miserable. There is no foolish ambition in the language employed; it frequently rises, no doubt, into majesty and grandeur, but the nature of the subject requires lofty modes of expression, and awfully important things can only be represented by sonorous terms. The senseless bustle, and the heartless gaiety of the world, may often deaden, and sometimes extinguish a due sense of our exalted rank in the scale of being as immortal creatures;—yes, we may even forget that we have any interest beyond “our lodging in this fleshly nook,” any concern in the mysteries of a nobler state of existence, and live like the insects of summer, rejoicing in the present, and careless of the future;—but, when the echoes of eternity are awakened in our conscious hearts, by the impressive, solemn-toned, yet affectionate and encouraging voice of a pastor like Blair, it comes to our ears and our souls, harmonious as the music of angel-lips, summoning us from earth to heaven, from illusive pleasure and real sorrow, to perpetual and unmingled felicity. The author, who has given to vice an alluring dress, continues to play the incarnate fiend, though he has fallen asleep in the dust. The advocate of religion and virtue, and such was Blair, communicates

even from his grave, hope that maketh not ashamed, peace that endureth, and joy that vanisheth not away.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

There is an oriental fullness and beauty in the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor's discourses, which is peculiarly attractive, nor does it by any means want the grandeur of tone, and the majesty of diction, necessary to command attention. Quaint and obscure in some portions of his writings, the energy and intellect displayed in the remainder, more than atone for their defects. We have heard preachers whose ingenuity seemed constantly on the stretch to garnish their sermons with strange tales and smart sayings. Such pitiful attempts at mirth we have ever considered a profanation of the pulpit, and a mockery of religion. Dr. Donne, whose now forgotten works were read with eagerness by his contemporaries, used to convert the Bible into a magazine of puns, treating the awful mysteries of our faith with a levity which would have been scarcely excusable over the Decades of Livy. Rowland Hill in our own day, although truly a christian and a philanthropist, has fallen into a similar error, and seems to address his flock with a Joe Miller before him, rather than with the hallowed volume of inspiration and prophecy. It is impossible to reprobate such a practice too strongly, nor can it be done more effectually than by adverting to the superior excellence of the chaste, noble, unaffected style of which Jeremy Taylor was so great a master. If the pious allow themselves the license of patching vulgar or coarse jests on the Gospel, what are we to expect from the professed ribald, the contemner of all obligations, religious and moral? If the firm, practical believer in the truths of christianity feels himself at liberty to be jocular in his exposition of their tendency, where will the scoffer and the sceptic stop? The thoughtless and the vicious, while they notice the irreverent laughter of the pulpit, find countenance for their culpable levity and determined vice. But when they hear the word of God from lips touched with the fire of devotion, when in such language as a father expostulating with his children might use, they are warned of the dreadful consequences of sin, they feel their stony hearts melt within them, the obduracy of their corrupted natures is subdued, and

“Those who came to scoff, remain to pray.”

Our interests and passions as men, our duties as members of the community, our ardent affections and feelings as husbands and fathers, exercise such a continual and important influence over our minds, that we have little time, and perhaps less inclination, to employ our thoughts on our duty to the God that made us, and our interests as beings destined to an eternity of happiness or woe. He, therefore, who undertakes a cure of souls, and solemnly declares that he is called to the ministry by the Holy Ghost, had need to remember that his task is a most awful and responsible one. He lays his hand on the trumpet of salvation, he must uplift it fearlessly in the eye of earth and heaven, his lips must not falter, his voice must be strong, and his heart steady, or the blood of his perishing flock will be required of him. Many have erred in the performance of these duties, but were conscientious, and therefore guiltless: the love of lucre and the world has induced still more to prey on the patrimony of the church, though they had neither part nor lot in the matter, while comparatively few have had the talent or will indispensable to the blameless discharge of the duties which devolve on a christian pastor. In the first rank of these "men, of whom the world was not worthy," is Jeremy Taylor, whether we regard his mental endowments, or his singleness of heart, his eloquence, or his piety. In his works, the sublime simplicity of scripture is successfully imitated, while all its important precepts are brought home to our feelings and our understandings. He lets in the light of truth on our benighted souls, and bids us behold the day spring from on high; the scales of prejudice and doubt fall from the eyes of the mind, and we contemplate earthly things, mutable and insufficient as they are, in their real nothingness and deformity. The resistless stream of living words that flows from his tongue, carries away with it all the tinselled rags and painted gew-gaws of time, and we stand, with a full persuasion of an over-ruling providence, on the bare shore of this present life, convinced that the hour approaches, when "our souls shall return to Him that gave them," to be judged according to the deeds "done in the body," and receive their final doom at the bar of Omnipotence, "some to honour and some to dishonour."

TILLOTSON.

The Sermons of Tillotson afford the most convincing evidence, that eloquence and simplicity are perfectly compatible; for without

the least pomp of language, they produce the most powerful effects, and while the terms used are the most unambitious the subject would admit, we feel that no other form of words would have been half so appropriate as that selected. The fact is, that the author throws so much mind into every sentence, and is so strongly busied in inculcating the truths he preaches, that he has no leisure to indulge in the prettiness of speech, the tropes and figures employed by orators who are obliged to eke out their impotent conclusions with noise and ostentatious display. An idea, really excellent in itself, is rather injured than assisted by an elaborate mode of expression. "God said, let there be light, and there was light." We have met with nothing that surpasses the sublimity of this short sentence; but it is the idea, not the language in which it is conveyed, that overwhelms us, for what can be more simple than the terms employed? Yet every reader of taste will own, that all the splendours of poetical diction would be exhausted in vain to increase the effect of the passage. Now the themes on which it is the province of the preacher to enlarge, are of a character but ill suited to the "prose run mad" species of declamation which obtains so much among the pseudo-orators of our own time. A dying man, addressing dying men on their sins and their frailties, their duties and their destinies here and hereafter, had need to clothe his ideas in language "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," rather than in the "holiday and lady terms" which folly uses to excite the wonder of fools. Expatiating, as the ambassadors of free grace are bound to do, on the glories and terrors of an unseen world, on things "not made with hands," on a state of being infinitely happy or miserable, they must speak with a solemnity agreeable to the impression which their own minds ought to have received—as men, who with the far, seeing eye of faith, can look through the long vista of intervening years, to the awful period when time shall be swallowed up in eternity, to the moment when all that sleep in the dust shall awake, and all that await in the body the advent of their judge, "shall be changed."

Nothing can be more unpresuming than the tone of Tillotson's discourses; no dogmatical assertions,—those weak supports of orators who feel no confidence in their subject,—are resorted to; all is fair and candid. The propositions to be established are presented to the mind without the gloss of deceptive illustration, or the attraction of meretricious ornament. We are not told with mock

oracular solemnity, that we must believe as the author believed or be consigned to everlasting perdition. He does not bid the thunders of Sinai burst on our ears, while he recites his creed, and declares it necessary to our salvation. No ; but in a strain of mingled authority and love, he enforces the importance of our moral obligations, as rational and accountable creatures, and his precepts sink deep into our hearts, and are often remembered in the giddy vortex of pleasure, when the sense is cloyed and the passions listless with enjoyment, though when first heard, they came upon our souls

“ Soft as the fleeces of descending snow.”

From the angry animadversions of those who shun the young and careless, as if there were a plague spot on their garments, and death in the very atmosphere which they breathe, those who most need admonition turn in disgust and aversion. But when a being, whose virtues they reverence, and whose sincerity is undisputed, mildly and without captiousness remonstrates with them on the folly of continuing in a course which they themselves feel must terminate in ruin, they listen with deference, and if not benefited at the moment, may recollect the preacher in the day of sickness and sorrow, and learn the value of his advice when they have felt the bitterness of adversity. The outrageously righteous, who denounce every species of indulgence, who think theatrical representations damnable, dancing a lewd invention of Beelzebub, and even music an abomination, injure the cause of religion, of which they falsely suppose themselves the advocates ;—while those wiser teachers, who, though they say with their great Master “ Be ye pure even as your Father which is in Heaven is pure,” make allowances for the frailty and weakness of our nature, perform their duty to God and man, and to give them their noblest praise, tread in the footsteps of Tillotson.

H.

On Inequality of Intellect.

THAT men differ in the natural construction of their minds, is, I think, sufficiently evident; for however powerful the influence of education, it cannot extend the capacity of intellect. It may act upon principles previously implanted, but it cannot create them: it may improve, or partially alter, but it cannot originate. We need no stronger proof of this, than the different progress of youth, instructed by the same master. While some imbibe learning with avidity, and readily conceive its most abstruse propositions, to others it is a painful effort, tedious and slow, and more the result of mechanical labour, than the predilection of the mind.

Let us take a retrospective glance at our youthful days. There are few of us, who cannot embody to the imagination those mingled scenes of pain and happiness. Impressions of yesterday may fade; but the recollections of youth, never: a feeling which perhaps arises from a secret regret,—an innate consciousness that we have lost what we would willingly for ever have retained:

*"Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præterita se totus imagine versat."*

Well, then; having shaped to our fancy's eye the spot where we drank from the fount of knowledge, can we not picture to ourselves the companions of our instruction, with their varied tempers, peculiarities, and intellects? I will endeavour to depict mine, as they appear before me, after an interval of years, checquered by various fantastic caprices of fortune, eventful, and strongly marked, but not sufficiently so to efface the reminiscences of youth.

I remember there were two brothers, not less remarkable for their personal resemblance, than the similarity of their minds. Their parents were opulent; and before they were transferred to a classical establishment, they had received as much instruction as skilful masters, well paid for their trouble, could impart. But as vegetation cannot spring from a barren soil, so is it impossible to communicate knowledge without the predisposing bias to receive it. Their intellect was naturally obtuse; they had neither the capacity nor the inclination for learning; and emulation, that powerful stimulus to perfection, failed in its excitement. They

were content to be considered dunces; and they were so. It was remarkable to see the little pride of these lads; the apathy with which they endured the scorn and contempt of their fellows, and the degradations to which their inferiority continually subjected them. If corporal punishment had not been added to their other inflictions, I question whether they would have cared a jot for all the indignities to which they were exposed. How are we to account for this? How reconcile their submitting to pain and disgrace, rather than bend their minds to that application, by which, apparently, they might have attained, if not perfection, at least mediocrity? It would seem that they preferred the greater to the lesser evil; and supposing their fault to have been indolence, and not incapacity, this conclusion would probably be correct. But it was not so. Nature had failed to impart the germ of taste: it was in vain therefore to look for its expansion.

Yet however deficient the intellectual character of these boys, I should by no means be disposed to doubt their ulterior capacity for filling some useful station with credit to themselves; and it is fortunate for such minds, and for society too, that there are few things less essential to success in the race of life, than the acquisition of mere learning.

The above were not solitary instances of dullness. I remember many others; but let me contrast an example of an opposite nature. I recollect a lad, who at ten years of age could translate Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, without the aid of a Lexicon; when it was a matter of difficulty to the greater part of the boys in the same class to decipher the ligatures. In other respects there was no striking superiority. He mingled in the sports of his fellows with the same reckless spirit of enjoyment; and there was the same youthful simplicity in his manners. His superior attainments in learning were not the result of a more laborious application: he did not acquire them by severer study; but they were less repugnant to his natural inclination. What was a fatiguing task to another, was a matter of ease and pleasure to him. Nature, in short, had implanted the intuitive tact: he had a taste for knowledge, and he merely cultivated that taste. That his successful progress was entirely owing to this circumstance, was evident from his not having received more attention than the ordinary scholars. He outstripped them, because his capacity was superior to theirs; not that he was more diligent, or more carefully instructed.

Thus, though the mere rudiments of learning may, by dint of application, and something like mechanical labour, be acquired by ordinary minds, yet a relish for literature must be the result of a natural predilection. We may impart to the million the ability to read and write; but we cannot communicate that intellectual faculty by which reading and writing are rendered the sources of enjoyment and delight: this is a principle, which is seated in the soul. I am strengthened in such a conclusion, by the numerous examples of men, who have attained comparative excellence, by the unassisted efforts of their own minds. Without the advantages of education, and with every obstacle to impede their progress, they have distinguished themselves over those whose acquired knowledge was greatly superior.

That this inequality of intellect is a wise ordinance of Providence, and highly beneficial to society, cannot admit of a doubt. If education could level the mental distinctions of mankind, it would be utterly destructive of happiness. Not only would the difference in rank be painfully felt, but labour, without which society could not exist, would be reluctantly submitted to. What can be conceived more inimical to the enjoyment of life, than the possession of refined feelings, by a man, destined by circumstances to gain his living by severe manual exertion? That we occasionally meet with such instances, I admit, but they would be general, if education alone could impart that intellectuality, and acuteness of perception, which distinguish the superior mind. Universal instruction would be an injury, not a benefit. It would only serve to awaken men to a keener and more humiliating sense of those distinctions in rank, which must exist (though in different degrees) in every civilized country; and its expediency might well be questioned. But, owing to the natural construction of the human mind, no such ill effects need be apprehended; the diffusion of knowledge, like the rays of the sun, can enlighten only to invigorate; and it smoothes the asperities of ignorance, without the danger of imparting that sensitiveness, which is the very bane of felicity.

Nor is the beneficence of the Creator less strikingly conspicuous, in the fact, that superior knowledge does not impart superior happiness. Indeed, it may be fairly questioned, whether the balance in this respect is not decidedly in favour of ignorance. The cultivated mind may recoil at the idea of exchanging those intellectual treasures, to which it is indebted for so many moments of delight,

with the stupidity of the boor; in the pride of comparison, it may feel an apparent superiority, which it would be unwilling to lose; and there are moments of exquisite enjoyment, which appear inestimable; yet if exemption from pain be a concomitant of happiness (and happiness, however various the roads, is the object of our pursuit)—if to feel no anguish, no heart-aches,—be “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” the unlettered clown has decidedly the advantage. For though it be true that the sensible man has his seasons of superlative enjoyment;—though he can at times shake off, as it were, the dross of corporeality, and hold communion with higher intelligences;—though to him the sun, and moon, and stars that shine above him, excite other reflections than the mere conviction that they illumine his path;—though Nature lies bare before him, and he surveys her with more than mere human ken;—has he not his moments of bitterness?—Yea, of unqualified, loathsome bitterness?—Does he more successfully resist the influence of his passions; or rather, is he not, by his sensitive temperament, more likely to become their victim? And having yielded to them, are not his self-reproaches more keen than the uncultivated mind could possibly feel? If, on the one hand, he is armed with superior reason to resist them, he is, on the other, more exposed by the peculiar organization of his mind, to their attacks; consequently more liable to be overcome; and being overcome, to feel more acutely the agonies of remorse.

But independently of these considerations, there are a thousand little circumstances in life that add a poignancy to the feelings of such minds, unfelt by the multitude. Some of these are perhaps ideal; but if they wear the semblance of reality to the individual, their effect is the same as if they actually existed. The neglect of friends, the pangs of unrequited love, the contempt of the worldly great, are productive of more painful sensations to them, than ordinary minds can possibly feel; subjects of the most solemn import, which form no stumbling-blocks to others, who yield a ready assent to the arguments of those who have a reputation for superior wisdom, are of momentous interest to them. They cannot so readily pin their faith on other men's sleeves; they cannot, with unhesitating credulity, acquiesce in received opinions, however apparently just, without subjecting them to the decision of their own judgment; and as it is impossible to prescribe limits to the mind,—to fix boundaries to the realms of thought, no wonder if

they are frequently lost in the labyrinth in which their excursive imagination had involved them, and like the dove in the ark, are unable to find a resting-place. Ardent and sincere in their attachments, they lack that saving knowledge of the world, which insists on the cold scrutiny of prudence, before they yield up their hearts. Thus, they are little calculated for the unfeeling bustle of life,—for the selfish traffic which makes interest a god;—they cannot endure the rubs of jostling intercourse, with the same apathy as their fellows; and all their pleasures being intellectual, they shrink from those enjoyments which impart such apparent and unalloyed gratification to the beings with whom they are associated. The very consciousness of superiority, however pleasing to our pride, is a painful feeling: it conveys a sense of loneliness, rarely illumined by the cheerful radiance of congeniality. The mind is perpetually driven back upon its own resources; and its whole sphere of existence is within itself.

I am therefore induced to conclude, that happiness and acute mental perception are incompatible. To be exempted from painful sensations may be a merely negative species of happiness; but it is preferable to the alternate feelings of exquisite delight and poignant agony, unequal in their duration, in more than a double proportion on the side of the latter; and to such feelings the higher order of minds is incessantly exposed.

I feel myself possessed of so much of the weakness of human nature, that my pride would be gratified with the intellectual progress of my child. I will acknowledge to so much selfishness, as to confess I should experience pleasure at his improvement, and at imparting the little knowledge of which I may be possessed. I say selfishness, because the gratification of my own feelings would not necessarily include his happiness; convinced as I am, and as I have endeavoured to prove, that it is opposed to mental superiority. But, on the other hand, I think I should not deeply regret, if, in this respect, he disappointed my expectations. I trust I should console myself by the reflection, that if he were not a bright genius, he might prove himself a good man, and at least an useful member of society.

The inequality of intellect is perhaps a powerful reason, why the speculations of philosophy should not be submitted with indiscriminating rashness to the vulgar.—Unable to pursue the intricate path of metaphysical inquiry, they are apt to seize on that which

lies on the surface; and fatal errors are the probable result. I fear we must not legislate, either morally or politically, as if mankind were all alike. Man is an animal, various and dissimilar in his species; and the laws which would effectually restrain one class, would fail in controlling another. That this variety has a tendency to general advantage cannot be denied. Those animated machines, who can scarcely be said to think, while they live for their own enjoyment, contribute to the enjoyment of others. Observe the many slavish, and I may add, degrading, but indispensable offices of life, which are filled by men, who seem naturally fitted for them, and who are totally unconscious of the disgust which they excite in others; and surely, if there is one reason more powerful than another, why we should be grateful to Providence, it is when our lot is so cast in society, as to exempt us from presenting the melancholy union of a sensitive mind with the necessity of acquiring our subsistence by a laborious and degrading occupation. Happiness, under such circumstances, can never exist. Compelled to drudge through life with uncongenial minds, and excluded by the lowliness of our rank from associating with those in whom we might expect to find a reciprocity of intellect, we might be rather said to vegetate than to live; and in such cases a premature decay, hastened by a perpetual nervous irritability, too often closes the scene.

*

The Bugle Calls.

HER head upon my bosom hung
Assad we parted on the plain,
And round my neck in tears she clung
To think we ne'er might meet again,
And sighing, thus these words she said,
Forget not thou thine absent maid.
Dear girl, I cried, I'll constant prove,—
The bugle calls—farewell my love.

And wilt thou leave me, dearest youth ?

She answer'd mild, amidst her tears,

And wilt thou plight to me thy truth

To calm awhile my bosom's fears ?

And wilt thou, when engaged in war,

E'er think of her who's distant far ?

Dear girl, this kiss my truth shall prove,—

The bugle calls—farewell my love.

S. R. J.

Auctions.

THERE are few things in every-day life more painful to a sensitive mind, than the violent transposition and disarrangement of domestic property common at public sales. Death sometimes, and extravagance much oftener, lead to this unceremonious ejection of the household gods, but misfortune is the most ordinary cause; and while we pace from room to room, the furniture of which is uncouthly littered together or lotted out in unsightly heaps,—we must remember, that it is not merely the upholsterer's labour in vain which ought to be deplored, for we contemplate the wreck of family happiness and respectability, the humbling of virtuous pride and integrity, the anguish of heart-broken affection, and the despair of devoted love. There are persons, who, in the self-created solitude of a cheerful drawing-room or a warm bed-chamber, nurse those morbid sensibilities, which leading to no practical good, only tend to weaken the judgment and disorder the imagination; yet, perhaps, in their own neighbourhood, nay in the same street or at the next house, the tattered carpet with its bill of sale may be affixed to the door-post, and while they weep over fancied distresses which can have no influence on themselves, they are breathing the same atmosphere with practical suffering,—with the trader whose fair prospects are for ever blasted by unavoidable losses; with the widow, whose husband has been cut off in the meridian of his days and the spring-time of his hopes; with the helpless orphans who have no friend but heaven, and who are about to be cast out to the cold, constrained protection of legal charity. These are not exaggera-

tions ; we need but open our eyes to discover realities still more frightful, for we live in a country, where the most opulent are exposed, through circumstances beyond their control, to taste all the complicated miseries of want.

Few persons are ignorant of what an auction generally is,—an unsparing violation of all the privacies of domestic life ; a withdrawing of that veil of delicate concealment, which ought always to surround the portion of our mansions more peculiarly devoted to retirement. A desire of obtaining bargains, or a feeling of curiosity, has prompted us all, and in no very amiable frame of mind, perhaps, to cross the threshold of a house recently visited by death or by adversity, from whose naked walls, curtainless windows, and desolate apartments, the remorseless hand of law or necessity, had torn all those articles of use or ornament, which their long locality had rendered almost a part of the building. And at such moments, even the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, must have felt a cloud of melancholy come over the clear bright heaven of their joy, while contemplating the breaking-up of an establishment, from which, in a variety of ways, the poor of the vicinity received benefit, and while beholding, not in the vision of fancy, but in the too faithful mirror of truth, the banishment of a whole family from a home, dear to the younger part of it from their cradles, and to the elder as the scene of their most cherished joys and their most sacred sorrows. It is no small affliction, to leave under any circumstances, the place of our nativity, the time-endear'd objects on which our eyes first opened, the haunts of our earliest, happiest years, “the green spots” of existence, with which all our best recollections are inseparably connected. It is separating the careful man of thirty from the light-hearted child of twelve, and darkening the perpetual lamp of remembrance, with the cold shades of forgetfulness. But, oh ! how must his sufferings be enhanced, who, when he quits the home of his parents, the nursing place of his children, is forced to leave behind every relic of those revered beings, every mute indication of his own boyish sports, every dumbly eloquent historian of childish pains and pleasures,—to wander in abandonment and penury, without a home and without a friend ! Let us suppose (an ordinary event), that death had seized for his liegeman the head of a family, the husband to whom a lovely but helpless female clung for support, the father on whose exertions four innocents, unable as yet to appreciate their

loss, depended for their very existence. The grave has closed over him whose highest ambition was to behold the happiness of his children and their idolised mother, and with his hallowed remains lie buried all the earthly hopes and prospects of those beloved beings. The widowed partner of his joys and sorrows has scarcely had time to weep over her offspring, and pay a few affectionate tears to the memory of their departed parent, when she is aroused to all the agony of her situation, by the approach of want. The melancholy luxury of a retirement wherein to pour out her soul in passionate regrets and tender recollections, is denied to her; she is called upon to struggle with present and more imperious griefs, and she feels the full extent of her bereavement. They are comparatively happy, who, when the sepulchre shuts from their view the object of their dearest affections, can still summon around them the assiduities of friendship and the tendernesses of sympathy, who continue to dwell where they dwelt with those that are gone,—who are privileged to gaze on those scenes on which the eyes, now sealed in death, so often opened with delight: but such enviable consolations are not for her: creditors grow clamorous; the stunning knock of the importunate applicant for money which she cannot pay, becomes more frequent; the world, ever ready to forget the unfortunate, renounces her, for she is poor, and friends are cold and unapproachable, for she is destitute. The law, instituted originally to protect the weak and the distressed, but degenerated in the lapse of ages into a weapon of tyranny in the hands of the rich and powerful, completes the tragedy of domestic suffering; the widow and her orphans are doomed to yield their little all to the unsparing hands of strangers,—every memorial of former blissful days must be taken away, and from possessing all the necessities and many of the comforts of life, they are become desolate wayfarers in the rugged paths of a troublesome existence. Their furniture is lotted out; not a stick, not a rag is omitted, the bill of sale is blazoned in the public street, the doors are thrown wide, and the laugh of fiendish malice, the sneer of heartless folly, and the babble of vulgar curiosity, are heard in what was heretofore the sanctuary of peace and innocent enjoyment. At length the hour arrives, when the prim, pert, and flippant auctioneer bustles into the house with a look of satisfied self-importance, grasps his hammer, smiles condescendingly, and ascends the pulpit to pour forth a stream of unmeaning verbiage in commendation.

tion of the various articles to be offered for sale. In front of the rostrum appears a dense semi-circle of human beings; some in eager expectation of a favourite lot, some listlessly thumbing their catalogues, and a few confirmed time-killers, yawning in Knock-em-down's face without the least consideration for his dignity. An elderly lady, a little given to scandal, shrugs her shoulders and whispers her neighbour, "Well, for my part, I always expected this,—the poor gentleman was too liberal by half; I have often seen him give sixpence in charity where I only gave a halfpenny, and as for the wife, she was so fine a lady and so dressy, that nothing but ruin was likely to come of it." A mechanical looking fellow with a snub nose and a greasy fustian jacket, presses through the throng to bid for a lot of earthenware, and exclaims on finding it gone, "no matter, they were too fine for me, and mayhap mister that's dead would have done better with meaner ware." "You say true," drawls out a little hunchback in a Welch wig, "he was only a beggarly placeman, and did not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, like you and I; but pride must have its fall, and his widow and children must turn out now, that's my comfort." "You unfeeling dog," exclaims a grey-headed serving man to the deceased, may the curse of" and then suddenly checking himself, gulps down a sob, and with convulsive emotion quits the apartment. But what unhappy creature is that, who shrinking into a recess of the room, seems anxious to avoid every eye? She is clad in the weeds of a widow, a long crape veil partly conceals her face, yet its sepulchral whiteness is still too visible, and the quick heavings of her bosom too plainly indicate the bitterness of her distress. She was once the mistress of the mansion,—what does she here, and why has she left her children? But the auctioneer demands our attention: "I have now, ladies and gentlemen, to offer you a most curious and valuable, indeed I might say invaluable article,—Thomas, shew lot 50—which I am sure will speak for itself; this beautiful king-wood writing-desk, exquisitely inlaid and brass bound, is complete in every respect, and almost new,—what shall I say for it? Ten guineas to begin!" A broken and hardly articulate voice offers five guineas. "No, mem, no, that will never do, you must advance on that bidding."—"Seven pounds, for you." "Thank ye, Sir. A-going at seven pounds!" The veiled female steps forward, and in a frantic tone ejaculates "Seven pounds, ten." Is any lady or gentleman inclined to bid more for

this singularly elegant desk? A-going! I shall not wait; a-going at seven pounds, ten."—"Eight pounds, sir," mutters an old lady in green spectacles. "A-going at eight pounds, for the last time at eight pounds," resumes the auctioneer, and the sounding board of the pulpit echoes to the falling hammer: but the widow has fainted, her agony manifested itself in one appalling shriek, and she sunk lifeless on the floor. That writing-desk was her husband's first gift after marriage, and at losing that precious testimonial of his unchanging love, her lacerated heart bleeds afresh, her brain throbs to madness with the reminiscences of days past, to return no more, and utterly losing the fortitude which pride till this moment gave her, she sinks, overpowered by her woes, into momentary forgetfulness. Otway has finely described a similar scene: I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the passage; there are few things more beautiful in dramatic poetry.

"I pass'd this very moment by thy doors;
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;
There, was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments,
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold.
The very bed, which, on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.
.....
Had'st thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her griefs grew sad,
As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her.
E'en the lewd rabble that were gather'd round

To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity."

VENICE PRESERVED.

To the most callous and unsusceptible minds, constant use and habit will confer on things, in themselves indifferent, a value and a charm. We cannot long cherish the same train of ideas, or gaze on one series of objects without giving them an importance, and feeling for them an affection, which intrinsically they may not deserve. The fondlings of the veriest cur will in time beget a something nearly approximating to tenderness in the most obdurate nature, and those who know themselves best, will not scruple to admit, that they feel, even for the furniture of their houses, if employed for years, and covered with the sober brown of long service, an exclusive regard. Who, when he starts from the death of sleep, and opens his eyes to the new-born light of heaven, can look round on the various accommodations presented to him, without acknowledging a grateful preference for the humble and unconscious vehicles of his comforts. The attachment which a complete familiarity with the objects we come into contact with, inspires, is truly delightful ; the savage of Nova Zembla would not quit his eternal snows and perpetual icebergs for the sunny verdure of more genial climes, nor would the rudest of our peasants be happy in exchanging his cracked china, his oaken table, and his Dutch clock, for the splendour and elegance of a palace. How overwhelmingly bitter, then, must the moment prove to the susceptible, the unfortunate, the heart-broken, when they look through the scalding tears of anguish, on the domicile of their better days for the last time, and feel the terrible consciousness that they are to resign for ever what for half a century has been, as it were, a part of their existence. Dreadful to know, that our father's door will never uncloset again to receive us,—to see the children of strangers pursuing their juvenile pleasures, where the smiles of a fond mother attended our pastimes, and where the lips of maternal tenderness condescended over our lessons or our prayers, and blessed us for our obedience. True, these may be called imaginary evils, but to the man that feels them (and where is the wretch obtuse enough to disown such sources of sorrow ?) they have all the acuteness of real afflictions, and he would rather be a friendless beggar in his father's dwelling, than the pampered minion of fortune in any other mansion.

Yet we are accustomed to contemplate the breaking-up of a family, as completed at a public sale, with composure and indifference. In our money-getting metropolis, the transferment of property is so common an occurrence that it excites little attention and no surprise. Auction follows auction; the wealthy merchant of yesterday, whom the very winds seemed to serve, wafting him treasure from every corner of the earth, is the bankrupt of to-day. Men stare and wonder for an hour or two: "Who'd have thought it?" drops in a half whisper from the curled lip of scorn; and the next best thing to publishing the disgrace of the fallen trader, is to crowd round the bustling orator who presides at the sale of his effects. Poor human nature! And are we capable of deriving anything like satisfaction from the wreck of a fellow-creature's happiness? No: but we are thoughtless, and seldom look to first causes,—in our eagerness for amusement or profit, we regard only the surface of life, and forget its severest afflictions, when they are not forced upon our notice. Hence the convulsive throbs of the broken heart excite no commiseration, and "lonely worth retires to die" without one tear of pity. Hence, while the unmeaning features of the world are dressed in vacant smiles, we lose all concern for the miseries which they conceal, and flattered by the blandishments of prosperity, become deaf to the cries of want, and blind to the sufferings of the unfortunate. If the corn and wine of plenty grace our own tables, if we sleep on down, and wake to find all our wishes prevented, we are but too apt to attribute the distresses of others to imprudence rather than misfortune, and while the iron hand of adversity presses heavily on a brother mortal, we consider his cares the result of his own faults or follies, and solace ourselves in the possession of riches, as the fruit of our superior wisdom and virtue. The coat of mail, with which vanity furnishes her votaries, is impenetrable; they bear "charmed hearts," from which the balm of sympathy never flows. Penury and pain are mere words to those who only know them by name. But affliction teaches humanity more effectively than philosophy; and when sorrow knocks at our own doors, we begin to feel, that there may be distress without folly, and suffering without vice.

H.

Epistle

FROM SIR JOHN FALSTAFF IN THE SHADES,

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

The Shades, June 14th, 1822.

FRIEND SPEC.—It has been rumoured here, that thou hast established a correspondence betwixt thy world and this,—I laud thee for it. An thou be not the prince of letter-carriers, I am no true man. Aye! and if thou goest on, thou wilt be the letter-carrier of rogues, heaven bless thee for it; let the wicked have communication, say I, that they may repent in concert. There is villainy in both worlds; but this one, (heaven help the mark!) is dull as an empty cask; there is no more wit in it than in a tavern bill, no more humour than is to be found in a bailiff's warrant. But there is no virtue extant in either world. Manhood is in the stocks, valour has become a sneaking cur, and honesty goes a-begging. But, thou wilt say, the reason, Jack, the reason; and I say thou art blinder than a broken-eyed needle, thou hast no more brains than a quorum of country justices, if thou do'st not perceive it. It is the want of sack, man;—there has been no wit nor courage amongst mankind since sack went out of fashion. Heaven help me! I'd rather be a drawer in Eastcheap, than a king in Elysium. There's a fellow here called Rhadamanthus, in the commission of the peace, a villainous old hypocrite, with more sins in his heart than grey hairs in his beard. Poor dame Quickly only asked leave to set up a genteel house of appointment, where man, aye and woman, too, might spend their money in comfort, but the old rogue clapped her in the stocks; nay, and thy friend Jack Falstaff too, for being in her company. Think what a man of my kidney must have suffered! A whole summer's day in such a hot climate; nothing to drink but vile aquafortis. There I sat, like a bacon ham in the month of July; glistening with dew like the grass in a May morning. A tallow-chandler might have stocked his shop from me, but I'll be revenged or I'm a coward. I'll choke the old rogue with the handle of my dagger.

Thou knowest, dear Spec, I hate boasting, I despise vain glorying. Let a man be modest, say I, and not praise himself; but let

me tell thee in thine ear, there is but one man here of good parts and courage, only one of noble qualities valiant and true, and heaven help him! from being formerly a goodly and a comely person, has grown as thin as a Scotch serving-man, as transparent as an apple-woman's lanthorn; his doublet hangs about him like a prude's reputation, ready to fall off at every movement; and were it not for his brave and manly spirit, and the remembrance of his former glorious deeds, he would ere now have shrunk into nothing, been as invisible as a lawyer's conscience or a great man's gratitude. 'Tis true, by this hand, or his name is not Jack Falstaff.

King Hal has got into villainous company here. I have shook him off, I have dropped his acquaintance: he is associated with heathenish drunkards; your Julius Cæsars, your Hannibals, and your Alexanders,—fellows who are day and night tippling vile swashy nectar. By my virtue, they shall not corrupt me; I avoid them; I preserve mine innocence.

Justice Shallow here is dunning me for a thousand pounds which he says I owe him: well, be it so; I spent the money while on the king's service, let his present successor pay it. But Justice Shallow has but a shallow notion of justice. Does he think that I am to go a-robbing on the highway to repay him? Heaven forbid that I should be guilty of such a crime! This rascally age would tempt poor Jack Falstaff to wickedness; they would allure him to sin, that they may profit by it; but I shall neither drink, rob, nor swear for one of them. I am generous, thou seest, friend Spec. I am honourable; if I am tempted to seize a purse, nobody shall participate with me in its contents, I shall not be the occasion of leading any man into iniquity.

Bardolph is promoted,—the rogue has got into office,—he is elevated, and looks down on his betters,—Pluto has placed him on a high tower, that his nose may serve for a beacon on this side of the Styx: Charon keeps the light in his eye, and he can't mistake the coast.

Mine Ancient Pistol has become water-jack at the landing-place, he is head-bully to hell's boatman, and what with talking big and frightening the newly arrived ghosts out of double fare, and palming base coin upon them for change, Charon and he make a pretty thing of it.

This is all the news I have to tell you, excepting that Dolly Tearsheet has eloped with one of the natives of some savage

country, I think they called it the Dandies; I could have forgiven the wench had she gone off with an Englishman, but she is getting old, and was glad of any body.

To tell thee a secret, friend Spec. Pluto's a coward'; beshrew me if he be not afraid of the sheath of my rapier. He dreads me so that he will not allow me to enter his palace. I certainly carry the marks of valour about me; besides, Proserpine might consider me a very proper man. I am going to make interest with her for a day's leave, which, if I obtain, I shall assuredly call upon thee, good Spec. I shall pass an evening with thee and thy Coterie. We shall keep it up, lad—"we shall hear the chimes at midnight." Till then I am thine ever at command,

JOHN FALSTAFF.

R.

Reflections

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Tell us, ye dead!

Will none of ye in pity reveal the secret,

What 'tis ye are, and we must shortly be?

A little time

Will make us wise as ye are and as close!

With the prospect of death perpetually before us, we are ever acting as if we were immortal; and it is only when the lesson comes home to the heart, in the privation of some being whose fate has been interwoven with our own, that we really pause to think seriously on the subject. The daily obituary of the departed, who were without the pale of our knowledge or affections, is read and forgotten: if a tone of the heart responds to the tale of death, 'tis a moment of melancholy, and past! Even the warnings of illness do not lessen our confidence in life; and when tottering on the brink of the grave, we flatter ourselves that there is yet more sand in the glass. How wise then that ordination, which awakens those dormant feelings of the heart, and weakens that

love for a world we are so sure and so unwilling to quit. As, one by one, the props of existence are withdrawn, we learn to look, and look with mitigated apprehension, on the approaching scene of our final dissolution. What is taken from us in *this* world is added to the *next*. The hopes that perish here we trust will re-blossom beyond the grave; and for those, for whom we once wished to live, we at length desire to die.

Forsaking the important reflections which death naturally creates, as it regards a *future* state, there are salutary lessons to be drawn from it, even as relates to the *present*. It is one of the properties of death, to throw the faults of the departed in the shade, and revivify, with a brilliancy they rarely boasted in life, all the superior qualities of their nature; it also cancels the recollection of slights and injuries received, but renews and exaggerates such as may have been inflicted. It is then we truly estimate the value of those things which created disagreement and disunion; and learn how lightly that weighs in the balance of eternity, which preponderated in the scales of time. Who, that retraces his past life and departed friends, but must feel how unwise it is to abridge the brief period of life of any of its moments of social happiness, by taking up questions only important from the consequence falsely attached to them; and even where they want the plea of futility, do they not bitterly lament, since the period was so short, that they had not, by a generous concession, left themselves the consoling reflection of being the only sufferers? But unfortunately, it is from individual experience alone that we really derive benefit; and precept and example are equally vain, however striking and however frequent. Review life without the severity of the rigid moralist or misanthrope; review it only by the aid of common sense and common feeling, and is it worth half the pain and trouble that it costs us? Do we not aggravate trifles into serious evils, and create fancied misfortunes when we had much better be employed in mitigating real ones? And when death comes at last,—that grand vacuum in which all fall alike, how large is the sum of vain regrets and fruitless lamentations left to the survivor? It is then and then only that we learn the truth, which, though offered by many, we have obstinately refused till forced upon us by the hand of experience, and we add our names with a sigh to the long list of those who have been wise too late.

M. L. R.

Fatalism.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sunk in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and stars, as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.

SHAKESPEARE.

PHILOSOPHY, thanks to the progress of truth, has ceased to retain in its code the absurd jargon, termed astrology, which ignorance and superstition had placed there. The gradual dawnings of the day of knowledge have already dissipated in a measure the thick darkness of the monkish ages. On the tops of the tall mountains, science is seen to pursue her course, unadorned but with her own simplicity. Prejudice and folly shrink abashed from her radiant beams, and vice is trampled under her feet. All the half-witted sticklers for threadbare and worm-eaten theories, have lost their repute, and their decisions are no longer considered oracular. Why, indeed, should they? For these gentlemen, let it be recollected, would have persuaded Columbus, that his search for another hemisphere was chimerical; and would have had the Swan of Avon believe that no play could be a good one, unless cut and fashioned after the rules of Aristotle. This change must indeed be a glorious one for learning and genius, and religion cannot fail to be a gainer by the salutary alteration; for let it but keep a moderate pace with the present rapid expansion of the mind, and the combat between dulness, dreaming in the shades of academical honours, and merit, rising like a star amid the dark night of obscurity, will be at an end, and to the profit of the better cause; while the impious, and, to all but the vicious, the useless doctrine of fate will be expunged, without leaving a single vestige, from the theology of every thinking and rational mind.

But let us examine before we depreciate this strange system. We will first remark upon fate, as it relates to the virtuous and noble part of the universal community. Suppose such a power to have any operation over their minds, and what would become of the glorious incentive that buoys them above mortal heights? To what

purpose, (might they justifiably demand) do we consume the oil of the midnight lamp;—do we improve our faculties by unremit-
ted exertions; do we cover our heads with a premature winter;—
if there be a predestinated line, beyond which, these our power-
ful efforts can never carry us?—If the destiny we are to fulfil be
irrevocably marked out, we have, assuredly, no concern in the
emulous throes of ambition; for however complete the indolence
we henceforth resign ourselves to, the irresistible necessity that
guides us will infallibly lift us to the highest point of exaltation
we are capable of. Thus circumstanced, it will be idle on our parts,
to expend life in unprofitable labours. It will be folly to pursue
the gleam of glory, specious and fascinating though it be, since it
will acquire us nothing which we may not enjoy without trouble.
Our sole view, therefore, ought to be, how we may pass our time
most pleasantly; the over-ruling influence of destiny will take care
of the rest, as well without as with our solicitude. Alas! were
these speculations received (and they would be rational enough
were the soul, as the belief in fate supposes it, a mere machine,)
who does not perceive an end to everything like mental superiority?
That invisible influence, which gives a spontaneous movement to
the immortal spirit, would grow slack, and fail in its exercise. The
youthful heart would palpitate no more for applause; the vigour-
raising whisper of praise would only salute cold and drowsy ears.
The exquisitely framed phantom of renown would no longer charm
the frenzied eye of imagination; it would depart, without a wish
for its continuance. Where, then, would be found the revived
beauties of Attic growth? Every species of intellectual proficien-
cy would retrograde; the volumes of research and of fancy would
be alike neglected. The senate would want orators; the academy,
sages and scholars; the bench, wisdom; the field, courage; and
the pulpit, zeal.

But there is another point of view, in which the admission of
this kind of fatalism in our creed would prove yet more injurious
to the deserving and honourable. I mean the effect it would have
in checking the effort of bearing up under the pressure of difficul-
ties, to do which is both the duty and the privilege of virtuous
fortitude. It would remove too the comfortable confidence, which,
under every circumstance, we ought to place in the goodness and
mercy of our God. We could not then, as now, in the stormy
hour of misfortune, rely upon the truth and sufficiency of his pro-

mises, nor could we, in the moment of distress, approach the altar of heavenly compassion, seeking in the language of prayer the remission of sin and the alleviation of sorrow. Then, when the tempest buffeted and the rain beat, we should suffer ourselves to be overwhelmed without a struggle. The rude blast of adversity would scatter us in the dust, like the withered leaves of autumn. It would find no match in the constancy of heartfelt integrity, nor be soothed of its violence by the brave bearing of intrepid virtue. We should oppose no resistance to the ingress of the billows of destruction; they would beleaguer our hopes and realities unprevented, and swallow us up, because of this supposed divine thrusting on. Sweepingly ruinous then to the possessions and prospects of the worthy would be a faith in this kind of superhuman intendment; to assist its existence, therefore, is in my opinion, no way short of impiety; but that particular will be more fully elucidated by one hitherto reserved consideration.

The doctrine of fate, it is demonstrable, while it discourages the nobility of goodness, encourages the crookedness of iniquity. What crime, I ask, would need either pardon or extenuation, if its predetermination by a power foreign to the mind that conceived it, were to be granted? What atrocious villain would be obliged to call dissimulation to his aid, could he, without reproof, rest his defence on a compulsion to do evil? Conceiving for a moment this to be the case,—place such an one in a court of justice,—prove his offence,—prove it by indisputable testimony, and require the culprit's answer. What would he say? "I acknowledge the commission of what I am charged with. I hesitate not to confess myself the apparent actor of this tragedy; but demand to be absolved and liberated, inasmuch as this was a forced predicament. The ill star, that twinkled over the hour of my nativity, urged me on to what my reason detested. Yes, Sirs, on the very instant of executing this murder, I pitied my victim, and should have saved him, but for the unconquerable destiny that had decreed his destruction." If the faith of the jurors inclined them to this kind of fatalism, the prisoner's wicked planet would be as good a plea as insanity, and he must be acquitted. Imagine, too, at the silent watch of midnight, the hardened ruffian breaking a way into the humble dwelling of poverty. The poor, but virtuous inmates are closely couched in the arms of sleep. No object of plunder meets his eye, and laying his hand on his pistol, he exclaims "money

or life!" The alarmed father starts from his bed, perceives the character of his unwelcome visitant, and endeavours to divert him from his purpose. "Master," he would say, "I have nothing of value. My whole wealth is industry. If you deprive me of life, you will take away from this innocent woman, and those dear babes a husband and a parent. Surely, you will not be so inhuman."—"Why, my friend," this knave by spherical predominance might reply; "for my own part, I have no quarrel here; no inclination for that watch; no, not a jot: but a supernatural government prompts me; and unless I instantly have it, this trigger may be drawn by an invisible hand, and your eyes closed for ever." Were these excuses to be current, the plunderer would have no further occasion to cover his designs with the cloak of darkness; he would be enabled to prowl unmolested and unpunished, in the glare and bustle of day; none with propriety could impeach his conduct. Fraud, rapine, falsehood;—every abomination that decency or the fear of justice now checks, would then have a wide and inviting gate thrown open to it. Subservient to celestial signs, the conjunction of Mars and Venus, the movements of Saturn and Jupiter, with the rest of the trumpery depended on by the astrologers, would be made the means of sinning freely and with impunity; would become stalking-horses, behind which vice might screen itself, and incentives to the abandonment of every honourable principle. The soul, laying hold on this weak and inefficient rush as its security and extenuation, would plunge into the polluted sea of guilt, and there experience the wreck of its best hopes. Ever prone to frailty,—taking this delusive meteor as its conducting light, it would wander into the seemingly beautiful region of forbidden pleasures, and so lose that really charming Eden which can only be enjoyed by the good. Propped on this brittle staff, it would break the restricting bond which reason lays upon the will, give an unbounded scope to the passions, and so fall into the abyss of irremediable destruction. And can the Creator, who implanted in the human bosom so many splendid faculties, ever interpose to turn them from their apparent and proper distinction to the working of guilt and misery? Is it by reason of an heavenly influence, rather than from the facility with which we allow the baits of vice to vanquish us, that such frequent rebellions against every written and unwritten law, disgrace our species? Are we false swearers, and underminers of our inoffensive neighbours'

characters, because of a planetary spell, that forces us from the truth? Are we guilty of continual excesses?—do we wallow in the sink of luxury and lasciviousness, merely through the influence of a predisposing and overpowering necessity? Do we indeed depart from the light, that our minds constantly furnish, and disregardfully use the intellectual counsellor,—not through a criminal preference to our own will, to the but skin-deep perfection of time and vanity, but merely as we are impelled by the dictatorial influence of fate? Are we, in a word, incapable of distinguishing right from wrong? and are the virtues we praise, and the vices we deprecate, alike of a “divine thrusting on?” Certainly not. To affirm such doctrines would be to call the ever-blessed God the architect of evil, and the fashioner of all the lamentable decrepitude and depravity that spots the else glorious disk of nature. These dogmas then, I designate impious, and consider them hostile to the majesty of our Maker, and clearly at variance with that homage and fidelity which are so justly due from all his creatures. He, from whom we have received and do receive so many and great benefits;—he whose parental kindness prevents our perishing in the trials of this life, has shewn us through the divine endowments he commits to our care, the line of conduct we ought to follow. If our election be fitted to the character of immortal beings, a triumphant reward will be our portion. But if, in defiance of these friendly admonitions, we adopt a contrary course, and succumb to the government of guilt, there can be no party open to accusation but ourselves; no bad impulses but of our own creation; no predominant passion for crime but of our own conception; no unconquerable predilection to do ill, but that growing from the misdirected energies of our own souls and the falling-off of rectitude.

H.

Literature,

“BRACEBRIDGE HALL,” by Geoffrey Crayon.

FEW writers in this age of literary fraud and quackery, possess so much genuine merit, or have so honourable a claim to distinction as the author of the Sketch Book. That unknown and unpatronized

talent should slowly but surely find its way from the depressing shades of obscurity, into the cheerful sunshine of public approbation, is remarkable enough; but this was not all—he had a still greater difficulty to surmount, he had to contend with a powerful, yet unworthy prejudice, for he was an American, and addressed himself to strangers in a strange land. The Sketch Book, exquisite as it is, was not of a nature to gratify the insatiate thirst after novelty, so predominant at the present day; and the History of New York, though designed with judgment and executed felicitously, can hardly be fully appreciated on this side the Atlantic. It is evident, therefore, that the author owes his success solely to the talent, which his unassuming yet highly finished essays evince. The avidity with which the works of our popular writers are sought after, is attributed to a variety of causes besides their intrinsic value. Fashion and curiosity lead the world to open many books, which otherwise would remain quietly on the shelf; and an ingenious critic, provided he have access to the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, has it in his power to write almost any work into temporary eclat. A large proportion of the aggregate of general readers, come to a conclusion as to the author's deserts, at second-hand; and imbibe their opinions from Magazines, as politicians do their ideas from Newspapers. But when the Sketch Book issued from the press, it was very far from favoured by extraneous causes. The essayist, who then for the first time ventured to encounter the ordeal of European criticism, had chosen trite and common-place subjects, apparently but little calculated to interest or amuse. For a considerable period, the lucubrations of Geoffry Crayon seemed to be still-born; they lay buried beneath the continually increasing heap of literary labours-in-vain, and the Goldsmith of the new world seemed fated to die and “make no sign.” At length, fortunately, the zealous praise of Christopher North (it is good to have friends everywhere) drew attention to his neglected volume,—the result could not be doubted, for it only needed to be read, and its success was certain. The public have made amends for their former indifference, and the family of essays which scarcely found a purchaser in 12mo, have gone through several editions in octavo. Grateful for the unexpected, yet richly merited popularity of the Sketch Book, the author when about to bid adieu to the land of his fathers, has presented his English brethren with a work, fully equal, perhaps superior to his former efforts. He will

return to his home in the west, radiant with glories achieved in the olden hemisphere, and restore to his country, matured into strength and perfection, that genius which only expatriated itself, to visit the hive of European intellect, and enrich itself with the accumulated mental wealth of ages. Bracebridge Hall, a series of essays and short narratives connected by an almost imperceptible thread, is in fact merely a continuation of the Sketch Book; and in both these works, the writer has the rare merit of combining the graceful ease and unaffected pathos of the Spectator, with the elegant playfulness and irresistible naiveté of the Citizen of the World. The charm of Geoffry Crayon's style is its beautiful simplicity. Examine any one of the tales or essays of which these volumes consist, apart from the language in which the incidents or thoughts are clothed, and nothing will be discovered surprising in the narratives, or paradoxical in the sentiments. All is plain, obvious, and unintricate, there are no perplexities to disentangle, no contradictions to reconcile—the meaning cannot be misunderstood; the developement of the miniature histories never meets with unnecessary delays; there is no ostentatious effort to produce effect: the style throughout is that of a familiar epistle penned by a scholar and a gentleman. We do not meet with the grand, lofty toned sentences of Johnson, but we are everywhere delighted with that heartfelt truth and nature, the expression of which constitutes the chief attraction in Addison and Goldsmith. Add to this, we are made acquainted with the inmost thoughts and feelings of a passionate and highly gifted spirit, cradled in a region scarcely reclaimed from the desolation of the savage state, and where, to use his own words, "all is new, and there is not a single ruin." We are told of his generous yearnings to look with his own eyes on the time-honoured monuments of by-gone glory, of his eager longings to visit the ocean-isle, whence his fathers came, his restless anxiety to contemplate her grandeur, and the tribute of duteous recollections on the altar of her liberty. We listen, while with unsophisticated ardour, he dilates on our English manners and institutions, and are the more inclined to benefit by the wisdom of his remarks, when we find that due praise is bestowed upon all that is really laudable. The almost imperceptible, but individualizing traits of John Bull's mind are correctly given: he does not step out of his way to exaggerate and excite laughter at the expense of truth,—his sketches are taken from the world as it is; his

opinions are justified by existing realities. The observations which he offers are the unprejudiced result of accurate ratiocination; his mirth is never indecorous, and the pathos with which his soul sometimes overflows, is untinged by diseased sensibility. Many writers at the commencement of an elaborate passage, inform the reader that they are going to be eloquent, by the introduction of sundry expletive ahs! and ohs! but this method of calling for our sympathy must generally fail of the effect desired, for who likes to be treated as a mere machine, or to be wrought into a melancholy mood, by the rhetorical processes which a dunce may learn and a fool teach? We most readily surrender our hearts and feelings where there is least appearance of studied declamation;—the eloquence of nature, spontaneously flowing from the kindled affections of a sensitive bosom, is far more potent in its influence than the most finished oration; all the splendid declamation of Tully, does not produce half the effect of the few words ascribed to the savage Logan. To examine Bracebridge Hall a little closely, the first thing that engages the attention, is the modest, unassuming, Preparatory Address to the Reader. Every cause for the author's success is dwelt upon rather than his own extraordinary merit, and though writing in the consciousness of surpassing intellectual endowments, he neither disgusts by egotism or affected humility. He wisely deprecates excessive praise, and entreats the public not to think the worse of him for injudicious commendation. He receives his fame without vanity or idle inflation of spirit, and wears his laurels with the dignity of desert. The tone of genuine benevolence which runs through the introductory chapter, is delightful, and who can help loving the writer, when he says in conclusion, "I have always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humour with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy, but I shall continue to practise it until convinced of its fallacy. When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also; in the meanwhile, worthy reader, I hope you will not think lightly of me, because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a world as it is represented." We are introduced at the Hall to our old acquaintances; in fact it is the very spot where Master Crayon passed the merry Christmas which he commemorates in the Sketch Book. Mr. Simon, the busy man, though certainly a relation of one of Sir Roger de Coverley's satellites in the Spectator, is exceedingly

well done, and atones in raciness and force of description for the want of originality. The section on Family Servants is inimitably excellent. We will not fall into the injustice of quotation, but merely transcribe the heading, which appears to be the author's own. "Verily, old servants are the vouchers of worthy housekeeping. They are like rats in a mansion, or mites in a cheese, bespeaking the antiquity and fatness of their abode." Lady Lillycraft, her dogs, her page, and her awful piece of stale maidenhood, are unique in their kind. We cannot but smile at the whimsies of the stately widow, yet we love her for her amiableness of disposition, which leads her to the society of the young and light-hearted, in order to promote their innocent schemes of enjoyment. There is a passage in *Family Relics*, which reflects so much honour on the writer's head and heart, that we give it without comment: "When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think, too, that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died, and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers; the whole empire of love and pleasure in which they ruled—" all dead, all buried, all forgotten," I find a cloud of melancholy stealing over the present gaieties around me. I was gazing, in a musing mood, this very morning, at the portrait of the lady whose husband was killed abroad, when the fair Julia entered the gallery, leaning on the arm of the captain. The sun shone through the row of windows on her as she passed along, and she seemed to beam out each time into brightness, and relapse into shade, until the door at the bottom of the gallery closed after her. I felt a sadness of heart at the idea, that this was an emblem of her lot: a few more years of sunshine and shade, and all this life, and loveliness, and enjoyment, will have ceased, and nothing be left to commemorate this beautiful being but one perishable portrait; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future loiterer, like myself, when I and my scribblings shall have lived through our brief existence and been forgotten." The burlesque character of an old soldier, as given in the person of General Harbottle, is highly ludicrous, he is so accurately described from his boot military to his powdered head and formidable pigtail, that a fertile imagination will have no difficulty in embodying in the mind's eye the redoubted conqueror of Seringapatam. Nothing can be better than the fervour of the old gentleman's loyalty,

bearing an exact proportion to his dose of wine. "They talk of public distress," said the general this day to me, at dinner, as he smacked a glass of rich burgundy, and cast his eyes about the ample board; "they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, Sir? I see none. I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word on it, Sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug!" So reason in their closets, though they may not express it openly in their drawing rooms, many of the political econimists of the day. The Essay on Wives is particularly excellent; our English ladies had need to be grateful to bachelor Geoffrey for his good counsel, from which the married may learn to live happily, and the single to contract fortunate marriages. But it is difficult to select from a work like this,—it is hard to choose among flowers equally beautiful. Each reader, perhaps, will have his favourite piece, but they will all be praised and preferred in their turn. It is refreshing, in an age when people are continually agape after wonder in literature and art, to dwell on the quiet unassuming beauties of a work like this. Byron is sublime and terrible,—Scott is pleasing and romantic; the voluptuous muse of Moore satiates the mind with perpetual sweets, the simplicity of Wordsworth is frequently repulsive, Southey is in his dotage, and our other eminent writers follow in the train of these mighty spirits. It remained for the author of the Sketch Book to revive the good old style of our early essayists, and although a stranger in the land, to write purer and more unmixed English than the present generation has been accustomed to hear. Modern readers and critics had grown so used to the "sound and fury," the non-descript heaping together of words, the strange mingling of all the tongues of Babel, which unintermittingly issued from the press, that the memory of that simple yet noble, succinct yet expressive language in which Jeremy Taylor and Lord Clarendon wrote, was fast fading from amongst us. We were becoming, in words at least, a nation of mere Charlatans, our dialect was empty and unmeaning as the prating of a parrot, when Geoffrey Crayon, or the notable somebody who wishes to preserve his incognito under that name, poured out his spirit over the rubbish of our literature, and recalled our attention to those glorious models of composition, which were the pride and boast of our ancestors. He has written up to the exalted standard of his choice; he has done honour to his native America, and is entitled to take no mean place among the

authors of that country, which he affectionately calls his fatherland." He is about to return to the world of Columbus. May he tread its shores in peace and honour, and may a life commenced in such a blaze of glory, in its meridian and its close be equally illustrious. For my part, I can truly say, that I would rather be the author of the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall, than of five-sixths of the poetry and nearly all the prose, published since the year 1800.

H.

"THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL." *By the Author of Waverley.*

SINCE the pen of the Author of "Waverley" has proved so prolific, it has become a fashion to decry each succeeding effort as inferior to the former; and assuming his first work to be the model of perfection, he is not only denied the merit of having surpassed it, but there is a current disposition to doubt his approximation to a similar point of excellence. That there is some truth in this, as refers to a portion of his productions, we are not unwilling to admit; but that there is also a great deal of cant, cannot, we think, be disputed. His first effort was a successful one. It established a new era in that species of writing, which the wit and the scholar had long since resigned to feebler pens and weaker undertsandings. Novel writing appeared to be a province, solely vested either in maudlin brains of the male species or in the female sex; and indeed, without detracting from the deserved reputation of such writers as Miss Edgeworth, Miss Burney, Mrs. Opie, and the glowing delineator of Italian scenery, Mrs. Radcliffe, we might fearlessly assert that the petticoat alone, with its powers of minute domestic delineation, *et preterea nihil*, (though with due deference be it spoken) held undisputed sway over the fairy regions of romance. No male writer in this department of literature had for a long period appeared, gifted with powers adequate to maintaining a succesful conflict with the fair rivals who had usurped the throne of imagination, till the Unknown of Scotland arose like "a giant refreshed," and with the magic promptitude of the *Veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar, established an almost exclusive reputation in this branch of literary art.

The reading world was taken by surprise; for whether he were a writer of genius or not, it was certain he had produced that which is always more appreciated even than genius itself, and which has sustained, for a time at least, many a trumpet-tongued reputation, —novelty. Had he possessed no other qualification for popularity, he would have reigned his season; but he brought more powerful auxiliaries into the field. Men found that the author of *Waverley* was a philosopher, a scholar and a critic; and that to a fertile imagination, he united a soundness of judgment, and a vigour of mind, which shewed that under the flimsy semblance of a writer of fiction, he could successfully grapple with the highest capabilities of human genius. Such a writer could scarcely fail becoming popular, even had his first effusions emanated from the Minerva Press, and been doomed to appeal for appreciation to the mawkish taste of the lady patronesses of that far famed emporium of insipidity. The lovers of fiction for fiction sake, were delighted with his powers of invention; the learned were amazed at finding deep erudition, sound sense, and powerful delineation of character, under so unusual a guise, and the general reader was pleased at all points. But no sooner did he make a second effort,—a third,—a fourth, than it was discovered—that he could not possibly write a second time so well, and nothing he has ever written since has been pronounced equal to *Waverley*.

Differing as we do from this hasty, and, in our view of the matter, uncandid decision, we do contend, that the fault lies not in the relative merit of his various productions, but in the fact, that equality of genius will not secure equal appreciation. His first work had the advantage of novelty. The others (with one or two exceptions) only wanted this advantage to rank them in the same scale of excellence. Look ye, sirs. The gourmand, who dines on ortolans to-day, and pronounces them excellent, would be rather tardy in passing a similar judgment, were he doomed to the same fare to-morrow; yet the intrinsic good quality of the viand would remain physically the same. So it is with literature. Had *Waverley* been forgotten, or had it never been published, almost any one of his succeeding efforts would perhaps have ranked just as high. But there is yet another cause,—a reluctance to assign the palm of excellence to living talent. Horace, who flourished nearly two thousand years ago, makes a similar complaint, and very honestly expresses his indignation against a prejudice that will always excite the resent-

ment of a liberal mind, but which yet manages, in all ages and under all circumstances, to cling to us nevertheless :—

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum illepidè putetur ; sed nuper,
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci :

and a sagacious critic in Blackwood's Magazine, smitten, no doubt, with this laudable veneration for antiquity, has taken great pains to prove that Lord Byron is destitute of genius. It would seem, no doubt, to such liberal souls, too presumptuous to imagine, that men like those whose talents have been consecrated by time, could be in actual existence amongst them, exchanging, as fellow-mortals, the ordinary courtesies of life, and responsible, *in vivâ personâ*, for the aberrations of their genius to the critical ordeal of newspapers and reviews ; yet it is no less certain, (and we hazard not the assertion without due consideration) that with scarcely more than a single exception, we can challenge comparison with the brightest period of our literary history ; and surely, of all doctrines that is the strangest, which admitting that time produces comparative perfection in all things else, would deny it to literature. Why should not we, in the year 1822, be as capable of right thinking and fine writing, as those who flourished centuries before us,—seeing too, that we have the benefit of all their previous labour in smoothing the road of science ? They had a partial advantage, it is true, in point of novelty, but “ *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis* ”—times change, and we change with them. Man, in the abstract, may be always the same. So far as refers to his passions and even his prejudices, he probably is ; but the modifications of these passions and prejudices assume a different hue, when viewed in different localities, and under different circumstances. There are a thousand variations constantly springing up in the character of the human mind, which may be so far improved by a judicious observer, that their delineation shall be rendered little inferior to originality itself ; and, in good truth, there is more merit in producing anything approaching to excellence where the *materiel* has been comparatively exhausted, than in attaining positive perfection when surrounded on every hand with the ready means of such attainment. We admire the rude instruments of war, carved by the hand of the untutored Indian, whose parent earth has denied him that most useful of all her metallic gifts—iron, because we are instantly struck with the ingenuity which could

produce even so rude a specimen of skill under such a formidable disadvantage. The highest effort of European art, on the contrary, would be less appreciated; because we should know that the means of executing it were easy and obvious.

This justification of the moderns has led us further from our point, than we had anticipated. To return then to the Author of *Waverley*: we would say to those who affect to believe, that, spider-like, he has become exhausted, and spun his brains to dullness, and to others, who blame his cupidity in writing on,—that he has a fair and undoubted right to take advantage of the popular current in his favour; and what is more to the point, he owes this popularity more to his own genius, than one half of our living writers of celebrity, who are indebted for their primitive distinction (and it implies no doubt of their merit) either to a popular bookseller, or a good puff, or some of the thousand other secret springs and trickeries that set the literary wheel in motion. Success in writing is a mere lottery, and depends on an infinity of adventitious circumstances, independent of talent, and over which simple desert has no availing controul. Hundreds of works have gone down the stream of oblivion, as worthy of a place in public estimation, as those which now hold an undisputed possession. Mere genius never did, and we fear never will maintain an unassisted career; and those works which have obtained most repute, owe that distinction less to their own excellence than to a concurrence of favorable coincidences, which fortunately conspired to bring them into notice. It is well known that Thomson's *Seasons* would never have been appreciated, but for the enthusiasm of a single individual, that Milton (scarcely regarded in his own time) would not have reached his present popularity but for the critical discernment of Addison; and one of the best prose writers of our day, (the author of the *Sketch Book*) would have sunk into obscurity, but for the eulogies of Blackwood! On such seemingly insignificant causes does the estimation of genius depend!

In the work before us there is a curious sort of preface entitled an *Introductory Epistle*, in which the writer takes leave to express his own opinion on this very subject, and in a manner that leaves us little doubt as to the consciousness he feels of his own importance. So be it. We quarrel not with egotism, in a degree; and think it not only unreasonable that a man should be supposed blind to his own merit, but little better than sheer affectation on his part to

deny the possession of it. Our author says " Let fame follow those who have a substantial shape. A shadow (and an impersonal author is nothing better) can cast no shade."....." The utmost extent of kindness between the author and the public which can really exist, is, that the world are disposed to be somewhat indulgent to the succeeding works of an original favorite, were it but on account of the habit which the public mind has acquired ; while the author naturally thinks well of *their* taste, who have so liberally applauded *his* productions. But I deny there is any call for gratitude properly so called on one side or the other.".....
 " A man should strike while the iron is hot, and hoist sail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keeps not the stage, another instantly takes his ground."....." The world say you will run yourself out.—The world say true ; and what then ? When they dance no longer, I will no longer pipe ; and I shall not want flappers enough to remind me of the apoplexy."

All these are truths, there is no gainsaying. The public care little personally for the best author living ; and he in his turn may, if he please, care as little for the public. It is worth while to mark the difference between the literary and histrionic candidate for fame. The former may treat his patrons as cavalierly as he chooses, with little prejudice either to his circumstances or reputation. The latter, on the contrary, depends for subsistence on his personal behaviour, and a single act of indiscretion in this respect will be sufficient to effect his ruin. The reason is found in the personality of the one and the impersonality of the other. The author appears before the public only in his works. Who or what he is, becomes a matter of indifference. But the actor stands in their immediate presence, and is always to be found responsible for his transgressions *in propria persona*.

[Our readers will pardon us, if we so far deviate from the plan of our contemporaries, as to decline presenting them either with an abridgment of the plot of *The Fortunes of Nigel*, or long extracts from the work itself. The limits of our publication will generally oblige us to confine our notice of subjects under review to mere critical remarks ; and we feel that in this respect we are merely consulting the wishes of at least the majority of our subscribers.]

The work before us possesses two points of difference, when compared with the writer's previous productions ; we are not

presented with so many doubles of his own characters ; and he has altogether abandoned those fearful and half supernatural creations of fancy, which have hitherto formed the chief interest of his tales ; we have neither a Meg Merrilies nor a Madge Wildfire, a Norna of the Fitful Head, nor a White Lady of Avenel. The only approach to the mysterious is in the character of Lady Hermione, who possesses the astonishing singularity of being very pale and very pretty ; but then we have Mistress Martha Trapbois, a dissimilar similitude (as Wordsworth would call it) of Mistress Barbara Yellowley in the Pirate ; Master Heriot, a plain, kind-hearted, well-disposed middle-aged man, for the original of which we should have to look before the time of the Cassandra or the Grand Cyrus, and a blustering bully, Captain Colepepper, of which Ben Jonson, and nearly all his contemporaries, have furnished exemplars *ad infinitum*. But we have no wish to detract from the merit of these delineations. The characters both of the worthy goldsmith and the swaggering Hector, are finely portrayed ; and the false friend, Lord Dalgarno, is so far interesting, that we scarcely suspect his villainy 'till it is developed. But there is one character of which we can scarcely speak in terms of adequate praise,—King James the First. That wonderful talent of personal delineation, which places the author of Waverley beyond every other writer, is exerted here with the most admirable effect. The half-witted monarch stands before us with all his faults and foibles, his vacillating weaknesses, and redeeming virtues, and with a vitality so imposing, as to leave no doubt of the correctness of the portrait. This power of revivifying the beings of past days, and introducing us into the very sanctorum of their domestic privacy ; this unmasking of the hero, and shewing him as a man, is the exclusive forte of the writer of Waverley. We affirm (and not without due deliberation) that as far as our imaginative reading extends (and it has not been scanty withal) no author, living or dead, can in this respect compete with him. We know the talent of Fielding in expressing the varieties of character, that make up the curious compound of life ;—we pay due homage to the genius of Smollett, who with the firm and vigorous touch of a master, has imparted a strength and spirit to his delineations of human nature, almost unrivalled ; but we do say that the author of Waverley, by resuscitating as it were, the gone-by actors of our moral drama, has imparted a stronger interest and a more dignified novelty to his conceptions, than the mere

creations of fancy could possibly receive. All delineations of mankind in the abstract, must, in every work of fiction, be overcharged,—they must partake in some measure of caricature, to excite attention or afford delight; but an exclusive importance attaches to the personifications of this writer, from the circumstance, that he depicts the mind and manners and ways of life of those who have actually existed. We feel more interest in being introduced to a tête-à-tête with Queen Elizabeth, King James or the Pretender, than in all the romantic exploits, or humorous peculiarities of mere ideal beings,—our old friend, Jack Falstaff, only excepted.

Of the purely fictitious personages in the novel before us, Ritchie Moniplies and Sir Mungo Malagrowth are entitled to particular consideration. The former is not positively original, but it is finely drawn. The latter, to the best of our belief, is a novelty, though there are few who will not be able to recognise the counterpart in real life.

Next to the talent we have described as being peculiar to the author of *Waverley*, may be ranked his skill in dialogue, and for this reason we have scarcely a doubt of his success as a dramatist, should he ever essay his powers in that branch of literary art. The spirit, propriety, and fine keeping of the conversations in all his novels, have no parallel; nor in the work before us is he deficient in this particular. The scene between Ritchie Moniplies and his master, previously to quitting his service, and all those wherein King James takes a part, are master-pieces of vigorous and characteristic writing.

It is no mean proof too of the industry and capaciousness of mind of this celebrated writer, that not a tale has proceeded from his pen which does not present internal evidence of much previous application; and when we reflect on the rapidity with which one novel follows another, we are amazed at the expedition with which his knowledge is acquired. We find him master of the most abstruse studies,—antiquities, law, history, together with a mass of local information which the severest labour could alone have acquired. Spurning the common-place phraseology of novelists, his characters converse in a style and language, peculiar to the age in which they are supposed to live, appropriate to the rank they hold, and the feelings by which they are influenced. To employ his own language in describing the genius of Shakespeare,* we feel “all

* *Fortunes of Nigel*, Vol. II. p. 26.

the magic of the sorcerer, compelling his heroes across the scene, in language and fashion as they lived, as if the grave had given up the dead for the amusement and instruction of the living." It would require much research, and an intimate knowledge of the manners of the era, to detect him in an anachronism. He is careful to retain the ancient designation of things, which have changed their names though not their nature, and the very idiom of the time is scrupulously preserved. Take the following specimen of the *flash* language of the seventeenth century. "Torn out" said one ruffian to the other, "tout the bien mort twiring at the gentry cove." "I smell a spy," replied the other, looking at Nigel, "chalk him across the peepers with your cheery."—And here we have the phraseology of the gaming-table peculiar to the period: "there were words between Lord Dalgarno and me concerning a certain game at gleek, and a certain mournival of aces held by his lordship, which went for eight,—Tib, which went for fifteen—twenty-three in all. Now I held king and queen, being three, a natural Towser, making fifteen, and Tiddy, nineteen. We vied the ruff, and revied," &c. &c.

On the whole, whatever may be the general opinion as to the comparative merit of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, we have little hesitation in expressing our conviction, that it is little inferior to any of the author's former efforts, while it possesses the peculiar merit of presenting more originality of invention, with less recourse to extraordinary agency to excite attention. We have an interesting, probable, and well-told tale, developed in an easy natural manner. The events necessary for the unravelling of the plot bring about the catastrophe without abruptness, or tedious recapitulation; and this is a third point of excellence in which this author stands comparatively alone. Critics may cavil, and hypercritics may censure; but one thing is certain,—the author of *Waverley*, write what he may, (provided he do not purposely retrograde, and that is not likely) will not only continue to delight the discerning and liberal-minded of the present generation; but will impart lustre to the age in which he flourished, which will obtain for it the respect and admiration of posterity.

WE have received a letter from Bernard Barton on the subject of our criticism of his *Napoleon*. There are few topics less interesting than mere literary controversies, and we should have declined offering any observations on his communication, did it not appear to us that he has assumed altogether a mistaken position.

His chief points of complaint are, our having classed him with those "who would keep alive passions and prejudices respecting Napoleon," and his connexion with what we termed "the silly school of minute poetry." That the title of "*Napoleon*" appears to be invidiously selected, for the purpose of exemplifying the madness of ambition, can scarcely admit of dispute;—that it *really was so*, we will not be hardy enough to affirm. It might be, and perhaps was, a matter of indifference to the author, what title he should choose as the vehicle of his sentiments; but having made his election, it was by no means an unwarranted conclusion, that he partook in some measure of that ultra spirit of anti-Napoleonism which we have censured, and we think justly, as invidious and illiberal. Had he entitled his Poem "*Ambition*" instead of "*Napoleon*," this objection could not have applied; and we do think he has unnecessarily and uncandidly stepped out of his road to enforce truths which would have lost none of their interest without such an expedient.

With respect to the second charge, we are sensible that no passion is more strongly entwined round the heart of an author, especially a poet, than the hope of literary reputation, and that nothing can more seriously affect that reputation than the being taxed with *insipidity*. In affixing this stain generally to the Poem of "*Napoleon*" we portrayed, without prejudice or partiality, the impression we had received from its perusal. That there were some beauties, both in that and the accompanying poems, we readily admitted; but in estimating the character of the whole volume, we were necessarily obliged to regard principally its prevailing quality. That the silly school of poetry, the features of which we rapidly delineated, does exist, cannot be denied, however Mr. Barton may doubt it. We are also inclined to place Mr. Wordsworth at its head* and believing all this, it was natural for us to rank the often-told truisms, the prosaic diction, and the minute sentimentality found in "*Napoleon*" as belonging to this school. Perhaps however we were

* Mr. W. has written a sophistical preface in defence of it.

wrong in suspecting, that Mr. Barton was altogether conscious of debasing his talents to serve the purposes of such a contemptible tribe. The affected sensibility of this school, its tone of indiscriminating benevolence, and let us add, its ingenuity in the transmutation of base materials into the appearance of precious attributes, all are not a little calculated to seduce into its ranks many a heart of the most excellent mould, and many a judgment, which, though accurate, is yet unsuspecting; happy shall we be, if by the slight castigation we have inflicted, we shall have been the means of rescuing from its enervating influence, a man whom we consider as a genius of no common order.

But surely no part of our criticism could have led Bernard Barton or any candid reader to imagine, that we would include among the poets of the minute school, such writers as Bloomfield; and yet we have the following paragraph in the letter he has sent to us. "I confess I was the more surprised at the sweeping condemnation pronounced on those poets, who see anything beautiful in the humble objects so lavishly scattered around us, and at the coolness of its ironical satire on the school, of which I am pronounced the Apostle; standing, as it did, in a number of the SPECULUM, the leading article of which praises so highly, and in my opinion justly, our Suffolk poet, Bloomfield. I still think there is not sufficient keeping between the two; and that my acute critic's theory, if pushed to consequences, might touch my friend Robert's copyhold."

If Bernard Barton refers to the article in question,* he will find the distinction drawn between the votaries of the minute school and the poetry of Bloomfield. It is there stated, that good sense is the predominant feeling that runs through all his productions;—that "neither the taste nor the judgment is offended," and that "he writes with a *natural* and *dignified* simplicity, without affectation or *meanness*." Is not all this completely at variance with such a classification as he would insinuate? and ought not the credit of having made it, to attach rather to him than to ourselves. If it were a necessary consequence, that because we disapproved of Bernard Barton's poetry, the same condemnation must apply to Bloomfield, we might with equal justice include in the same sweeping clause every writer who has celebrated the praises of nature or the beauty of rural felicity. But it is not with such writers that we have any possible quarrel, neither do we think poetical talent

* Literary Speculum, Vol. 2, p. 44

exclusively confined to the higher efforts of the imagination ; it is when an author stoops to dignify that which is in itself petty and inconsequential ; when he would raise to importance the commonplace feelings and dull monotony of the million ; and when he endeavours to awaken artificial sensations of interest for objects, which are intrinsically mean and contemptible, that we feel it our duty to expose the fallaciousness of such pretensions, and to lend at least one solitary effort for the destruction of a fabric, erected at the expense of taste, genius and good sense. That Bernard Barton has powers that might disdain a recourse to such expedients for popularity, we have already admitted ; it is the abuse of such powers, that we are disposed to reprehend in perhaps severer terms than we should think it worth while to employ, on minds less highly gifted, and as a proof that we consider him a subject whom every lover of genius would wish to restore to its perhaps natural element, we subjoin the following poem ; adding, that he who could write such verses is inexcusable, if he suffer his ear for a moment to be imposed upon by forced inflection, or his taste to be vitiated by frequent examples of mawkish sensibility. Let him avoid evil communication, for it corrupts good manners.

" To a Friend on his Departure for Rome.

' Yes, go ! and on those ruins gaze,
Whose silent eloquent appeal
To meditation's eye displays
What spirits thou'd like thine can feel.

Go ! stand by Tiber's yellow stream,
'Mid crumbling columns, domes, and towers:
Behold past glory's ling'ring gleam,
And find a still exhaustless theme
For thought's sublimest powers.

' Ascend the lofty Palatine !
Gaze from its piny summits round :
And oh ! what feelings will be thine
When treading that immortal ground :
Each sculptur'd vase, each speaking bust,
Shrine, temple, palace, tomb, and fane,
Will plead to thee their earliest trust ;
To genius, greatness, goodness just,
Nor will they plead in vain.

' For thou hast held communion long
With minds that stamp'd the Augustan age:
With MARO's but once rivall'd song ;
And, matchless still, the SABINE PAGE:

And thou o'er many a name hast por'd,
 That faithful time has ne'er forgot;
 As men admir'd, as gods ador'd;
 And in thy inmost heart deplor'd
 The " ETERNAL CITY's" lot.

Oh! I could envy thee the gush
 Of feeling, and of thought sublime,
 'When thou, beneath morn's orient blush,
 Or stillest hour of eve, shalt climb
 O'er envied ruins once august,
 And now in splendid fragments hurl'd:
 Their haunts, who, sepulchred in dust,
 Unknown, except by urn or bust,
 Once sway'd a subject world.

" And this"—(Oh friend! I hear thee say,
 As gazing round with proud delight,
 Where reliques glorious in decay
 Shall burst on thy enraptur'd sight)—
 ' And this was ROME! and where I tread,
 The great, the wise have trod of yore:
 Whose names through every clime are spread;
 Whose minds the world itself have fed
 From their exhaustless store.

" Whose deeds are told by hist'ry's pen,
 Whose works in sculpture, colour, song,
 Still rise magnificent, as when
 Here liv'd and mov'd the exalted throng
 Of painters, sculptors, bards, whose fame
 With time successfully has striven:
 Till he, who would their worth proclaim,
 Shall find the beam that gilds his name
 Is from their glory given."

'I feel,—I own thy language just:
 And yet a Briton, standing there,
 If mindful of the sacred trust
 Committed now to ALBION's care,
 E'en while he granted—gave to ROME
 All Rome's just glory could demand;
 With feelings worthy of his home,
 Encircled by free Ocean's foam,
 Must love his native land!

' When Art arrays her magic strife
 In hues from young Aurora thrown:
 In wakening forth to all but life
 Each breathless form of Parian stone.
 And e'en in song, whose source and aim
 Demanded but an earthly lyre,
 Unfed by heaven's ethereal flame;
 I grant to Rome all Rome can claim,
 Or genius can admire.

'Yet I, in British freedom, say,
 That Albion even now has won
 A fame less subject to decay,
 Than grac'd proud Rome's meridian sun :
 And, IN THAT FREEDOM, she contains
 Of soul, sublimer loftier powers,
 Than e'er enrich'd the Latian plains,
 When monarchs clash'd their captive chains
 Beneath her conquering towers.
 'And, were I what thou art, I should,
 E'en on the Palatine's proud height,
 Or stretch'd by Tiber's golden flood,
 Or where Soracte gleams in sight,
 Still turn from Rome's majestic ground,
 To Benhall's sweet sequester'd dome,
 Hersylvan glades with beauty crown'd;
 And own, that there my heart had found
 Its fondly cherish'd home.'

"THE WIERD WANDERER OF JUTLAND," a Tragedy. "JULIA
 MONTALBAN," a Tale. *By the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert.*

WE have here a ryghte dolefull tragedy,—an *improvement*, as the writer is kind enough to inform us, of a Danish play by Ingemann, in which he observed "sundry most glaring defects," and by removing which he had no doubt the plot "would furnish a fine tragical subject." Those who, caring little for common sense, are contented to follow an author through the wild wanderings of an unreined imagination, and who can pass over glaring improbabilities, worn-out ideas, and inveterate dullness, as matters of no moment, will be mightily delighted with the honorable and reverend gentleman's musings.

The First Act opens with a carousal in the hall of Sweno, a Jutland Earl, it being the twentieth anniversary of his wedding-day. The company consists of his noble self, his wife Bertha, his daughter Agnes, and two young gentlemen, Reynald and Ubald, rivals, it seems, for the fair lady's hand. The former is a redoubted hero from Palestine, who discourses wonderfully of his own prowess; the latter is a nobody-knows-who,—a sort of Tom Jones,

The lady Bertha found him, a weak infant,
 Cradled midst roses and all summer sweets,
 In that fair chamber, now young Agnes' bower,
 Fast by the blooming garden.

Without troubling their heads about whose brat he was, the lord and lady very good-naturedly make up their minds to adopt him; and as, like all other mysterious children, he proves to be a wonderfully clever fellow, they strain the point of generosity so far as to promise he shall marry their daughter, provided he has the good fortune to prove victorious at the tournament. But as it would be rather outré for the daughter of an earl to wed a man who might prove to be the son of a ploughman, the said earl declares as follows :

“ Loud proclamation shall our heralds make
To all who dare impugn thy long-lost birth-right;
And if none answer to that bold appeal,
Valiant we know thee, and shall hold thee noble.”

A very sagacious mode of coming at the truth. To return, however, to the banquet. Master Reynald is of course not on the very best terms with his rival. A deal of foul language passes between the two, and but for the interference of Sweno, they would have felt little hesitation at cutting one another's throats. This ungentlemanly kind of behaviour is however very luckily put an end to by their worthy host proposing a song, and Miss Agnes with a great deal of condescension (for she does not wait for twice asking) amuses them with a dainty ditty about turfs and winding sheets, curses, angels, scrolls of fire and spirits of vengeance. Sweno very appropriately terms it a “ fiend's song.” It reminds him of some of his past naughty deeds,—and a terrible peal of thunder with a direful flash of lightning and a shower of rain, making their appearance at this eventful moment, he begins to feel qualmish, and, à-la-Macbeth, very unceremoniously dismisses his guests.

The next scene introduces the Wierd Wanderer, a lady without a name, who, if she had been caught in England, would have been sent to Bridewell. She goes vagabondizing about the estate of Sweno, “ without any visible means of subsistence,” and is kind enough to tell us in a soliloquy, that she owes the said Sweno a grudge, which she moreover gives a dark hint or two of paying off in due season. Then we have a love scene between Ubald and Agnes. He is a very ardent admirer, and woos her in good set terms :

Oh, Agnes ! All my thoughts are full of joy,
And the hot blood so tingles in my veins,
Methinks I could outstrip his lazy course,
Unto his Orient palaces, and drag
Star-throned dominion from her seat in heaven !

Here's a desperate fellow for you ! Shakespeare's Hotspur, who talks of "plucking bright honour from the pale-faced moon," is a mere milksop to him. And withal the sentiments are very pretty, and much becoming an "honourable and reverend" author.

But come we to the tournament. The favoured lover, Ubald, vanquishes all his opponents, and of course makes sure of the hand of his sweetheart. But no such thing. The Wierd Wanderer pops in and spoils all. She tells a long story to prove that Ubald is her son, which Sweno, maugre his inclination to the contrary, is compelled to believe; and as she very candidly acknowledges that "the demon of the tempest" is her "comforter;" that

The very dogs

Howl after her, as if the mouldering grave

Had cast her from its foul abhorred womb,

Polluting with her breath the face of heaven,

It is set down for granted, that she is little better than "a goblin damned;" consequently, Master Ubald cannot marry Miss Agnes. He of course is in high dudgeon; and while he is raving about his unlucky stars, and telling us, that "life's a mockery," with a heap of other sagacious truisms, which he has just discovered, the Wanderer enters unperceived. She is very anxious to be acknowledged for his mother; but he uses very uncivil terms, calls her "Satan's mate," and behaves altogether very undutifully. Like most hot-headed folks, however, he cools directly the fit is over, and very naturally asks to know his father. The lady will not tell him the secret till he "swears to slay the man who made him fatherless;" accordingly, like a good child, he promises to do as his mother bids him; and then she kindly informs him that it is Sweno. This of course shocks his nerves terribly. He plainly tells his mamma that she is fibbing (which is the fact) and plumply refuses to fulfil his oath. She then essays his weak side, tells him his rival will marry his mistress on the morrow, but that she has power to prevent it, and giving him a key, which will

"Yield him entrance to young Agnes' bower

When earth is wrapt in gloom,"

describes a ruined chapel, where they may be secretly married, and where a priest will be in readiness to tie the knot. This binds the bargain, and he exits. But reflecting that fair means ought to be tried first, he goes to Sweno, and claims his promised bride. He refuses; they quarrel and come to blows, and Ubald eventually

gets turned out of doors. No other resource is therefore left him but to avail himself of the Wanderer's gift. Accordingly he sets off for Agnes' bower, applies the key and gains admission. We are next introduced to a *tete-a-tete* between the two lovers, and at last by wheedling, bullying, and swearing, he persuades the lady to what she was all along inclined to,—viz. an elopement.

Meantime, the Wanderer, who appears monstrously fond of mischief, packs off to Sweno, and bawls in his ear, *while he is asleep*, that his daughter had decamped. Up he starts, and sets off in pursuit of the fugitive. He reaches the chapel, but the deed is done. He falls to fighting with Ubald, who out of filial regard to his father-in-law, merely parries his blows.

Ubald waxeth warm. And now the plot thickens. Agnes, in attempting to part them, receives Sweno's sword in her breast, and "at the same time, Ubald's sword strikes down Sweno." The Wierd Wanderer, having now reached the climax of her revenge, shrieks out that Ubald is the son of Sweno, and that Agnes, whom he had married, was his sister. Owing to the cunning skill of the author, who was "anxious to conceal from the reader the secret upon which the plot hinges 'till the last act," we do not discover, before, the motives which actuate this revengeful lady. It appears then that she had formerly been seduced by Sweno, that her mother died broken-hearted in consequence of her disgrace, and that to revenge her own wrongs and her mother's death, she adopted this course, that by the unhallowed union of the children of one father, she might ensure their misery and the misery of their parent. Of course she quite forgets that this plan would embrace her own. Having uttered her parting execration, in which she tells Agnes to "despair and perish,"—"she throws herself from a rock into the torrent beneath." Agnes and Sweno die. Ubald is at first very desperately inclined to lay violent hands on himself; but he thinks better on't, and makes up his mind to a "bare-stone couch" and a "hair shirt," as an expiation for an offence which he involuntarily committed.

Thus ends "this strange, eventful history;" a tissue of absurdity and horror, only to be equalled by the diseased imaginings of the German dramatist, and in our opinion wholly undeserving the title of an English tragedy.

"Julia Montalban" is a tale of the same sombre hue; but nervously written, and possessing much poetical beauty. Had it stood alone, the severity of our judgment would have been spared.

Fine Arts.

Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

THIS Society has closed rather earlier than we expected, and we think rather earlier than usual. Perhaps it has not been encouraged to that extent it had a right to expect; we say right, for as excellence, moral or intellectual, diffuses a beneficial influence over society, it has, in its turn, a claim to support from the community, which has been benefited by its kindly operations. If however the exhibitors have not met with that patronage they calculated upon, they must derive a consolation from the consciousness of having deserved it. The Exhibition just closed was of a very pleasing and highly respectable character; speaking in a general way, what was done, was done in a masterly manner; at the same time, we are obliged to admit that there wanted a diversity in the subjects. It was on every side, cathedral and market place, castle and cottage, mountain and valley, the raging cataract and torpid lake: variety depending almost solely on the artists' particular view of, or peculiar taste for, the picturesque. We know it is delightful to contemplate nature in her white and wintry mantle, in her spring attire of tender green, in her golden garments of summer, or the rich glowing varied robe of autumn. We know it is delightful for the eye to range over interminable plains, to dance upon the revelling waters, to dart up the huge mountains side, till vision is lost in trackless, boundless fields of ether; we know it, for we have felt it, and we also know, that representations of such appearances and such objects impart a charm to the mind, captivating in proportion to their truth and excellence. But to confine the pencil to these subjects only, were to limit its powers by circumscribing its sphere of legitimate operation. The vast, the varied, and the difficult phenomena of animated nature would be unexplored and undisplayed, which, properly observed, present innumerable sources of refinement, instruction, gratification and delight. We are led into these remarks by the hope they may induce Richter and others, whose works have charmed and honoured the generation in which they lived, to resume their labours and enrich the next exhibition.

The one just closed, comprised 174 beautiful subjects in water colours, a number sufficiently great for one day's inspection. The production of G. F. Robson, Fielding, Prout, Barrett, W. Turner

and Varley, are pre-eminent, two or three of which we feel bound to notice.

The "Pont Aberglasbyn," by the first gentleman, is one of the most imposing water-colour drawings we ever saw : the size, the scenery, and the execution, seem to conspire to affect us. A small bridge is thrown across a strong stream that flows in the heart of an amphitheatre of mountains, whose tops are cap with clouds. The grand contour of these rugged warts on nature's face, the tender, and at times indistinct outline, the breadth and blandness of the colouring, the judicious mixture of warm and cool tints, the latter properly prevailing ; altogether form a combination of excellence, as rare as it is delightful, and as delightful as it is true to nature. Were we disposed to find any fault, it would be with the figures, or rather figure, for there is only one sufficiently near to entitle us to criticize ; the man making his way for the bridge is badly drawn. Landscape painters, not excepting the divine Clande, have thought these objects of too little value to pay much attention to them. We are not fond of musty proverbs ; but we cannot refrain from quoting one, and that is " whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This Artist has 18 or 19 pictures altogether, and his peculiar style and excellence are evident in every one, but more particularly in his representations of Worcester and Norwich. Mr. Copley Fielding's industry has only been equalled by his success, for he displays nearly forty subjects. In his picture of " Vessels on the sands near Folkstone," there is much truth, particularly in the slimy quality of the strand, the easy bellying of the cable, and the relief of the whole ; the stillness and glow that he has diffused over Chepstow, impart similar feelings to our hearts ; we thought however that in one or two of his subjects, the indigo predominated too much.

Prout has been visiting the Rhine, and has brought away a faithful transcript of many a scene. He appears to work with great freedom, his style is bold and spirited, and the effect at a short distance very powerful. We do not recollect ever to have seen a better piece of palpable painting than his scene in Strasbourg ; it is laid in the market-place, the figures are innumerable : and all upon the *qui vive*. The manner in which the well is relieved, and also the diligence which is loading to depart, give it much reality ; his Indianman ashore is a fine specimen of awful gloom, terror, and confusion.

G. Barret has been extremely successful in his picture of Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, the seat of G. Vansittart, Esq. The glowing

sun sinking below the western horizon, tinging the heavens and the earth with gold,—burnished gold, reminds one strongly of some of the scenes of Claude.

W. Turner's scene near St. Ann's Well, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, is an elaborate performance. The group of equestrians upon the summit of the hill is executed as well as it is conceived; the relief in which they stand throws an air of reality around, and the grass and fern unite minuteness and effectiveness.

We were much pleased with two or three small paintings of fruit and flowers by Miss Byrne; her touch is extremely finished and effective. We do not hesitate to prefer this, to any similar production in the Exhibition at Somerset House; in short the whole exhibition was of a character that led us to believe that the members had placed the bright star of perfection before their eye, and were travelling towards it, heedless of the obstructions that beset their track, the greatest of which is the lack of appreciation on the part of the public, and which would be fatal to the arts, were there not found in the practice of them a counteracting principle which will ever insure their existence,—we mean the pleasure of the pursuit; for art like virtue is its own reward: so much so, that if there were not a single patron to be found, there would still be practitioners; but it would be unreasonable to expect their productions could be as vigorous as when the ethereal flame that burns within them is fed by the oil of profit, and perfumed by the odour of renown.

The Freebooter.

A SKETCH.

[Continued from p. 72.]

"Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

THE TEMPEST.

In the meantime, poor Cicely returned gradually to sensation, and looking wildly around her, said incoherently "keep me upon deck, this cabin is too close."

"Upon deck, Cicely?"

"Yes, I must live and die upon the waters; let me sometimes breathe the fresh air. They say drowning's an easy death, and my poor father never groaned once.—Why should he? Gold and all

went down, and he loved gold better than me—he'll sleep on the great chest, and a thousand fathoms of line can't bring him up again! Aye, you say true; Foster will never drown, but there's a heaven above, and"—she added with an hysterical laugh, "a hangman at Morpeth—so let's hope for the best, Sirs—

"I was young and lusty,
I was fair and clear,
I was young and lusty
Many a long year!"

"Oh! I'm stifled—help me upon deck!"

"You are not at sea now, Cicely," said the stranger in a softened tone.

"I'm glad of it, and I'm glad too that you are here, for when the boat put off from the cavern's mouth, my poor brain turned, and as they rowed on, I think a string broke from my heart with every dash of their oars!" She looked mournfully in his face, and then renewed the old Northumbrian ditty, of which the above is a verse:

"Sair failed Hiney
Sair failed noo,
Sair failed Hiney
Sin' I kenn'd thoo.

The stranger bent over her, with an expression of agony in his countenance, which mere sympathy alone could never have traced: it was the work of a thousand mournful recollections rushing at once upon a wounded spirit, and reviving with all its painful distinctness, the image of a long suppresses, but unsubdued sorrow. He raised her hand to his lips, and I saw that they were bloodless and quivering. The revellers, whose conviviality we had disturbed, were now perfectly silent, and, apparently, disposed to imitate the example of their entertainer, who, dropping his huge head upon the table, had composed himself to sleep. One, however, a youth of about twenty, whose features indicated some portion of kindlier feeling, and who had certainly been more temperate than his fellows, took up a shawl which had dropped from the maniac on our entrance, drew towards us, and stood as if waiting for an opportunity to replace it.

"Do you know this poor girl?" said I, drawing him a few paces aside, and speaking in a low tone.

"'Tis Cicy of Howick," replied the tar, "and a canny lass she was when Gillie Foster had her in tow; folks say he saved her from shipwreck, but I'll be d——d if Gillie would risk his own bones to save man, woman, or child. It's my belief he laid an

anchor out to windward of some sweetheart the lass liked better, and took her many a cruize, she'd as lief been dry-flogged at the gangway as gone upon."

"Is this then," I asked, with a slight glance at the stranger, "the person of whom you speak?"

"He! No, no, Sir; Gillie was a sailor, and a sharp fellow, I promise you; he took to privateering, and somewhere or other made prize of poor Cicy; she's heard the wind whistle through the blocks I'll warrant her, and would have been right glad to sheer off and scud on another tack, but Gillie held fast till he was tired of his bargain, and then set her ashore here by Dunstanboro."

"The villain, then, seduced and deserted her!"

"Aye, aye, Sir, that's all I know of Cicy,—her wits have been adrift ever since, and they'll never make up lee-way now. As for Gilbert, he went upon the smuggling tack at last, and got his upper works bulged in by a shot from an excise cutter; it saved the hangman a job."

"And avenged the wrongs of poor Cicely!" thought I, turning from my informist.

Just as our colloquy concluded, the subject of it arose, and taking the shawl from the sailor, (after dropping him a low curtsey) threw it over her arm with an air of coquetishness. "Come, Sirs," she said, as if resuming her former course of thought, "now for Rumble Churn," and immediately left the cottage.

I shall carry this introductory sketch no further than merely to inform the reader, that having conducted our unhappy charge to a residence in Howick, the stranger and I parted under a mutual promise to meet again at a certain hour on the following morning. We were punctual to our appointment, and as a clue to the mystery of his connection with the maniac, he placed in my hands a written narrative, of which the following is a literal transcription, and informed me that he was travelling northward, but intended to visit London in the winter, when I might restore the documents to his possession; that he had resolved on measures to be adopted for the future protection of Cicely, and when we again met, would develope whatever particulars of her fate might subsequently transpire.

We parted with mutual cordiality, but never encountered more, and I now give to the public the narrative he has abandoned; merely observing, that the manuscript appears to be the duplicate of a letter addressed to one with whom the writer was on terms of peculiar friendship.

(To be Continued.)





R. Cooper, Sc.

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On the Poetry of Coleridge.

COLD must be the temperature of that man's mind, who can rise from the perusal of the poems of Coleridge, without feeling that intense interest, and those vivid emotions of delight, which are ever excited by the wondrous operations of the magic wand of genius. To those whom constitution and cultivation have initiated into the sacred mysteries of song,—whose mental optics have often been enraptured with the delights of extatic vision,—and whose ear is tremulous to the touch of those harmonious undulations which Fancy pours from her soul-subduing shell; to such, the genius of Coleridge, even in its wildest aberrations, can never be listened to with indifference. Warm admirers of his powers, we have often, however, painfully regretted the irregularity of their application. We regret that he, who is so capable of raising a chastely beautiful Grecian temple, should endeavour, seemingly for the sake of being the founder of a new order of poetic architecture, to erect a grotesque pagoda, where good taste may be sacrificed on the shrine of novelty. We regret this, because we are convinced that many of his admirers, mistaking the cause of his powerful influence on their minds, seize upon the grosser and reprehensible parts, as objects of their applause and imitation; and indeed it requires no little exercise of reflection and nice discrimination to convince them, that it may not be that very unsubdued irregularity of thought, and the illegitimacy of expression connected with it, which form the spell of that enchantment which binds us within the verge of its circle, benumbing the faculty of reason by delivering us up to the empire of feeling; and while we listen to the charm, depriving us of the power of perceiving the incongruity of its parts. We must confess it is only when the strain has ceased, that we feel ourselves best qualified to perceive its want of conformity to the laws of well regulated harmony. It is when we are freed from the immediate influence of its celestial inspiration, that we can observe and lament its accompanying terraqueous grossness: we must add, that in proportion as we admire and honour the genius of Mr. Cole-

ridge, so we lament that while possessed of strength sufficient to march forward with dignity in the path of legitimate excellence, unassisted and triumphant, he should thus wilfully stray aside to its more rugged borders, merely, it should seem, to form a track of his own; that he who could attune the muse's lyre with heavenly concord, should descend to the trickery of *pantomime* poetry, if such a term can be made use of to express our ideas of any verbal description; a term, the fitness of which we shall refer to the judgment of the reader of the following lines:

And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock ;

Tu——whit !——tu——whoo !

And hark, again ! the crowing cock,

How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,

Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;

From her kennel beneath the rock

She makes answer to the clock,

Four for the quarters and twelve for the hour,

Ever and ye, moonshine or shower

Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;

Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?

The night is chilly, but not dark.

From cliff and tower, tu——whoo ! tu——whoo !

Tu——whoo ! tu——whoo ! from wood and fell !

Five warriors seiz'd me, yestermorn,

Me, even me, a maid forlorn.

Christabel

Took the key that fitted well ;

A little door she opened straight,

All in the middle of the gate.

We have so much to talk about,

So many sad things *to let out*,

So many tears in our eye corners

Sitting like little Jacky Horners :

In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain, do go away.

That he sings; and he sings, and for ever sings he,—
“ I love my love, and my love loves me.”

Revolted as this is to our pre-conceived notions of excellence, could it be proved that the pleasure we have felt and the improvement we have received from the poetry of Mr. Coleridge arose in any degree from what we consider the inordinate peculiarities of his manner, we should not fastidiously reject the emotions arising from recalled ideas of delight, because of the vehicle by which they were conveyed to us. We do not avert our eyes from the animated picture, because of the coarseness of the canvass. It is so often our lot to meet with dulness and insipidity, that while we thirst for a refreshing draught from the springs of genius, we may say to each other, with Horace :

“ Num, tibi cum fauces urit sitis, aurea quæris
Pocula ?”

We are far, very far, also from wishing to bind for ever any operation of the soul, and least of all heaven-born poesy in the trammels which art has thought it expedient to coil around her. But while we are desirous that the space assigned for the flight of fancy be interminable, we only rejoice when she directs her course in the track of the sunbeams. We are also so far from being fastidiously enemies to novelty, that where it carries the recommendation of utility in the refinement of our feelings, or the cultivation of our judgment, we are always eager to be among the first to hail the aurora of its approach. We remember reading of a prince who offered a premium for the invention of a new pleasure; in like manner we should feel ourselves greatly indebted to the man who could charm us with a new species of poetry, and we should be little disposed to depreciate the source of that fountain from which we had quaffed so grateful a beverage. Our pleasure, however, would be greatly alloyed by the fear which would naturally arise in our minds on reflecting that when once an enterprising genius, confident of his own strength, ventures to pass the boundaries of human cultivation and launch out into the untrodden wilderness, he may draw many to follow his footsteps who cannot boast of possessing either his vigour or his resources. This is the more to be feared, as the present is an age, in which, as all are readers, many are natu-

rally prompted to become writers. The literary arena is like a theatre, where the spectators have been so agitated by the cunning of the scene, that many of them have been irresistibly impelled to become partakers of the action.

We have thus far given way to the supposition that the genius of Coleridge has discovered, and is triumphantly moving in a radiant atmosphere of its own ; but we strongly suspect this is not the case. We suspect that it is only when he moves in a less eccentric orbit that his corruscations illuminate any but himself, and that all which really interests the feelings will be found likewise to satisfy the judgment. We suspect that all else rather tends to destroy the effect it is meant to produce, and that like the builders of Babel, he is, by the introduction of strange and uncouth terms, only preventing the completion of that edifice which it has been the dearest wish of his heart to erect. This is a position, which if we could once establish, we should perhaps be the humble instruments of rescuing a genius whom we admire from the temptation of winging his flight amidst a chaos of disjointed elements, or vainly endeavouring to strengthen the boldness of his descriptions by verbal trickery. Such talents as those of Mr. Coleridge can never need to seek for notoriety in the paths of singularity. He who can speak well has no occasion to make use of violent and distorted gesticulation.

We grant that the new adaptation of terms, which may convey a strong idea of any object or essence, distinctly marks the existence of real genius. When Shakespeare mentions poetic inspiration as giving to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," who does not perceive the fitness of the term *airy* to bring to the mind all the idea of a being too attenuated to present a perceptible outline even to the imagination? Yet air is a palpable substance, and cannot, philosophically speaking, be reckoned an attribute of *nothing* ; but here poetry speaks to the fancy as it appeals to and is in unison with our first and natural perceptions, which consider air as nothing. "The angry cannon," "the murmuring stream," are all metaphors borrowed from our natural and untutored perception of things, and affect our imagination as they are in unison with our associations. The cannon however is not angry, nor does the stream really murmur ; yet no terms could better lead the imagination to the boisterous burst of the one, or the humming noise of the other. As we said before, to discover new, or skilfully adapt old terms, which may recal strongly the ideas of objects or their attributes to the imagination, is

the work of genius, and the true mark and criterion to judge of its presence. But to endeavour to heighten description by the ventriloquy, if we may so call it, of physical imitation, as in the lines we have quoted; to try to awaken our feelings by the force of verbal reiteration, as if a passage to our minds could be obtained by overcharging our ears, and that often when the idea itself, naturally and simply expressed, would have placed the picture in a much more advantageous light, can only shew the taste and the judgment led astray by an ardent quixotic desire of novelty. How much more unmixed pleasure it would have afforded to have marked all the circumstances connected with the poetical ideas we have quoted, by appropriate metaphorical terms, which the more regular materials of poetry, culled from heaven, earth, and ocean can supply.

We are far from inferring that the muse of Mr. Coleridge can only appear lovely when she is arrayed in that garb and in those colours which are generally worn. We are of opinion that there is no one who is better qualified to seek for laurels in the fair field of originality. We, however, assert, that within the boundaries we should prescribe for her excursions, there are many beauties yet undiscovered, many a delightful isle yet untrodden, and many a blooming flower, which, though it lays in the regular path, would surprise as much by its novelty as charm by its beauty. We are thankful we have no occasion yet to invest poetry with a new form; she has not exhausted all those bewitching attitudes in which may be placed all that we have so long and so ardently admired. As a proof that Mr. Coleridge can delight the imagination while he satisfies the judgment;—that he can bring to the mind's eye all the treasures of his rich and elegant fancy, without having recourse to the trifling earnestness of reiteration, or the ludicrous imitation of sounds foreign to the human organ, we subjoin the following beautifully wrought effusions:

They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Christabel.

We should add also the beautiful "Conclusion to part the second" of the above Poem, did we not imagine that many of our readers have had the pleasure of perusing it so often as to have it ever mingled with their most delightful poetical recollections.

Very few passages in ancient or modern poetry, are equal to the following :

Hence! thou lingerer, Light!
 Eve saddens into night.
 Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
 The sombre hours, that round thee stand
 With downcast eyes (a duteous band!)
 Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
 Sorceress of the ebon throne!
 Thy power the PIXIES own,
 When round thy raven brow
 Heaven's lucent roses glow,
 And clouds, in wat'ry colours drest,
 Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest;
 What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
 For mid the quivering light 'tis our's to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

Does not the following bring to the mind's eye many a spot of bliss in lovely England?

Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose,
 Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
 Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
 Thick jasmins twin'd: the little landscape round
 Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
 It was a spot, which you might aptly call
 The Valley of Seclusion.

The following panoramic view is in the most beautiful style of poetic painting:

O what a goodly scene! *Here* the bleak mount,
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;

Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields ;
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks ;
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire :
 The channel *there*, the Islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
 It seem'd like omnipresence ! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple : the whole world
 Seem'd *imag'd* in its vast circumference.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to give insertion to the full tide of ideas, which flow upon us, at the recollection of that wildly beautiful, we had almost said superhuman piece of poetic painting, the "Ancient Mariner;" this and the drama of "Remorse" well deserve becoming the subject of a separate essay. The passages in Mr. Coleridge's other poems, which we have now quoted, may not perhaps be the best he has written, but they occur to our memory, as being sufficient to convince us, that his song breathes the air of heaven, and to cause us to admire him as the elegant poet of truth, of nature, and of virtue.

R.

Rural Recollections

OF CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY, GENTLEMAN.

I AM first cousin to that Caleb Cockney, who detailed in the first volume of the SPECULUM* the particulars of his Voyage to Gravesend. Though so nearly related, nothing could be more opposite than our tastes and pursuits. He was always longing to visit outlandish parts; I was for stopping at home. He was ever flourishing about flying islands, diamond vallies, and gold coasts; I was contented with terra firma on old English ground: and while his excursive imagination was wandering into the regions discovered by the enterprising spirit of Gulliver, Munchausen and Sindbad, the utmost daring of my ambition was confined to a snug country box, a little farm, and anacre or two of corn-fields.

* See Literary Speculum, Vol. I. p. 420.

Though born within the sound of Bow-bells, I was always partial to a rural life. My ardent fancy was ever roaming amid the innocent scenes of pastoral felicity. The lowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the cackling of hens, and the skipping of lambs, were images of rustic happiness, which never failed to excite in my mind the tenderest emotions. How often have I gazed with admiration on those faithful representations of rural manners and scenery, displayed in such lively colours at that celebrated emporium of the fine arts, Bowles and Carver's print shop in St. Paul's Church Yard! How often have I lingered at the enchanting spot, devouring with eager eyes those magic wonders of the pencil! I really believe my first rural impressions were excited by the powerful interest awakened in my bosom at contemplating a fine picture of a farm-yard which glared upon the eye in all the colours of the rainbow. The red cows, the blue pigs, the black horses, and the thriving appearance of the whole farm, (for its living appendages were so numerous, they had scarcely room to stand,) all contributed to inspire me with those rural predilections, which I have ever since retained. To Bowles and Carver, indeed, I am indebted for the taste I possess for the fine arts; and even now I never pass their shop without whiling away an hour in revelling amongst its pictorial beauties. Poets of all descriptions have agreed in celebrating the delight we feel on the revival of early impressions. The stump of a tree, an old mile-stone, or a broken-down gate, are consecrated in the memory, and hailed with a rapture unknown to the unimaginative mind. For my own part, I will confess, that I do not derive from any of my juvenile associations half so lively an interest, as I feel at the sight of this celebrated print-shop. There it stands, I say to myself, the time-honoured memorial of infantine felicity,—just the same as when it first attracted my glowing fancy, when I was too young to appreciate its value with aught but a stare of delighted astonishment. Even now, when I can reason on its merits *con amore*,—when I have acquired a *gusto* for the arts,—my pleasure is scarcely diminished. I have learnt to be more critical, but I have not forgotten to be just; and, indeed, such is the fondness with which I cling to these precious mementos of my green days, that I cannot patiently listen to any one who would decry them. Nor can I admit that my partiality is to be altogether attributed to this cause. I am prepared to combat my opponents with the weapons of taste, and I flatter myself that the time I have devoted,

as an amateur, to the study of the arts, has not been entirely misapplied. I am tempted to digress a little to prove that these beautiful pictures are not deficient either in keeping, colouring, perspective, or effect, and if I do this, nothing more can be wanting to establish their triumphant excellence. As to the first, I am aware some punning wag will be prepared to allow it, by observing that the best proof of their being *in keeping* is the long time they have remained in the hands of their present proprietors. Let him joke as he may; if he have the eye of an artist, he cannot fail to discern, that in this particular at least there can be no controversy. Then for the colouring, nothing can surpass it in brilliancy. The dazzling lustre of red, blue, and yellow,—the grateful hues of cheerful green and sober brown, the purity of white, and the gravity of black, all lavished too with admirable prodigality on a single picture, will convince the most sceptical, that there can be no deficiency in this respect.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there!
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
Green, red, and pearly white.

WORDSWORTH.

A single glance at one of the many architectural subjects with which the windows of Messieurs Bowles and Carver are decorated, will also be sufficient to establish the excellence of the perspective. I have a strong recollection of a fine view of Hampton Court and Gardens, where the vista of the long walk which leads up to the palace appears at least ten miles in length. What but the most admirable skill could have produced so exquisite a visual deception? An ordinary artist would have been contented with drawing it as it really was. It is genius alone, that, spurning the cold limitations of matter-of-fact, interests the imagination and delights while it deceives. With respect to the effect, a very few words will settle all doubts upon this head. Let any one walk up St. Paul's church-yard, and such are the force and vigour of those admirable pictures, that he can become master of the subject and merit of the smallest at two hundred yards distance. What stronger proof is wanting?

My taste was not confined to the arts. I had a keen relish for the belles lettres, and poetry was my idol. I wooed the Muses, and they deigned to smile upon my effusions. I had a complete pastoral library; and all the poets who have ever written on rural subjects were to be found on my shelves. I was a wholesale contributor to the magazines, and reigned supreme monarch of Cockney bard-

lings. All the Chloes, Daphnes, Phillises, Pastoras, and Amintas in town were celebrated by my pen, and they in turn eulogised me. I was the Damon, the Alexis, and the Corydon of half the love-sick spinsters in London. I was "enamoured of green trees," before I had seen one; and babbled of vernal gales, fragrant breezes, and wanton zephyrs, while inhaling the close atmosphere of a pent-up Manchester-warehouse in Milk Street. Yes, my hard fate had bound me to the cruel destiny of counting bales and measuring cottons; and often while my romantic thoughts were luxuriating among the verdant lawns and daisied meadows of an imaginary Arcadia,—while I was depicting to my fancy's eye some lovely shepherdess reclining by the side of a crystal fountain, listening to my amorous strains,—often has the unimaginative tyrant, to whom my ill stars and the chamberlain of London had tied me in a seven years' bond of durance, broken the delightful spell, by a rap on the knuckles with his measuring wand, and frightened me into the unwelcome realities of my monotonous existence, by bawling into my ears with the voice of a Stentor, "Chris, you lazy dog, are you asleep!"—

Days of my youth, I regret ye not! Years of my apprenticeship, I loved ye not!—Nor do I wish to recal those lazy-footed hours, winged with leaden pinions, that to my impatient fancy, seemed ever stationary and immoveable. But ye are past! and I breathe the pure air of freedom. Yet even then I enjoyed some snatches of delight. Faint gleams of happiness shone upon my benighted existence, and cheered me through my seven years' travail. Often have I stolen from my prison at early sunrise, to inhale the pure fragrance of Covent Garden Market; and when it came to be my "Sunday out," how delighted have I been to roam amid the rural delights of Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House, or Highbury Barn! while sometimes I varied the scene by tracing the serpentine meanderings of the New River, and deluding the finny tribe by virtue of a hazel twig, a line of packthread, a crooked blanket pin and a gentil. Those were indeed seasons of superlative enjoyment.

When I was emancipated from my apprenticeship, I began to look about me, with the proud consciousness that I was at length my own master, and I resolved to take my full swing of rural felicity. I have travelled over every spot that is dear to the romantic imagination of a Cockney of taste. Highgate and Hampstead, Pancras and Paddington, Kilburn-Wells and Kentish Town, Clapton and

Chelsea, Pentonville and Primrose-Hill:—in short, no rural spot did I leave unvisited. I reflected on the advice of a great author, whom I now forget, that no man need quit his native country in search of wonders; and I formed the heroic resolution of making a tour five miles round London. I purchased the Ambulator, the Book of Roads, and a world of maps and descriptions, and devoted every leisure day I could snatch from business to rural excursions. I have regaled on buns and ale at Chelsea, cracked walnuts and eaten roast pork at Croydon, and luxuriated on white bait at Blackwall. These, however, are mere animal gratifications. My chief delight was in contemplating the beauties of nature, and losing myself among woods and wilds, far from the haunts of men. How often have I threaded the mazes of Hornsey Wood, or sought repose from the busy hum of traffic in the sweet solitudes of Kensington Gardens, Primrose-Hill or Chalk Farm! and with what romantic enthusiasm have I been inspired, when holding communion with that interesting but erratic race of beings, the Norwood Gipsies! Ah! Mother Bridget! thou far-famed Sybil, how often have I listened to thy prophetic lore, with eyes glistening with delight at the bright prospect you revealed to me, that was hidden in the dark womb of futurity!—A pretty wife and lovely children,—health, wealth, and happiness; and above all, the dear object of all my hopes and wishes,—a snug country-box, where I might rusticate at my ease, unannoyed by the cares and the fatigues of business, and where I might listen in quiet repose to the cooing of doves, the cawing of rooks, the quacking of ducks, the hissing of geese, the grunting of pigs, and all the sweet sounds that blend their delicious harmony in a life of retirement.

To realize these delightful visions I laboured incessantly, but I never grew rich. Few imaginative people do. I managed however to scrape enough together to enable me to leave the smokey metropolis, and retire to Walworth, to a neat cottage, with about twelve yards of garden ground behind, and a fine view of a cow-field in front. I was a whole month in altering, improving, and decorating. Every thing about me was green,—the railings, the windows, the doors,—even the chimney-pots were painted green; the paper-hangings, the curtains, the coverings of the chairs and settees were of the same colour; I wore a green suit myself, and made my wife a present of a green gown. My busy neighbours nicknamed my cottage the Greenhouse, and myself the

Greenhorn. I found the garden little better than a wilderness, and I set to digging, manuring, planting and sowing, with an industry that proved I was not to be damped by trifles. To be a practical gardener was indeed the very acme of my wishes. Had I found the ground in a state of cultivation, I should have been disappointed; but as it was, there was a stimulus to my exertions, which I knew would amply repay me. What fruit (I asked myself) can taste so delicious, what flowers can smell so sweet, as those which my own hand has reared? I meditated putting in practice the whole horticultural art, and was resolved to plant and sow every thing that was ever known to grow in a garden. I had somewhere learnt that seed sown in the ground would in process of time become a plant, and I was convinced that nothing more was necessary than to follow this simple rule. I set to work accordingly, and having purchased every description of seed I could recollect having heard of, I left no spot of ground unemployed. The result would have been delightful, but not knowing that particular seeds should be sown at particular times, and that what might be very proper at one period was highly improper at another, my garden served me a complete trick of cross purposes. The greater part did not come up at all, being strangled in the birth, and what did was so choked with weeds and want of room as to be utterly useless. Before this unfortunate event occurred, and while my plants and flowers were yet in embryo, I was much delighted, while parading my garden one morning, at observing flowers of all colours springing up, quite different from what I had expected to appear. Some were yellow, some were blue, and others of a fine red colour. I gathered a few, but was not so delighted with the smell as I was with the sight. Their odour was in fact very fœtid. But what amazed me most was the quickness with which they had grown. I gathered a bouquet to agreeably surprise my spouse, and, in truth, she was highly delighted. She could not restrain the desire she felt to evince the superiority of our garden by showing our neighbours what much finer flowers than their's my skill had produced; and she popped into the next door, to exhibit the bounty of Flora with an expression of delight on her countenance I shall never forget. I was anxious to be a witness of her triumph, and I followed close behind; but judge our mutual dismay, when our ill-natured neighbours, with a sneer of ridicule, and an agonizing horse-laugh, plainly told us we were a couple of fools, and that

our nosegay was nothing but weeds! Shortly after this disaster, the horticultural hotch-potch, I have before described, took place, and I became the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood. I could not stir out, but I was halloed after by the boys, and saluted with the epithet of Gaffer Greenhorn. In short, I was exposed to the most humiliating indignities.

The expenses I had incurred in altering, improving, and fitting-up my house, and the sums I had lavished on my garden, made visible inroads on my purse. I had attempted to rear pigs and poultry, but my success was little better than in my gardening experiments. The pigs, for the most part, measled and died; the ducks pined away for want of water, though I had actually taken the trouble to sink a large washing-tub in one corner of my garden, and nearly all my fowls had the pip.

It was a vein, that never stopp'd:
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropp'd;
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
And I may say that many a time
I wished they all were gone;
They dwindled one by one away;
For me it was a woeful day!

WORDSWORTH.

Those, who were fortunate enough to survive these casualties, were of a very sickly description, and cost me about twenty times as much as I should have paid had I dealt with my neighbours. But this was not all. They subjected me to a thousand inconveniences. The ducks would come tramping into my nicely furnished parlour, leaving the impression of their dirty web-feet all over my new Brussels carpet; the pigs staved a fine barrel of ale, that I had placed in my kitchen, and rolled about as drunk as sows; and one unlucky day, two of my cocks fell to fighting, and in the scuffle got to the parlour, and mounting the sideboard, demolished me about ten pounds' worth of beautiful cut glass. Never shall I forget the agony of that luckless hour. The more I hunched the provoking bipeds, to induce them to quit the ticklish ground they had occupied, the more they chuckled and flapped about their wings, spreading devastation around, and thrilling my soul with horror and dismay. All these circumstances, added to the insults to which I was exposed, determined me to quit a place, which had promised me every happiness, but where it was my hard fate to meet with nothing but misfortunes. Yet I could not tear myself

away from this scene of perspective enjoyments without regret. To reflect that I was compelled to leave to the rude taste of some unenlightened clod, the sweet retreat that had been decorated by the hand of taste;—that the green leaves of hope were so soon to turn yellow!—these were indeed bitter feelings. But necessity has no law: I was compelled to quit, and once more vegetate in the pent-up purlieus of the city.

My rural taste, however, did not forsake me. I managed to scrape together enough knowledge out of Rider's Almanack and the Gardener's Calendar, to retrieve the errors I had fallen into should fate ever prove propitious enough to make me once more master of such a retreat. But this was a desideratum I have never been fortunate enough to obtain; and I am now obliged to content myself with a garden, thirty-six inches by six, or in other words, a long green painted box, which I have stuck on the ledge of my window, on the second story of a chandler's shop, and where I have been fortunate enough to meet a sympathising soul, an honest weaver, who occupies the attic, and who is smitten like myself with a passion for *rurality*. We have clubbed together our quotas of twine, and in due season exhibit a fine display of scarlet runners, which extend full five yards in length; reaching from my green box to the top of his casement. Besides this, we are stocked with a noble shew of stone-crop, which declines from his parapet half way down the front of the house, and exhibits a delightfully romantic appearance to passers-by. His situation gives him an advantage over me, for he has a glorious exhibition of house-leek; but I have made amends for my want of rural beauty outside, by a good stock of geraniums, southernwood, and myrtles within. We are on the best terms. A reciprocity of tastes has engendered a friendship, which has every appearance of lasting our lives. We pay mutual visits, and delight each other with discussions on pastoral subjects, and the pleasures of a country life. We read Wordsworth together, and are much charmed with his sweet simplicity; and we are inseparable companions in all excursions. But I fear we must give them over, for we are dreadfully fatigued before we can walk far enough to get a sight of the country. Alas! times are sadly changed, since those halcyon days when a short half hour's ramble would lead the lover of nature to the very heart of her green solitudes. London, with overweening rapacity, is gorging up the gay fields in its capacious maw, and spreading, like

a cancer, its *brachia* of bricks and mortar, in all directions, over the "green bosom" of our parent earth. It will soon be a day's journey to a corn field, and a smart five hours' walk to a tea-garden!

Sister Constance.

THE convent-bell, with solemn chime,
Proclaim'd the tranquil vesper time ;
The length'ning shadows of the sun
Shew'd that his course was nearly run ;
And sparkling bright, a dewy show'r
Descended on each herb and flow'r ;—
When Sister Constance, sainted maid,
In robe of sable dye array'd,
Beneath the abbey portico,
Stood weeping, beautiful in woe ;
Most like the lonely cypress tree,
Which on some hill of Italy,
Its fragile leafy honors shed,
Resigns to dust its verdant head.
Enamour'd of celestial truth,
E'en from the earliest dawn of youth
The lovely nun had gladly giv'n
All hopes of earth for hopes of heav'n ;
And when she at the altar bow'd,
And to her God devoutly vow'd,
In penitence and pray'r and praise,
A virgin pure to spend her days,
More fair, more spotless sacrifice
Was never offer'd to the skies :
Angels from sapphire clouds look'd down,
Her head with amaranth to crown,
Warm'd with the flame of holy love,
For her they hop'd to hail above.

And often had the roses blown,
And often had the summers flown,
And often had the winter stern
Hung snowy wreaths on Flora's urn,
Since Constance in her beauty's bloom
Was buried in a living tomb,
To wear 'till life's vain dream was run,
The veil and habit of a nun ;
And tear had never left her eye,
And she had never breathed a sigh,
And from her lips word ne'er had parted,
That suited with the broken-hearted.
Yet Sister Constance now appear'd
As one whose secret soul was sear'd
With woes which might the marble melt,
Woes never understood 'till felt.
For death, who triumphs to destroy,
Had snatch'd away her only joy,
Had lodg'd his cold dart in a breast
Where Constance had been wont to rest,
When sorrow vex'd, and trouble tried,
And hope before fruition died.
In musing mood her hand she leant
Upon a ruin'd monument,
An uncouth pile of crumbling stones
That cover'd o'er the mould'ring bones
Of saint or saintly anchorite,
Who long had bade the world, "good night !"
A briny tear her eye was leaving,
Her troubl'd breast was wildly heaving,
Her lip was pale, and pale her cheek,
While Sister Constance thus did speak :
" 'Tis ev'ning, and the bright cold moon
Will glitter in its orbit soon,
But 'twill not banish mental gloom,
Oh, would it glimmer'd on my tomb."

H.

On Actors.

THERE is something about the profession of an actor, which, if it does not entitle him to our esteem, gives him at least a claim on our regard. He is a sort of public property, in which every one possesses an interest; and when I encounter, amid the bustle of the metropolis, some favorite comedian, plodding his way like the soberest citizen of us all, mingling with the mass, like one of the million, and his erst gay air and laughter-stirring physiognomy sobered down into a plain business sort of countenance, I involuntarily regard him with more than ordinary interest. I cannot help reflecting that he forms one of that knot of beings, who have cheated me into a momentary happiness, and awakened perhaps the best emotions of the soul; whose talents have lightened my heart, and diverted my mind; and by the healthful excitement of chastened mirth, enabled me to resume with cheerfulness the dull monotony of an unvaried existence.

Those who imagine the life of a player to be one of ease and idleness, have a mistaken notion of a profession, the followers of which, in their pursuit of fame, have to climb a steep as difficult as any which ever excited the enterprise, or cowed the spirit of man; and it is at all times an alloy to my enjoyment of excellence, to reflect on the painful ordeal through which it must have passed before it could attain pre-eminence. When it is reflected, that in this country there are no initiatory schools to form the actor; and that their adoption of the profession is owing, in nine cases at least out of ten, to the romantic penchant of youthful predilection, it is a matter of astonishment, that we have so many examples of histrionic talent. It is almost the only pursuit which dispenses with formal initiation. The actor is comparatively self-instructed; he acquires the mysteries of his art by the tedious process of personal application; and, except in the mechanical part of it, or what is termed stage-business, derives little advantage from the experience of others. I am not to learn, that in a profession so-intellectual, perfection cannot be imparted by mere instruction; but it often happens, that a man, qualified for the stage by natural ability, and enthusiastic inclination, is yet grossly deficient

in what appears to me an indispensable requisite for dramatic excellence,—a good education; and thus it is, that though competent in every other respect, he has to retrograde before he can advance, and with the best talents in the world, unless he labour incessantly, will remain a mere tyro at the last. No one will surely contend, that the man who does not understand what he recites, can either recite it correctly, or so embody the sense of the author, as to convey his meaning to an audience; and whoever reflects on the microcosm of the drama, on the variety of passions, feelings, and characters it displays, on the circle of human learning which it embraces, will not hesitate to admit, that the perfect actor, to an intimate acquaintance with all the mechanical minutiae of his art, a strong relish of its beauties, an ardent admiration of its powers, and an intuitive capability of developing the conceptions of the poet, must add a large portion of acquired knowledge.

But the deficiency of learning does not form the only obstacle that impedes the actor's progress to excellence. There are severe duties, which must be performed by every votary of Thespis. Among the most appalling, is that which is technically termed study. It is no uncommon thing for a player in the country to have a part delivered to him on one night, which he is expected to be sufficiently master of to perform on the next. His utter inability to accomplish this task begets the slovenly habit of endeavouring to retain the sense instead of the words of the author, and this not unfrequently disqualifies him completely for the legitimate drama. A profession, embraced in a moment of enthusiasm, when it degenerates into a mere trade to gain bread, soon loses all that gay colouring with which the imagination had decked it. The pursuit of excellence becomes a toil, which is relinquished for that less painful mediocrity, which will secure an existence, though it can never lead to fame or fortune. A player too is always looked upon as a boon companion; his company is eagerly courted; and the time, which should be devoted to study, is too often spent in revelry and dissipation. Hence it happens, that men, highly qualified for the most elevated walks of the drama, have unfitted themselves for attaining that perfection for which they were mentally and physically competent, and have been contented to sink below the level of their own genius. But good-fortune contributes almost as much to raising an actor to distinction as his own merit. His talents may wither in the ungenial shade of a country town, unnoticed and unknown, if some

adventitious circumstance does not intervene, to reveal them to the world;—if some friendly hand is not stretched forth to assist him to climb the rugged steep of fame.

But of all the circumstances that contribute to damp the ardour of an actor, to dispel the illusions of fancy, and check the luxuriance of the imagination, there is one which appears to me most powerful. We all know that a stage representation is a fiction. We are never (or only for a moment) cheated into a belief that what we see and hear is a reality. Yet who will deny that unless some such feeling pervade the bosom of a player, it is in vain to look for the natural expression of the passions? Brutus the actor must fancy himself Brutus the Roman, or farewell to nature; and I am convinced, that those who have succeeded best in dramatic representation have been at least occasionally operated upon by such a sentiment. Now it is very easy to imagine all this, while seated in the audience part of the theatre. We cannot indeed, help feeling surprised at the comparative apathy of some performers, in scenes, the energy and pathos of which are apparently so obvious, as to appeal with a powerful and irresistible impulse to the heart of the spectator; but we forget how much the situation of the actor differs from our own. We are calmly seated at our ease, drinking in the words and surveying the actions of others, with the conviction that we are not ourselves the objects of personal observation. The situation of the actor is the very reverse of this. He is not only exposed to the full glare of light thrown upon the stage for the convenience of the audience; he is not only impressed with the fearful conviction that he is glared upon by a multitude of faces, and that he is the undivided object of their attention, while he is merely uttering the language of another, which he has learned by rote, but supposing his enthusiasm to be strong enough to enable him to forget all this, yet, when he quits the stage and withdraws behind the scenes, the objects and persons that present themselves there, so opposite to what he has been associating with in the ideal world of which he has just formed a part, must awaken him from his dream of delusion. The very mingling among the parti-coloured mob, who have dropped their assumed characters, and are now playing their own; some cracking jokes, others laughing, and others waiting for their turn to “go on,” would not only dispel that illusion that is almost indispensable to maintaining the “cunning o’ the scene,” but would be sufficient to put to flight

every elevated feeling, which the dignified language set down for him might otherwise be calculated to inspire. It has been asserted of Kemble (who, by the-by, has been defined as the very creature of art) that on all his exits, he marched directly to his own room, and never lingered for a moment behind the scenes, lest he should lose sight of the dignity of the character he represented. For my part, I can conceive nothing more difficult than to retain the feelings and impressions essential to the just representation of a character, when personified in a dress different from what one is accustomed to wear,—with a painted face, artificial whiskers, and a wig; surrounded too with all the paraphernalia of scenery and decorations, and half poisoned with the smell of lamp oil and paint. Habit may do much; but the man who can fancy himself a hero, with all these painful and degrading realities thrust under his very nose, certainly deserves to rank with the best actors that ever trod the stage.

How few reflect on the hardships endured by those who cater for public amusement! While we are enjoying the exquisite effects produced by the union of taste, talent and industry, we little think how many painful exertions have been called into action for the gratification of an idle hour; and while we are unbending from the cares of study or business in the recreation afforded by the drama, it seldom crosses our mind that this recreation is labour to those whose business it is to administer to our pleasures. What severe mental and manual toil in the production of a new piece, whose highest object is to while away a few hours, and whose author can scarcely hope, in this age of overwhelming literary competition, for more than a merely ephemeral reputation! Let us suppose its acceptance, and that it has passed the fiery ordeal of a manager's criticism. The parts are to be written out, studied, and rehearsed; the music is to be composed, and impressed on the memory. The dresses are to be made,—the scenery painted,—the decorations designed and furnished. The tired exhibitors are exhausted with never-ending rehearsals, and at last, the drama is produced. Perhaps it is damned on the first night's representation; perhaps it lives a little longer, and having escaped a vehement condemnation, dwindles out its miserable existence, and expires in a protracted state of exhaustion for want of its vital air,—the breath of popular applause! What a mighty stir about nothing! The critics grin triumphantly; the public are too indifferent to sympathize; the author is blamed for his want of genius;

the actor is in dudgeon for his labour in vain; and the manager scowls ruefully at the waste of time, trouble, and money. Yet these casualties are inseparable from the profession. I must confess I have felt something like regret at hearing of or witnessing the condemnation of a comedy or tragedy. I instantly revert to the useless labour that has been expended in its production. Perhaps some favorite actor has proposed to himself the certain prospect of adding fresh laurels to his reputation. He has spent many tedious days and nights in study, without snatching a single interval from the prosecution of his usual duties; he has pleased himself with the fond anticipation of ranking still higher in the estimation of the public; he has laboured hard to produce this desirable result; he has performed his part with justice to the author and credit to himself; and a single night has levelled his air-built castle with the ground!

There are two classes of performers, whose labours appear to me to be the most arduous,—singers and dancers. For the preservation of the voice of the one, and the muscular elasticity of the other, the most painful and incessant practice is indispensable. The dancer (in particular) dare not relax a single day, without risking a rigidity of the muscles, which would disqualify him for a long time for his profession. Those graceful evolutions we witness, and which are performed with such apparent ease, have not been acquired without the severest discipline; and it is no less imperative on the singer to preserve the vigour and flexibility of his voice, by an almost equally arduous practice.

But waving all other considerations, that is surely the most trying situation in which an actor can be placed, which requires him in every frame of mind, and with his spirits depressed or elevated, to fulfil the duties of his profession. Perhaps he is called on to exhibit a comic character, with his heart riven by domestic bereavement,—the loss of some valued friend, a beloved wife or child, or an affectionate relation. He is of course not exempt from the common calamities of mankind; but mark the more than double keenness of the infliction, when it falls upon *him*. The individual in private life can calm the anguish of his heart in the bosom of domestic retirement; and when he again pursues his occupation, he is not forced to assume any sudden appearance of jocund feeling. Not so the actor.—The blow meets him in the exercise of a profession whose business is the excitement of mirth;

and should he be able (which is rarely the case) to spare a few days for the indulgence of sorrow, how forcible is the contrast which his frame of mind presents, when compared with the duties he is called upon to resume! With his heart yet lacerated with grief, he appears again before an audience, where his presence was hailed as the inspirer of laughter. The welcome recognition, with which he is received, must waken afresh the poignant feelings of his bosom; and yet he must constrain those feelings to assume a character to which his heart is foreign.

Many of those who are engaged in theatrical life are induced to bring up their children to the same profession, partly from inability to make any other provision for them, partly from a mercenary motive. At the tenderest age, they are qualified for this object. We have most of us witnessed (and I shame to think it) with delight, the exertions of little creatures scarcely six years old, as dancers. In the rapture excited by the display of precocious talent, we too often lose sight of the impropriety of such exhibitions. We forget how lamentable it is, that infancy should be deprived of its rest and its innocent enjoyments for such a purpose;—that at an hour, when it ought to be enjoying its repose, it should be exposed to illness and personal peril, for the mere delight of a passing moment. What can we think of the feelings of a parent who can thus hazard the health and happiness of his child? Sometimes these infant performers are required to ascend in cars or descend in clouds. To the eye of the audience such a spectacle has a captivating appearance, surrounded as it is with gorgeous paraphernalia and decked in glittering robes; but let a father for a moment transport himself to such a stage as that of Covent Garden theatre, and survey the immense height from the ground to what is termed the *Alys*; let him carry the reflection farther, and fancy he sees a tender infant suspended in a lightly constructed car by pulleys and ropes made as thin as possible (consistent with the weight they are to sustain) in order that they may escape the perception of the audience, and let him imagine that it is his own child thus perilously situated, what must be his feelings?

Much has been said of the moral or rather the immoral character of actors. Some outrageously virtuous persons, deny them the possession of a single good quality. This is an ultra-illiberality, I am not disposed to imitate. It is certain, however, that there is a predominant feeling to regard them rather as administrators to

our pleasures, than as connected to society by those ties which operate upon the mass of individuals. There is a disposition to court the society of a comedian, rather from the amusement he is expected to afford, than for the exchange of those level courtesies of friendship, in which all men feel themselves equal. This is surely ungenerous, and, I think, very unjust. That a life of constant excitement like their's, so opposite to the settled regularity of ordinary professions, should beget an indifference to the staid maxims of prudence, is not surprising ; but that it should necessarily generate a corruptness of heart, I am by no means inclined to admit. The fact is, there is a disposition in human nature to judge uncharitably of the actions and motives of others, without making allowances for the circumstances in which they are placed, or opposing the virtues of the individual to his vices. If an actor be extravagant, it cannot be denied that he has a thousand temptations, to which the mass of mankind is not exposed ; and that though he be extravagant, he is rarely ungenerous or selfish. That many have proved themselves capable of fulfilling with credit the parental and conjugal duties, and that they are as susceptible of the nicer feelings of the human heart as any other class of persons, there are too many honourable instances within my own knowledge, for me to doubt for a moment.

It has been denied too, that women can maintain their virtue on the stage with the same facility as in common life, while the very profession of an actress has been reprobated as inimical to every chaste and delicate feeling. Rousseau, who appears to have entertained a very indifferent opinion of players, is very severe on this head. "How it is possible (he asks) for a profession, whose only object is to appear in public, and what is worse, to appear for money, to be suitable to virtuous women, and to be compatible with modesty and good manners? Shall a prudent female, who makes use of a thousand precautions to secure her virtue, find it difficult after all to preserve her innocence, when she is exposed to the least danger ; and yet shall these women, who have no other education than what they learn from lessons of coquetry and amours, who are constantly solicited by amorous young fellows, amidst the seductive sounds of love and pleasure,—shall these women, I say, at their age and their disposition, be able to resist the seductive objects that surround them, the alluring discourse addressed to them, the opportunities and importunities continually presenting them-

selves ; and, above all, that gold to which their hearts are already devoted ; in a word, can we call that an honest profession, which makes a prodigy of a modest woman, and induces every one to despise those who exercise it ?" There may be some justice in this charge, but its application is by no means general. Abstractedly considered, there appears indeed, great foundation for it. The female who can so far degrade the dignity of her sex, as to assume any character it may be her lot to personate, virtuous or vicious, who can stoop to utter the language of vice, who can bedaub her cheeks with paint, and expose her person to the gaze of a multitude ; who can let herself out for public exhibition, and be embraced, kissed, and subjected to the various indignities to which her calling incessantly exposes her, has apparently at least parted from that delicacy which constitutes one of the chief attractions of her sex. But it by no means follows that depravity of mind is a necessary consequence. That sensitive timidity, which we admire in the females of private life, may indeed have given place to a firmer confidence of manner, but purity of heart and intention are yet likely to remain unsullied. The very reflection, that those endearments which occur on the stage are witnessed by a multitude of spectators, must destroy the *tendresse* supposed to be felt by the individuals ; and the conviction, that, after all, it is a mere matter of business, must go far to prevent both the heart and the passions from feeling an undue interest. Be this as it may, I am only anxious to contend against a general principle. While it is admitted that some situations in life are more pregnant with temptations than others, it should not be forgotten, that, the least exposed have furnished examples of a dereliction from virtue ; and that while the strongest ties of religion, purity and good example, have failed to restrain some minds, there have been others who have sustained the trial, exposed to every assault, and maintained the battle against the passions with firmness and constancy. It is not our present purpose to inquire how far constitutional strength or weakness may have contributed to these results, but few will deny that great allowances should be made to persons thus situated ; and that if they acquit themselves with propriety, they have a more than ordinary claim on our respect. Even Rousseau, with all his prejudices, was willing to admit, that a comedian of modest and moral behaviour was doubly respectable, as he shewed that the love of virtue prevailed over his other passions, and even the influence of his profession.

But leaving the discussion of the character of actors, whose example can be of little importance, the most serious consideration is the influence of the stage on the morals and manners of society. That it has an influence cannot be doubted; and that this influence may be advantageously extended, is no less evident. But, on the other hand, it is equally certain, that it arises from a re-acting, not an originating principle. The stage does not form the taste, or direct the sentiments of society; but, on the contrary, receives its tone from prevalent habits and feelings, which being made to undergo a partial transmutation, are reflected back to the source from whence they were acquired. The general principles of human nature are always and everywhere the same; but the drama cannot constantly exhibit abstract delineations. These must be varied by presenting those modifications of man, which, though they are partial and temporary, and do not affect his permanent character, are so far of consequence, as they assume an individual importance, and in a certain degree, the appearance of novelty. Those lighter foibles too, which are peculiar to the existing age, are fair scope for the dramatist, as they have a more immediate though less durable interest, and thus, though the stage may possess a powerful influence, yet in no case does it derive this influence from itself. The demoralizing principle, therefore, which has been attributed to the drama, is an unfair assumption. The stage is always the mirror of living manners. Its existence depends on the fidelity of the reflection. In a corrupt community, dramatic exhibitions will be corrupt; a virtuous one will gather lessons of morality from the lips of its actors. What chance of success could those players hope for, who, in a well-regulated state of society, should attempt to turn the tide of virtuous feeling into the channel of vice and licentiousness? The sense of rectitude implied by the general acquiescence in the rules of propriety and decorum, to say nothing of magisterial influence, would infallibly crush such an attempt, and heap ruin on its projectors. For the same reason, the dissolute manners of the reign of Charles the Second were the cause of the dramatic licentiousness of that period. The daring profligacy of Farquhar's comedies would not have existed, but for the countenance it was certain of finding in the depraved taste of the audience. Who would venture to preach morality on the stage, when the very semblance of it was scouted from society, or at least from that society whose support was of the most importance

to those who lived by the drama? It is ridiculous to talk of the demoralizing influence of the stage, when it receives its very "form and pressure" from existing manners, and is the mere servant of public taste and opinion.

At the present period, whatever justice there may be in the charge of dullness and a dearth of genius,* the moral character of the stage never stood higher; and it is certain, that while there is a corresponding feeling on the part of the public, it may be made subservient to the best purposes of virtue. I will even go so far as to assert, that just and elevated sentiments have a more powerful influence, when assuming a dramatic form, than when delivered from the pulpit. We are rarely moved to tears by the most impressive sermon,† while nothing is more common than such an effect being produced by theatrical representation. When Garrick was asked by a divine, how it happened that the spectators of a play could be brought to weep for imaginary woes, while they were insensible to the most awful realities of religion,—“ You (said he) deliver a truth as if it were a fiction; we deliver a fiction as if it were a truth.” I maintain, that whatever tends to awaken noble and virtuous feelings, deserves national support, (exclusive of one powerful consideration, the necessity of the legislature sanctioning the amusements of the people;) and that the stage, under proper restrictions, is as likely to promote this object, as any other means which the skill of the politician or the philanthropist has yet discovered.

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* See Literary Speculum, Vol. 1. p. 63, for a more extended consideration of this part of the subject.

† I refer the reader to some judicious observations on this head by a writer in the Speculum (Vol. II. p. 89. Brief Notices of Eminent Authors.)

Songs.

THE flow'rs may bloom round Emma's tomb,
But ah! the rose of love has faded,
And deep's the gloom of Henry's doom,
Since death the star of hope has shaded.

At night, at morn, in grief forlorn,
 The hapless lover there reposes,
 By mem'ry's thorn, his bosom torn,
 With wounds forgetfulness ne'er closes.

'Tis his to weep, and sadly steep
 His Emma's urn with tears despairing,
 But soon he'll sleep a slumber deep,
 The silent grave with Emma sharing!

H.

.....

Alonzo lov'd a Spanish maid,
 A maid as innocent as fair;
 Love on the heart of Inez prey'd,
 Yet few might guess that love dwelt there.

For Inez was a goatherd's child,
 Alonzo was a rich grandee,
 His 'witching words her soul beguil'd,
 She lov'd, but lov'd in secrecy.

But love soon blanched her damask cheek,
 And stole the sun-beam from her eye,
 And what the tongue refused to speak,
 Was utter'd in a tell-tale sigh.

Alonzo to her cottage came,
 He kiss'd her hand on bended knee,
 Then whisper'd to the blushing dame,
 "Dear Inez, wilt thou wed with me?"

Next morn the bells full blithely peal'd,
 For love had foil'd the tyrant pride,
 Hymen the sacred compact seal'd,
 And Inez was Alonzo's bride.

H.

.....

THEY say, Miranda is no more;
 They tell me, that a clay cold pillow,
 With osier'd sods now cover'd o'er,
 Supports her head beneath the willow.

Alas, I may not doubt their truth,
And yet the maid when last we parted,
Seen in the purple light of youth,
Was beautiful and joyous hearted.

Beside her grave I'll seek repose,
And hush a breast with anguish swelling;
Her urn shall cover all my woes,
Her tomb shall be my quiet dwelling.

H.

Portrait Painting.

THERE is no country in the world, where portrait-painting receives such liberal patronage as in England. Those artists, who have exerted their talents on historical subjects, have laboured without a reward, or at least have been obliged to resort to the degrading expedient of rivalling the show-men and wonder-mongers of the metropolis, by exhibiting their works to the idle and the curious; while portrait-painters, from the president to the humblest layer-on of colours extant, have contrived to eat their mutton and drink their port, maugre the increase of taxes and the decrease of bullion. How are we to account for the prosperity of this branch of art? Of the fact there can be no doubt; for at the moment that the "most sweet faces" of seven or eight hundred nobodies glare in all the glory of red, white, and yellow, from the walls of Somerset House, scarcely half a dozen historical pictures of any merit are to be found. This partiality for duplicates of the "human face divine" is almost peculiar to the English. A Frenchman, a German, or an Italian would blush to see himself on canvas, without having done something to merit the distinction. The portrait of a Mozart, an Alfieri, or a Napoleon, they would say, have an intrinsic dignity about them, which renders them valuable; but what should nameless, every-day mortals do in the pillory of a gaudy gilt frame? Our countrymen, however, reason differently; and all the face-makers of the day, numerous as they are, from the vendors of profiles at a shilling each, to the more fortunate artists to whom the wealthy

and noble sit, find encouragement and employment. There is a fashion in most things ; and what was esteemed extremely modish in 1800, would be absolutely ridiculous in 1822. Yet the love of immortality, in the shape of a yard of painted cloth, has not been influenced by this perversity of taste ; for though it does not appear, whether the Druids were portrait painters or not, we have the best authorities for believing, that King Egbert had a double of himself in his coronation robes, executed on an oak panel, and Edward Long-shanks may still be seen “ in complete steel,” frowning from the sign-bar of an inn at Canterbury, as he was taken from the life by an itinerant Raphael of that early age. The reader will perhaps be amused by the following singular document ; it is an artist’s bill of parcels : he was not exactly a dealer in portraits, though there is little doubt he would have painted any thing in heaven above, or in earth beneath, to turn an honest penny.

“ *Memorandum.*

“ That Master Cumings hath delivered, the fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Bettes, vicar of Ratcliffe, Moses Courteryh, Philip Bartholemew, and John Brown, procurators of Ratcliffe beforesaid, a new sepulchre well guilt, and cover thereto, an image of God Almighty rysing out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that lougeth thereto, that is to say,

A lath made of timber, and iron work thereto ;

Item, thereto longeth *heven*, made of *timber* and stained cloth ;

Item, *hell*, made of *timber* and *iron work*, with *devils* the number, *thirteen* ;

Item, four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands, that is to say, two spears, two axes, two paves (bucklers ;)

Item, four pair of angels’ wings, for *four angels*, made of *timber*, and well painted ;

Item, the fadre, the crown and visage, the bell with a cross upon it, well guilt with fine gold ;

Item, the Holy Ghost coming out of *heven* into the sepulchre ;

Item, longeth to the angels four cheveleres (perukes.)”

Extracted by Vertue from a book belonging to the church of St. Mary Radcliffe, Bristol.

The particularity of the above account is admirable. What an improvement would it be, if every painter, on finishing the face or faces required, were expected to furnish the purchaser with such a satisfactory string of items! Some persons may object, that the custom is obsolete; but if it be useful, why not revive it? How agreeable to see a bill like the following in the hands of a duchess!

Memorandum.

That Sir Philip Paintaway hath delivered to Georgiana, Duchess of Never-grow-old, a new face, with bosom to correspond, that is to say:

Item, two eyes, brighter than the natural ones, made of paint, with long eye-lashes thereto, made of Indian ink;

Item, two lips, much redder than the originals, with rows of teeth to match, very white and regular;

Item, a chin neatly dimpled, throat and neck to agree; the whole covered with a very fair and smooth skin;

Item, two *ears*, not so *long* as the originals.

Item, a head of hair, colour auburn; the usual quantity of ringlets, with pearl combs thereto, et cetera.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was the great portrait fashioner in the Augustan age of our literature,—the reign of Queen Anne,—and of his excellence we may judge from Gay's laboured eulogium on his picture of George the First, and Pope's epitaph on his tomb in the Abbey, where speaking of him and nature, he says,

"Living, she feared he might her works outvie,
And dying, feared that she herself might die."

This, to be sure, is rather hyperbolical; and in what remains of Sir Godfrey's productions, there appears little to justify it. In those faded productions, however, we look upon the extraordinaries of a remarkable era; on the hooped, furbelowed and jewelled beauties of the court; and the not less stiff, formal and splendid ornaments of the camp and senate. And what a lesson do they preach from their dusty and worm-eaten frames! How forcibly do they remind us of the perishable character of all earthly grandeur! To these forgotten dignitaries, whose names are now scarcely known, how many knees have bent in homage! To these caricatures of what once was loveliness, how often has the adoration of the heart been addressed! Those poor stained cheeks were said to be tintured with more than rose hues, and those inanimate

rayless eyes, it was declared, rolled in liquid lustre. Alas! Sir Godfrey Kneller and his admirers, with all the parade of vaunted genius, high birth, and immense wealth, which distinguished him and them, have become as the shadow of a shade; and when as many more years shall have elapsed, some future essay-maker may prose and moralize over Sir Thomas Lawrence, and those triumphs of art that have obtained him so much honour.

Our ancestors seemed to have little or no taste for the fine arts. Charles the First was the patron of Vandyke; and many of the noblest works of that great master, while they adorned the royal palaces, proved the munificence of their owner. Yet with such excellent models before them, the good people of England were content, at a much more recent period, to take up with the vilest outrages against decorum and nature. Provided they had a picture, with the due proportion of glaring colours,—the variety of the rainbow without its beauty,—they were satisfied; and whether, like the Flamborough Family, the party concerned was represented sucking an orange; or, like the worthy Wakefields, the ladies were shepherdesses, and the gentlemen knights-errant, it mattered not. The great talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds led to the adoption of a purer style, but the progress of improvement is slow, and it was long ere formal attitudes, and prim unmeaning visages were exploded. The elder professors in portrait painting still hung with fondness over the studies of their youth; and their eyes, fascinated by the grand, unbending dames of the Kneller school, refused to do homage to the more light and airy beauties of Reynolds. Time at length subdued these prejudices; the refractory artists grew more reasonable, or, what did as well, they were silent; while the new Vandyke, applauded and caressed by all parties, became the idol of the rich and the fashionable. Success is not always a proof of merit; but in this instance, the genius of the painter was not over-rated, for it is questionable if there ever was a master whose portraits united so many varying excellencies as those of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We have, doubtless, many eminent artists at present, and their productions confer honour on the age in which they live; but where shall we find two pieces so admirable as Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse? The uncouthness of dress in both these paintings is most unfavourable to the general effect; yet it is impossible to look upon them without

acknowledging, that they have an intrinsic value, which renders us wholly forgetful of their defects.

Many are the miseries of portrait painting, if the artist gives a flattering likeness (that is,—no likeness at all,) though the lady may be agreeably surprised to find herself so handsome, or the gentleman may chuckle with delight at seeing himself so young, the friends and relations of the party are at fault, and cannot guess who the portrait is intended for. They think they must have seen such a face somewhere, but it was a long time since, and their recollections are very indistinct; or if the painter, faithful to his original, completes a likeness only too true, he is sure to irritate the self-love of his employer, who is very naturally horror-struck, to find that the countenance, which appeared so comely in the mirror, is absolutely the essence of ugliness when depicted upon canvas. The antiquated virgin, who had hoped that the *mole* on her left cheek would escape the observation of all eyes but her own, is grievously vexed at learning, that a mere stranger is accurately acquainted with its dimensions; and the pet daughter of a rich citizen is half inclined to cuff Mr. D. for daring to imitate nature in making her a brunette.

Some folks imagine that the triumph of art in portrait painting consists in obtaining animated and correct likenesses;—far from it. To gratify the vanity rather than satisfy the judgment, is the great object; and he who by softening down defects, and heightening beauties, by giving freshness to old age, and manliness to youth, by adding fire to the languid eye, and elegance to the ill-adjusted hair, succeeds in making even self-contemplation pleasing, is much more likely to acquire fame and profit, than the simple-hearted mortal who represents things and persons as they are, though he should bring to his task the genius of a Rubens or a Michael Angelo. The truth is, that we none of us like to allow that we are less sightly than our neighbours. All the rest of the world may laugh at our pretensions to personal attractions, yet we still cling to the idea that there is a dignity, a grace, a fascination in our features, which is sure to be felt, though it cannot be described: and if the man who we propose to pay for copying off our highly estimated lineaments, for the benefit of our children or their posterity, remorselessly brushes away all our “little Babels” of self-love, by presenting us with caricatures of our persons, which have no

point of resemblance in our opinion, though everybody else recognises them at a glance, what sort of reception can he hope to meet with? It is common to make light of external defects and advantages; but where is the human being who is insensible to them? A pleasing face has been called a letter of recommendation; and surely a harsh, ungracious countenance may operate contrariwise. Vanity and egotism frequently prompt us to multiply our benign aspect by means of the painter, yet we are sometimes actuated by more amiable feelings, and pay homage, not to the cravings of our selfishness, but to the anxious fondness of filial or connubial love, or the impassioned devotedness of real friendship. When seas must roll and mountains rise between two persons who regard each other with disinterested tenderness, it must be consolatory in absence to gaze on a transcript of those features, which with silent eloquence express every noble and generous sentiment. Nor can the individual, who pines in the solitude of home, be less susceptible of comfort, from cherishing the mimic resemblance of him, who, go where he may, "still drags at each long remove a lengthening chain." When untoward circumstances keep us in enforced separation from those who have acknowledged claims on our best affections, nothing can be more delightful, than while looking on the well known face, to recal the mutual acts of service, the numberless little kindnesses without a name, which we have interchanged. And oh! happy is he, who when the grave has opened and closed on the venerable form of a beloved parent, when the agony of despair is past, when his eyes are no longer tearless, and he does not sorrow as one without hope, can dwell on silver hairs, lack-lustre eyes and faded lips, which to the ear of fancy discourse of piety, peace and joy, with the soothing consciousness that the dear being who has fallen asleep was rendered happy by his untiring attentions while she lived, and died blessing him. Cowper, in his beautiful lines on receiving his mother's picture, has poured forth all the feelings of an affectionate spirit, in a stream of gentle and consoling sorrow, which cannot but be echoed in the bosom of every man, who remembers in his riper years, without the bitterness of remorse, the almost angelic being, from whose maternal bosom his infant lips drew nutriment, in whose arms he was cradled to rest when touched by transient sickness, and whose sweet-toned voice taught him while yet a light-hearted, careless child, to address the prayer of innocence to that God who said "suffer little children

to come unto me." Callous and insensible, dead to all the better affections which dignify human nature, must he be who can deride such sources of emotion, and recollect the patient nurse of his infancy, and look on the dim shadow of her beautiful, but mournful countenance, with the composure of a stranger and the eye of a connoisseur!

While, however, I am far from wishing to treat with ridicule that kindly disposition in our countrymen, which has led to the great perfection which portrait painting has attained in England, I cannot but regret that the other branches of the art are by no means equally flourishing; and this is easily explained. There is nothing to attract the attention of a plodding tradesman, in the achievements of Achilles or Alexander, though represented with the most consummate skill; but if you shew the old gentleman, himself, or his spouse, or an ample family piece, with his sons and daughters into the bargain, you call his ambition, (for even he is ambitious) into play, and his purse-strings, drawn close with jealous care against the historical painter, are expanded to their utmost latitude; and this is excusable enough, for one might as rationally expect the privates of the foot-guards, to admire the brazen antique statue of Achilles, erected by "the ladies of Great Britain," in honour of the Duke of Wellington, as that a man used all his life to the dry detail of arithmetic, should have any acute perception of the charms of a classical painting. The fault is, that our wise citizens are too prone to expose the best of parents, and the most amiable of children, on the walls of the Exhibition Rooms, as if the public could have pleasure in beholding interminable rows of anonymous portraits. At Somerset House, for instance, the attention is momentarily engaged in observing the profound gravity of a fellow in a blue coat and green spectacles. We take him for a privy counsellor or a member of Parliament at the least! when lo, on referring to our catalogues, we read "portrait of a gentleman." A few frames off, we are fixed by a fair dame, looking lovely with all her might, who, from the magnificence of her dress, we are inclined to think a princess or a right honorable at any rate; but our admiration of the illustrious beauty is quickly chilled, for we discover that it is only the "portrait of a lady." If Somerset House were a market-matrimonial, where spinsters and bachelors might send specimens of their good points, in order to call forth competitors for their unengaged affections, it might be vastly judicious; but as things

are managed there at present, there appears to be no excuse for beguiling the million of their shillings, for permission to gaze on noddles as empty as their own. On the portraits of public characters we look with interest proportioned to their merits or demerits. The best and the worst of mankind are placed on a level at an exhibition, for both are objects of curiosity. We pause before the portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and so we should before that of Jack Ketch, if Sir Thomas Lawrence had thought it worth while to paint that gentleman. Notoriety is the one thing needful; and we are not more curious about the physiognomy of the benefactor than of the destroyer of his species. The Countess of Blessington attracts all eyes; but if the pig-faced lady had ever sat for her portrait, she would have been quite as popular. Let those, then, who have made themselves conspicuous in the great world, whether by fine writing or scientific boxing, by exalted virtues or atrocious crimes, get themselves painted without delay, if they wish to set the worshipful multitude agape, and become a nine days' wonder. But let those milk-and-water, good sort of people, who are afraid to make themselves particular, shrink into the shell of their own nothingness, and rest assured that it is their business rather to avoid than to court observation. A rich nobody gets himself and family daubed on the requisite quantity of canvas; he shines in the Exhibition for a season; and folks occasionally inquire, "who that jolly-looking man, 'with fair round belly, with good capon lined,' can be." The unweildy picture is then transported to the country seat, where, from the upper end of the dining-room, it bears witness for some thirty or forty years, of great wealth and greater want of taste. At length, the nabob and the nabob's children have strutted out their hour, the estate has passed into other hands, the moveables are sold by auction, and what becomes of the picture? The faded colours and the rotten canvas have no attractions, and the whole family is disposed of for the worth of the frame. Such will be the history of many a flaming work of art, of which the owners are now proud. Be it so. If the indulgence of harmless vanity, the effects of which are profitable to a deserving and talented class of men, can afford any gratification to the possessors of affluence, far be it from me to interrupt their enjoyment. Yet who can help smiling, when persons, in other respects worthy members of society, go out of their way to excite contempt, and incur expense to become ridiculous?

H.

Self-Esteem.

THERE is nothing in the wide and wonderful world we inhabit, upon which man is less capable of judging aright, or more easily satisfied with his judgment, than his own character. Compounded as that is of the most heterogeneous principles and passions, only gradually unfolded by the revolving wheel of time, and never fully disclosed until its melancholy termination, it would seem to require the perspicacity of an intellect elevated far above the influence of earth and sense and time, for its comprehension. Yet, from the dawn of reason until its setting among the shadows of the tomb, there are but few whose self-estimate is not the strongest of their prejudices. True it is, that any sudden disaster, brought on us by our own folly, any unexpected disappointment, occasioned by our own presumption, or any mortifying privation of confidence or love resulting from our own caprice, will, or at least may, suggest a startling doubt as to the reality of our factitious excellence; but the doubt is rarely permanent, and when the agitation of the spirits subsides, we relapse into the fond delusion.

This is one of the evils under the sun; but I am of opinion it is more important to us as individuals, than to the society of which we are members, to have it abated; for self-conceit is generally its own punishment. It may cause us to be unjust to others, but seldom enables us to injure them: for though we are all sufficiently blind to our own failings, we can generally discern the mote in our brother's eye; and however high we stand in our own estimation, we can seldom palm it upon the world.

There is, I think, something at once ridiculous and painful in the modes of this quality's manifestation. Every exhibition of human frailty provokes a smile, but that smile is, with the well disposed, prelude of a tear, because the nature we behold degraded is that in which we all participate, and with which we should all sympathize.

That men should be proud of energies which prosperity crowns, and calculations which success proves to have been just, need excite no surprise, and ought to provoke no censure: but fortune, power, or fame fortuitously acquired, however they may increase our felicity, can never justify an arrogation of merit; yet how is the

heart dilated with pride when we are placed in these conjunctures of unforeseen and undeserved luck! We feel more inflation and vanity than if all we possess had been procured by the sweat of our brows and the employment of our faculties. We consider the donations of heaven as attestations of its favour, and plume ourselves on the marked distinction we suppose them to indicate. Nor is any apprehension, springing from the acknowledged incertitude of sublunary prosperity, allowed to damp our joy or depress our haughtiness. The daily spectacle of the apparent favourites of fortune hurled from the eminence they had attained, suggests no doubt to the mind saturated with its possessions and drunk with its own delusions, because our vanity grows with the growth of our estate, blinds us to the analogy subsisting between the lot which was their's and that which is our's, and lulls us into neglect of the monitory wail of expiring greatness.

It is curious to reflect on the manner in which this disposition, so inveterate and so universal, is operated upon by the accidental distinctions of mankind, and how it induces us to estimate every thing, not according to its intrinsic qualities, but its relation to our beloved selves. The lawyer, the physician, the soldier and the divine are alike in this. Each considers his own profession as incomparably more useful and more honourable than the rest. Yet they are "all, all honourable men." The poet ascribes more consequence to the school to which he belongs, or the line of art in which he excels, than to any other. The philosopher thinks imagination the offscouring of all things, a kind of cataract on the intellectual optics. The historian prefers the most jejune details of fact to the most refined speculations of the schools, and the statesman decrees politics the noblest of sciences, and the time that he is in power the most flourishing era of the world. All this is very ridiculous, very pitiable, but, alas! very true. Then mark the affectation of humility, the seeming deference to others, the pretended meekness and moderation, the well feigned reluctance to judge, the assumed mystery, and all the other portions of the party-coloured garment woven by Vanity as her disguise, but betraying, exposing, shaming its wearer.

Its quality is equally obvious in the praise and the censure it indites, when it has a tenacious hold of the mind, (and this we think is dependent on the physical temperament, and the quantity of mortifications it has endured,) the individual will generally

minge with the praises he is compelled to pay—a few compliments to himself; and this he will call compounding with conscience. It will sometimes be done with a magnanimous disregard of appearances, as by Falstaff—"I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince;" sometimes by a side-blow: thus, in complimenting your friend on the freshness of his mistress's looks, you hope that your own will reach the same respectable antiquity without any greater personal deterioration; but the praise is most sincere and ardent, which consists in an attempt to trace a faint approximation between the object lauded and the beautiful and cherished abstraction of self. It is in vituperation, however, that this *amiable* feeling is most frequently and variously divulged; it is the secret spring of all libel, calumny, scandal, and abuse, from the furious effusions of Sir Anthony Absolute, who charges his son not to breathe the same air but to get an atmosphere and a sun of his own, down to the milky malice of the modish Lady Caudour, and of her countless trade, who,

Damn with faint praise; assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

Miss Bailie has written a series of plays on the passions, devoting one tragedy to each; and with whatever success, critics justly condemn the system, because the excellence of tragic compositions consists in the sublime collision of opposed passions, and the commotion of the great mass of our blended feelings. But the same system would accord well with the vocation of a comic writer. For the end of comedy being to impart instruction by inspiring mirth, it is attained when the development of any one besetting and ridiculous weakness of humanity is made the substratum. Now I cannot but think, that the vice on which I have been discoursing is peculiarly apt and worthy the attention of a first-rate comic genius. Its peculiar advantage is, that nothing but truth need be told; it would be impossible by caricature or exaggeration to construct a more comic and laughter-stirring structure than a bare transcript of this the chief folly of the sons of men. Indeed, in all comedies of any merit, the influence of this folly is discernible; and I would particularly notice in our own time "Nicol Jarvie, bailie and magistrate of the Salt-market, Glasgow," as a rich and unique personification of self-conceit, actuated by a heart of sound sensibility, and associated with a mind of great instructive acuteness.

But to return, I wish this vanity were always harmless and ri-

diculous, but connected with the darker passions and instigating agency, it is the author of tremendous results; it is the parent of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; it is the deadliest foe of truth and reputation; it mingles poison in the cup of amicable communion, and plants thorns among the roses of reposing love; it tears the laurel from the hero's brow, and the wreath from the poet's tomb; it pulls down the strength of monarchy, and saps the liberties of the people; destroys national concord, and interrupts the harmony of the world.

It is equally inimical to our comfort. He who is enslaved to it must be a stranger to peace and joy; no matter, though rank, titles and fortune attend him; no matter, though he be the idol of the multitude, and "the man whom the king delighteth to honour," the canker of envy is at his heart, the wormwood of peevishness is in his spirit; he is incapable of repose so long "as Mardecas the Jew sits in the king's gate."

F,

Epistle

FROM DAVID GARRICK IN THE SHADES.

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

Shades, July 10, 1822.

MY GOOD FRIEND,—In the last number of your work, which is much read here, there is a letter purporting to come from Sir John Falstaff; now as you correspond with him, prythee favour me with the direction of his domicile, as old Samuel has it, for I protest to thee, that myself and many other choice spirits below are in utter ignorance of the fat knight's haunts. But perhaps the letter you have printed does not come from the "real Simon Pure," yet I have spoken with "glorious Will," and he whispered in my ear,

"By day and night!
None so could write
But my fat knight."

As for the account given you of Pistol and Bardolph, it is certainly incorrect, for Pistol keeps our Devil Tavern, with Bardolph

and Corporal Nym for assistants. The house is well frequented, for Fredy Cooke, Tate Wilkinson and I, have established a nightly club there; Lewis, Suett, and Gentleman Smith, grow a little obstreperous sometimes, but a word from Johnson or Sir Joshua brings them to reason presently. We meet every evening precisely at seven, by Pluto's palace clock, and there is generally some fifty or sixty of us. We keep it up, for though we have no sack, we have plenty of old port, thanks to Brinsley and Edmund, who cleverly got a pipe across the Styx as a cask of verjuice; as for the allowance of nectar served out to us, we invariably hand it over to the water-drinkers, a few of which abominable sect have found means to get introduced here; to be sure they have one worthy fellow amongst them—poor Richard I mean, you would say Franklin; we allow him a chair at our “feast of reason,” but then he takes so much wine to qualify the pure element with, that it is no easy matter to determine their relative proportions. Our suppers usually consist of solid earthly viands, for we found the classical diet of Elysium too thin for our stomachs; had we continued to feed on ambrosia we should all have grown as lank as the starved Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. Our rump steaks despatched, which soon happens, we form in close circle round a mighty bowl of negus, and not a man thinks of stirring till the general beverage is exhausted. But while the glass circulates, we do not sit silent and stupid as a party at a funeral, screwing our mouths into disastrous expressions of woe:—nothing of the kind; each member is expected to furnish his quota of amusement,

“Our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Each guest brings himself, and he brings the best dish.”

Arthur Murphy tells stories very long and very dull; Dr. Walcot, the sweetest wag that ever wrote prescription, sings droll songs of his own composition, and so does Dibdin occasionally; Butler cuts jokes, and now and then recites a portion of *Hudibras*; Wilkes makes speeches and quotes Theophrastus; Sheridan, Burke, and Charles Fox, (the two latter are inseparable companions with that wonderful juvenile, Pitt,) harangue to their hearts' content; Johnson is oracular and sententious, while Boswell writes down his table talk for a fifth volume of his life; Goldsmith looks wise and says nothing, while Quin, Lewis, Suett, and your humble servant spout for the benefit of the company. We sometimes have a visit from the ladies; Colley Cibber, for we class him with our woman-

kind, Nell Gwynn, Mrs. Abingdon, and Mrs. Jordan, are our most frequent guests, the last is so fascinating that we have elected her an honorary member of the club, and she returned us thanks in a very pretty address. On the whole, we contrive to pass our evenings pleasantly enough, "I' faith we have excellent fooling," and though I should like to appear on the London boards for a few nights every winter,

"To shew the world how Garrick did not act,"

I solace myself with remembering that I was somebody in my day, and that at my death, according to the great lexicographer, "the gaiety of three kingdoms was eclipsed." By the way, Spec, why don't you send us some theatrical intelligence? Who are those successful new actors, Tom, Jerry and Logic? Votaries of Thalia, I suppose; and what is your great little man, Kean about? Is he studying a new character, I wonder? He is certainly clever, though too much addicted to ranting and new readings: I got a week's furlough when he first came out, and saw him in some of his best characters; he plays the jealous blackamoor superbly, but his Richard is vastly inferior to mine! However, all the lovers of genius respect him, and owe him their best thanks for erecting a tomb over the ashes of poor Cooke; his Yankee admirers were too spiritless to think of such a thing. Why don't Kean have himself announced in *red letters*? the effect would be prodigious. How fares it with the abdicated monarch of your stage, the incomparable John Kemble, and his majestic sister? Depend upon it, Shakespeare was never half so well illustrated, as when his characters were embodied by their surpassing powers! Charles Kemble is the last of the Romans; it is really a treat to look at him when dressed for Marc Antony, but he does nothing half so well as the bastard Faulconbridge. Young is a noble classical, and Macready a fine natural actor, but they have no scope allowed them to display their talents, for your play-going population has become so fond of processions and coronations, that legitimate tragedy is well nigh banished. I saw Rich the other day, and even he inveighed against your perverted taste. I really expect to see Othello and Macbeth turned into operas, and should not be surprised to hear that Hamlet gave his soliloquies on horseback. Things were ordered better in my day. Folks frequented the theatre to see a fine play well performed; there was rarely any farce after a stock piece, and melodramas were unknown. The boxes were filled with beauty and fashion,

the pit was bristled with many a formidable row of critics, and many a sagacious successor of Addison's trunk-maker thundered on the pannels of the gallery. Now, sad reverse! the boxes are sprinkled with spruce young gentlemen from the city, and gawky damsels who all live east of Temple Bar, the pit is crammed with sight-loving cockneys, and the gallery with swearing radicals. I wished a page above to return to the stage, allow me to say that I have changed my mind. Who knows, the irreverent puppies might hiss even David Garrick, in their impatience for the pantomime! Mr. Liston's Jerusalem pony, or Mr. Farley's four-legged friends would carry away all my laurels; I will not venture myself among such brutal performers, for I am no Jockey. Your play-makers are poor sticks, very poor sticks; Colman the Younger *was* a smart fellow, but his muse is consumptive, and ever since the Law of Java arrived here, our Colman the Elder has pettishly disowned his relation. *Mirandola* is written in very pleasing blank verse, so is *Fazio*; but those productions, with many more of the same school, are laid on the shelf, and all your novelties are bad translations from the French, or miserable paraphrases of the Scotch Romances. Shiel used to treat the public occasionally with a dish of absurdities, nicknamed a tragedy, but since the retirement of Miss O'Neill, as if conscious of the weakness of his characters when unsupported by her transcendant abilities, he has laid by his goose-quill, and shut up his standish. This is wise; and indeed if Shakespeare could return among you, I question much whether he would meet with a cordial reception, for your degenerated stage appeals almost entirely to the eye, and in a new piece, provided carpenter, dress-maker, and scene-painter do their duty, the dialogue is of little importance; one half of the audience cannot hear a word, the remaining half give themselves no trouble to understand what they do hear. I heartily approve of erecting a monument to Shakespeare. I did all I could to honour him at my jubilee, and would send a liberal subscription to further the plan, but alas, Pluto will not permit the exportation of bullion. Yet funds I trust will be eagerly supplied; the glory of a nation ought to be identified with the genius of its authors. Nobody is silly enough to fancy that the labours of the sculptor can augment the fame of such a man, but it is necessary to the renown of a country like England, that the intellectual superiority of her most gifted poet should be acknowledged. "Wars and rumours of wars" may distract the

world, battles may be won and lost, George the Fourth's Wellington will soon be as seldom talked of as Queen Anne's Marlborough, while the unrivalled dramatist,

"Who in our wonder and astonishment
Has built himself a live-long monument,"

can experience no diminution of his reputation. Physical triumphs can only affect and interest a single age; mental conquests are for all time!

I remain, dear Spec,
Thy loving Friend,

DAVID GARRICK.

The Last Appeal.

ONE moment yet—as 'tis the last,
Deny me not the brief delay,
Too soon 'twill fly to join the past,
And sink like them in tears away.
Leave something for reverting thought
To linger on when you are down,
Some tone for hope, (from pity caught,)
To echo when my heart's alone.

Think what a voiceless waste 'twill be,
Companionless in life's cold gloom,
While thousand thoughts of love and thee,
Like spectres round a desert tomb,
Will haunt this heart, where lies embalmed
The visions of long promised bliss,
The dreary hopes that soothed and charmed
My soul in sorrow's worst abyss.

Alas! there is no wild appeal
So vain as love's rejected prayer—
Its shrine where martyrs learn to kneel,
With such intense and wild despair!

Each other wretch has some resource,
 Some means to chase or soothe his woe,
 Some shield to ward, or break the force,
 Of bitter fate's remorseless blow.

But *he* has none—nay do not stay;
 That look of forced and cold accord,
 Can it *one* burning pang allay,
 One gleam of future bliss afford?
 The pain you feel, but fear to show,
 Your pity all too weak, too late,
 I cannot, will not seek to know,
 Go,—go, and leave me to my fate.

Be't yours to find the path of peace,
 Which henceforth I shall seek in vain,
 'Till comes the cold and last release,
 To still the heavy pulse of pain.
 And I'll indulge the thought till then,
 'Mid all the wreck of hopes long flown,
 That if your heart awake again,
 There yet will be one pulse my own.

You will not pass the grave where he
 Who lov'd you sleeps the sleep of death,
 And check the sigh of sympathy,
 That seeks to mingle with your breath?
 You will not, as the days gone by
 On memory's record rise anew,
 Refuse him yet a kinder sigh,
 Who breath'd so many sighs for you.

I know you'll not—then be it so,
 My soul must bow to fate's decree,
 Each other claim I now forego,
 I ask but one warm tear from *thee*.
 Like some torn shrub, that, cast aside,
 No longer meets the morning ray,
 Will joy to feel at evening-tide,
 The humid gleam of parting day.

M. L. R.

The Author.

A SKETCH.

DRAW aside the curtain, and let us peep at him. He is a spare, pale, melancholy looking wight. Sombre study and midnight vigil have imprinted indelible wrinkles on his brow. The hectic flushes that flit across his face,—the sunken eye,—the attenuated form—indicate an immedicable atrophy;—and the napless coat,—the dingy neckcloth, and the white mould buttons peeping forth from their woollen covering with unblushing effrontery,—shew how hard is his lot, “ who lives on readers’ favours.”—

“ The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.”

Yet he loves his fellow-beings,—and thinks, “ good easy man,” his labours will promote their happiness. He “ wants but little here below.” He has no ambition for this world’s wealth or greatness. He thinks with the poet, “ it is nonsense to quarrel for riches;” and would at any time exchange a good dinner for a new thought.

Observe him now. He has thrice nibbed his pen, and thrice essayed in vain to sully the foolscap’s virgin white: it is as yet unconscious of a thought. He is hammering his brains for a beginning; and then (I can read it in his countenance) he thinks he shall jog on smoothly enough. What perplexity in his looks! How he gnaws the “ grey goose quill,” in utter anguish of soul! I fancy I am admitted into the arcana of his imagination, and see thought rolling over thought, and stumbling forward to present itself, only to be rejected, to the mortification of the owner, who grasps in vain at some tangible idea that he can mould to his purpose. What a heap of nonsense would he scribble, did he clap down every sentence that stood candidate for his approval, without analysing or sifting! how many silly things array themselves in good set terms, and march to the bar of the judgment with as much impudence as if they had every qualification for passing muster! But he is wiser, and rejects every crude, undigested cogitation. If he begin at all, he will begin to the purpose.

Lo! He smiles! He has it. What a glow of delight is suffused over his whole countenance! With what ecstacy he seizes his pen,

and delivers his brain of the first sentence! He reads and re-reads it. It is *comme il faut*; and now he foresees no further interruption of the chain of ideas, of which he has happily discovered the first link. He clears his throat with an encouraging hem! He renibs his pen, adjusts his paper, shifts his chair, and refreshing himself with an aqueous draught, "gives note of preparation" for a vigorous attack. Another line, and yet another!—And now a dead pause. The tide of idea has ceased to flow; the current of thought has "turned awry, and lost the name of action." In vain he ponders, and looks wise. The sterile brain will not be forced. "Your dull-ass will not mend his pace by beating." He is vexed, philanthropically vexed, because the essay he is writing he deems of great importance to mankind. Should he fail, the consequences to the world at large would be most serious.

I have somewhere read of a philosopher (was it Bayle?) who looking out of his study-window, in the interim between the pursuit and the caption of an idea, observed a mason's labourer busily employed in rubbing two rough stones together to make them smooth. This set the learned man upon a meditation on the comparative importance of his occupation, when contrasted with that of the labourer,—which ended in a decision, prodigiously in his own favour, you may be sure. What a pity, thought he, that a man should spend his whole life, in the useless, monotonous employment of rubbing one stone upon another! Is it possible to conceive any thing less intellectual,—that calls for less exertion of mind,—or that is nearer allied to the mere instinct of the brute? So reflected the sage; though, in point of fact, his labours were the least important of the two. Scribblers in general are amazingly struck with a sense of their own diguity; and perhaps there is no class of people in the world, who are more insatiate of praise, which they receive as the just homage due to their talents, and not as an indulgence conceded by liberality. Did you ever (I ask the reader who has never periled his brains on paper)—did you ever encounter one of these literary wights, and observe the pains he takes to suit his language to the level of your comprehension? How condescendingly he explains his ideas by reading made easy, fearing they are too elevated for your shallow understanding; and how he carries about him the air of superior intellect, to freeze the presuming forwardness of the vulgar, and to awe ignoble minds. A man shall confer the most important benefit on his fellow-creatures by any other means than that

of wielding the pen, without one jot of the pride and vanity of him, who merely possesses the knack of arranging his thoughts on paper. Peter Scribble, at whom we have just been peeping, has a thorough sense of his own superiority. He weighs the various occupations of men in the scale of his vanity, and finds them all kick the beam, when balanced against the preponderance of that intellectuality of which he fancies himself possessed. With the glaring proofs of its utter uselessness staring him in the face, in the shape of thread-bare garments and empty pockets, he is yet vain enough to think himself superior to the man who labours for the practical benefit of his species. He ascribes his poverty to the neglect of genius, and cites greater names than his own to prove the desertion of merit. He considers that if he has not received the reward of his talents, it is yet due to him, and he does not abate an atom of his consequence. His whole life has been spent in the search after new ideas; he lays wait for them at all times and at all places, and when he is listening to your conversation, as you think, for the intelligence you are communicating, he is in fact watching for an original thought, which you may chance to pop out unawares. No time is out of season, no place too mean, no circumstance too trifling, to generate these contradictions to the wise man's proverb,—“there is nothing new under the sun.” He “gathers figs from thistles,” and converts, by a sort of chemical amalgamation, the most ordinary feelings and occurrences of life into literary importance. An Italian hawker met with an accident, and broke all his busts and figures. Peter was passing by, and recorded it as a literary misfortune. In describing it to a friend, he termed it a *confusion of images*, and his pity of the man was merely owing to the figurative coincidence. He is full of classical associations. The most interesting parts of London are those which gave birth to poets and authors. For this reason, an alley is preferred to a square, and a narrow court to a capacious street. Paternoster Row is enshrined in his heart, and Grub-street, stripped as it is of its primeval glory, and no longer the nursery of genius and the shrine of the muses, is yet surveyed by him with tearful sensibility. He was much grieved at receiving a cake from the hands of a pastry cook, wrapped up in a leaf of Wordsworth's poetry. “What a pity,” he exclaimed, “that literature should be subservient to a puff!” But he consoled himself by reflecting that puffs had often been subservient to literature: so that the odds were even. He is sometimes disposed to be

jocular, and once for the sake of a pun, he vindicated the impression of seamen. He said he felt himself bound to support the liberty of the press. He is ever ruminating. Many have been the encounters his head has sustained with a bricklayer's ladder, a scaffolding pole, or a pig of lead. He would have cared nothing for the blow, if it had not dissolved the idea, and spoiled the train of his reasoning. He spends so much of his life in thinking, that he has no time left for action; and thus he dreams away his existence, under the fond notion that the thoughts and experience of a man who knows nothing of the world, are of advantage to his fellow beings.

*

Satire.

WE live in a world replete with absurdities and are gifted with the disposition to derive from their combinations and contrasts pleasurable sensations; yet those who would establish a reputation for wisdom by a display of gravity and austerity, are ludicrously jealous of every effort made with a view to subserve truth and produce conviction by means of our risible propensities. They dwell much upon the supposed tendency of satire to divert the judgment from that patient attention to the abiding and sterling merits of a subject, without which it cannot be justly appreciated. But I think it an easy task to shew that the employment of this double-edged weapon is not inconsistent with the danger of tampering with error, and a desire to circumscribe its influence.

If, indeed, truth were always palpable and unequivocal in its appearances, and reason were never clouded by doubt or confounded with error, it might be a question whether we ought or ought not to confine ourselves in controversy to unvarnished narrative and unembellished logic; but in such a case controversy, could not occur,—the varieties of opinion could not exist,—but a harmony of feeling and faith would pervade the world, analogous to the uniformity of feature in the "human face divine," or in the music of the spheres. But the prevalence of sophistry necessitates the use of satire, and vindicates the wisdom and goodness of our Author in imparting to us the requisite powers.

Truth and error may be so artfully blended in paradoxes advanced in conversation, as to defy separation by a course of reasoning sufficiently summary for colloquial intercourse, and the comprehension of the unreflecting. Is the friend of truth to rest in tacit acquiescence with the error he abhors, with an instrument in his hand adequate to its exposure, and a conviction on his mind that ridicule of its contemptible properties would deprive it of credit? And even in exposing errors to which the press has given general currency, a diversified system of hostility will be found most efficacious, because men in general are unaccustomed to sustained thought, and their minds will lag beneath the burthen of a ponderous and prolonged chain of reasoning, unless attention is relieved and diverted by something vivid and pungent,—by the flashes of fancy and the stings of satire. Error must disguise its native deformity, to secure a passage to the heart and reception in the mind. All pretension is disgusting, as soon as perceived to be unfounded. Expose its fraudulency, and you may safely leave the latent evil to work its own natural destruction.

Sophisms are sometimes started, which are so palpably absurd to the unbiassed mind, as to awaken only an emotion of surprise at the impudence of their pretension. The claim is perfectly ridiculous; and in contemplating their absurdity, we lose sight of the pernicious consequences which must result from their practical adoption. Now to treat the absurd seriously, would be the essence of absurdity. It is the proper victim of ridicule. With this weapon, the mind intuitively, and without premeditation, assails it, and nature is a wise instructress. This is as it ought to be. It will be readily admitted in the common intercourse of society, that a status of manners is proper, by which to apportion the respect and deference we pay others to their relative value or consequence; and that it is both foolish and wicked to deport ourselves alike to all, without regarding the distinctions of age, sex, rank, and character. Is it not equally preposterous, to confound in one mode of treatment all opinions to which we are adverse, whether serious or frivolous, without considering the extent to which error may infect them, or the consequences likely to result from their propagation and success? Should we never attend to the probable motives of their authors or advocates? A sincere enquirer after truth may, from the contracted limits of the understanding, and the deceptive attributes of our sensible organs, be entangled in error; and the same temperament,

which prompts to inquiry, induces the publication of the result. We are all apt to suppose, when we make an addition to our own knowledge, that we have provided an accession to the general store which we feel impatient to communicate. We measure the progress of the general mind by that of our own. To lacerate the feelings of such a man with the scorpion whip of satire, would be merciless and unjust: but error will be more commonly advocated for selfish purposes—from interest, or pride, or knavery; for wealth to glut avarice, or applause to pamper ambition, or mischief to feed malignity. The courtesy which should be exercised towards the innocent and enthusiastic victim of error, would be wasted on its obdurate apostle,—against *him* let truth direct all the energies of the mind, and point every arrow of the spirit. Whoever wilfully pollutes the fountains from which flow the salubrious waters of intellectual and moral life, merits the fate of a noxious reptile whom it is the common interest to crush. The injuries he inflicts upon society may be irreparable, but ought not to be unavenged; and the agonies produced by powerful satire are probably the most acute of which the immortal part of man is susceptible.

Error is always the attribute of ignorance; no matter what may be its peculiar nature, or to what state of mental barbarism or refinement it may be adapted. We are ignorant in the same proportion as we are in error; the phrases indeed are correspondent and convertible, and as ignorance is the general characteristic, and wisdom the deviation from it, so error may be always considered as addressed to the multitude. The judgment will always be meagre and ineffectual, while the ideas about which it is exercised are scanty in number and contemptible in value; knowledge being the pabulum of intellectual power, and essential to its nourishment and improvement as material food is to the body. To minds weak and uninformed, sophisms afford much attraction; the glare of paradox diffuses an artificial splendour through those obscurities which the modest and uniform illumination of truth cannot penetrate. Happily the influence of ridicule over vulgar minds is supreme. To counteract error, we must reflect, not only on the disorder, but the constitution disordered.

But it is objected, that those persons, over whom ridicule exerts so sovereign a sway, are, from the imbecility and obtuseness of their perceptions, incapable of estimating the causes which justify its adoption, and may consider it as the organ of truth when

powerful, and of error when weak ; whereas the most potent ridicule may be used by the enemies of the former, and vice versa. I reply, that the disposition to yield to ridicule is not to be originally awakened in the inane mind by its use, for it is pre-existent, and not to be eradicated ; but having an object to attain, shall we not avail ourselves of the most direct and cogent instruments ? The question is not whether ridicule shall be employed to afford truth a temporary or occasional sway, but whether, in the attack which is determined shall be made on pre-occupying error, we may not include in our calculations and service all the favourable feelings ?

Again, ridicule is a destructive, not a constructive faculty ; it can but act against what is essentially or relatively foolish or incongruous, and truth is like a temple built in some consecrated vale within the limits of which no unhallowed sound can be heard, and none of the plants of folly can grow ; so that whatever can be made thoroughly ridiculous must be at least partially erroneous.

But it would be a waste of time to prolong the argument, for we have all experienced the healing influence of satire ; it has cut off from every spirit many a heavy prejudice by which its faculties had been torpified, and its ideas beclouded : it has held up a mirror in which we have seen reflected our own deformities. The dread of it has deterred us from indulging in habits pernicious to the mind's health and the heart's peace ; and from every bitter stroke it has inflicted, we have arisen with renovated zeal and tenfold activity to prosecute the race of knowledge, and explore the field of the world for the hidden treasure of truth.

F.

Literature.

HALIDON HILL ; a Dramatic Sketch,

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

If anything were necessary to prove that the Waverley novels are from the pen of Scott, the drama of Halidon Hill would furnish indubitable evidence of the fact. No reader of those highly interesting works can have forgotten the numerous headings to chapters

which are facetiously called extracts from old plays, and which, in the preface to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, the author fairly acknowledges to be his own. Now it is really impossible to peruse a single page of the present work, without a full conviction that it is from the same hand. Of the literary character of these historical recollections it is not easy to speak. The introductory note informs us that "the drama (if it can be termed one) is in no particular either designed or calculated for the stage," so that we have no right to quarrel with the writer on the irregular construction of his poem. The want of interest, however, which is observable throughout, is a more serious charge; the plot is managed in a very light and sketchy manner; there are no incidents that fix the attention, and only two characters for whom we feel any concern. Departing, as he has done, from the truth of history, the author has the less excuse for making his semi-fictional personages such plain, matter-of-fact beings. Not that it can be wrong to delineate from actual life and observation; but in poetry, the glow of imagination should be thrown over the common agents and incidents of the every-day world, or they can possess no charm, no attraction, on which the eye of fancy will love to expatiate. Simplicity is a laudable quality in composition, but the simplicity which deserves praise in poetry must never be destitute of elegance. To describe an infant in the young radiance of life and beauty, could not derogate from the most gifted votary of the muse, but to hitch a dunghill into verse, would be as absurd as to represent that object on the canvas. To comic or burlesque poems, these observations will not apply; but whenever the loftier faculties of the mind are appealed to, the subject chosen must be dignified in itself, while the dress it assumes is graceful and agreeable. It is in vain that we endeavour to raise things, mean in themselves, into importance, by the aid of pompous language or harmonious diction. Darwin, whose elegance of expression and smoothness of metre are acknowledged, failed to produce a lasting effect, simply because his themes were too puerile, and his ideas too petty, to excite any deep feeling or vivid interest in the reader. Vulgar thoughts, expressed in lofty phraseology, are like awkward abigails in their mistresses' cast-off finery, and are only rendered more repulsive and ridiculous by the disguise: on the contrary, noble thoughts, though expressed in comparatively homely language, find their way to the understanding and the affections, not the less surely because their progress

is in silence. We should laugh at gold lace on a patched coat,—a diamond would lose none of its value though set in lead.

Halidon Hill, notwithstanding the censures in which we have indulged, for ("we are nothing if not critical,") is the production of no ordinary genius. The talents evinced in the course of the work, properly exerted, might produce a drama, inferior only to the master-pieces of Shakespeare. The characters, whether English or Scottish, with the exception of two, are mere outlines, yet they are given with a vigour and clearness, that produce a far more distinct perception than the most elaborate and declamatory plays of Rome. What is said is said well, and each portion of the dialogue comes with perfect truth and propriety from the person to whom it is assigned. Edward the Third stalks across the scene like a phantom king, but he is invested with the attributes proper to a royal warrior, and consistent with the idea formed from history. Nothing can be in better keeping than the quarrel between him and the Abbot of Walthamstow; it accurately represents the imperious, high-minded prince and the stern determined soldier, while at the same time it gives a glimpse at the manners and feelings of the age, which is extremely interesting. The king's chaplain had saved his master's life at the expense of his own; the Abbot declares that his soul is in purgatory because he died in the habit of a soldier;

King Edw.—Say'st thou my chaplain is in purgatory?

Abbot. It is the canon speaks it, good my liege.

King Edw. In purgatory! thou shalt pray him out on't,
Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.

Abbot. My Lord, perchance his soul is past the aid
Of all the church may do,—there is a place
From which there's no redemption.

King Edw. And if I thought my faithful chaplain there,
Thou should'st there join him, priest!—Go, watch,
fast, pray,

And let me have such prayers as will storm heaven—
None of your maim'd and mutter'd hunting masses

I tell thee, if thou bear'st the keys of heaven,
Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with them,
'Gainst any well-deserving English subject.

Many readers may consider this, exaggeration, and refuse to

credit such irreverent boldness in a catholic monarch, but Edward lived at a period, when it was unusual to disguise genuine feeling with the cold gloss of courtesy, and when the mighty of the earth were more illiterate than a scholar of four years' old is at present. King Edward would have permitted the Abbot to put all the rest of Europe into purgatory, provided England were excused.

As Sir Walter Scott thought proper to introduce a Percy in his drama, it behoved him to bestow some pains in the delineation of a hero, bearing that distinguished name; but the Percy of Halidon Hill is as tame a milk-and-water sort of being as can be imagined; he is certainly no relation of the "fiery Hotspur." Chandos is a humourist of the olden time, and passes his joke on king and abbot with considerable adroitness. The charm, however, of this production must be sought elsewhere. The brave young Gordon and the veteran Swinton are depicted with infinite felicity; we gaze upon them through the long dim vista of years, and behold where touched by the potent wand of genius, they live again,—the one clothed with all the freshness of youth, the other white with the snow of age, yet standing erect, and looking with a soldier's eye on the ghastly visage of death. We see the mettle of the man in the following speech:

Regent. And if your scheme secure not victory,
What does it promise?

Swinton. This much at least,—
Darkling we shall not die; the peasant's shaft,
Loosen'd perchance without an aim or purpose,
Shall not drink up the life blood we derive
From those famed ancestors, who made their breasts
This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.
We'll meet these Southrons bravely hand to hand,
And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon;
Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes him.
While our good blades are faithful to the hilts,
And our good hands to these good blades are faithful,
Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged—
We shall not bleed alone!

The dialogue that follows is quite equal in strength and deep pathos to anything in the old dramatists.

Gordon. Am I not still fatherless?

Swinton. Gordon, no;

For while we live, I am a father to thee.

Gordon. Thou Swinton?—no! that cannot, cannot be.

Swinton. Then change the phrase, and say, that while we live

Gordon shall be my son. If thou art fatherless,

Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon,

Our death-feud was not like the household fire,

Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,

To moulder on, and wait a time for waking.

Ours was the conflagration of the forest,

Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem,

Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguished,

Till heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters.

But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd for ever;

And Spring shall hide the track of devastation,

With foliage and flowers.

Gordon's praise of his mistress Elizabeth is delightful, what crabbed Fadladeen of the age, will dare to assert, after reading the passage, that the true spirit of poetry is extinct?

O, her notes

Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,

Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,

That grief shall have its sweetness. Who but she

Knows the wild harpings of our native land?

Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,

Or wake the knight to battle, rouse to merriment,

Or soothe to sadness,—she can touch each mood.

Her gift creative

New measures adds to every air she wakes;

Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,

Like the wild modulation of the lark;

Now leaving, now returning to the strain!

To listen to her is to seem to wander

In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,

Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,

Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.

Methinks I hear her now.

We have thus spoken freely and impartially of Sir Walter Scott's

first dramatic attempt; it unquestionably must add to his reputation, yet it falls infinitely short of our estimate of his powers. He can do better things than this, he can resuscitate the English Melpomene, and address his country from the stage in the language of nature and truth, adorned indeed by the eloquence of fancy, but not the less faithful to genuine feeling and passion. And surely this would be worthy the ambition even of a Scott!

H.

Fine Arts.

He who expects a perfect work to see,
Expects what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

ACHILLES.

OUR readers will recollect, that a considerable time ago, the ladies of England entered into a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument complimentary to the Duke of Wellington and commemorative of the triumph of Waterloo. The scite and the design were the next things to be thought of. Hyde Park was chosen for the one; and a bronze cast from one of two figures in Italy, well known as admirable specimens of art, for the other. There are two groups placed on Monte Cavallo, in front of the papal palace at Rome, each consisting of a hero restraining an impetuous steed, and known by the names of Castor and Pollux. On the pedestal of one is inscribed, "Phidias made it," and on the other in imitation, "Praxitiles." They were found in one of the ruined saloons on the Quirinal Mount, hence now named Monte Cavallo, and are supposed to have been conveyed from Alexandria by Constantine the Great, to embellish his Roman Thermae (bathing halls). During the pontificate of Pio the Sixth, they were replaced on the same height to decorate opposite sides of a fountain flowing into a vast basin of Egyptian granite. The statue in Hyde Park is copied from the chief, considered Castor,

Castor gaudet equis.

HORACE.

and is, without the pedestal, 20 feet high, and weighs nearly 36 tons.

The manner in which this cast is executed reflects the highest honour upon the artist to whom it was entrusted ; but his praise must give place to our admiration of the original genius who so sublimely conceived, and so powerfully embodied. We never recollect having ever been more impressed with a single figure. Its admirable proportions, anatomical detail, strength and symmetry, action and repose, and mental and corporeal vigour, form a whole, grand in the extreme. Having said this, if we notice what we conceive one or two trifling defects, we shall not be supposed to speak in a spirit of detraction, but rather evince our anxiety for perfection. The principal joint of the thumb of the left hand is obviously too long, and that part of the fore arm, where the *biceps* runs under the *deltoides*, is too large ; it was intended, we know, to denote strength, and so it would if under a certain point, but carried beyond, it appears clumsy, and if much increased, confers the appearance of weakness rather than power. The neck, too, might have spared a trifle of its bulk without diminishing its force, and perhaps the *processes* of the *humerus* are buried rather too deep in flesh. But these faults are overwhelmed by its general grandeur. Look at the ample, upheaving, undaunted chest, and you imagine the strength of a whole army concentrated within it. But its excellence has not appeased the critics. George Alexander Steevens, in his satirical sketches, declares that "where the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them ;" now we suspect that there are critics who think this a privilege too valuable for the gentlemen learned in the "black art" to monopolize solely to themselves, and this monument, displaying so many excellences and so few defects, affording them a fair opportunity of asserting their claims to it, they were determined not to miss it. But to find fault with the figure would but expose their critical acumen to derision. What's to be done?—Why, find fault with any thing but that. Its situation, its name, its unsuitableness, and, oh excellent! its indelicacy.

With regard to the first objection, we are free to confess, that had there been in the heart of the metropolis a spacious area, surrounded with public and splendid edifices, we should have preferred such a situation ; but as there was not, the next best is the one it now occupies ; and we hope the "gentlemen of England" will emulate the "ladies of England" and subscribe for another masterly cast to keep it company. And so we have disposed of the first fault.

Now for the second. Why should it be called Achilles? and why should it not? Who it was originally intended to represent is now a matter of conjecture: that the character is ideal we have no doubt, and therefore perfectly open to appropriation, and if the character of the figure is in unison with the qualities of the hero as handed down by the poet, Achilles is as good a name as Castor, or Alexander, or any other.

To those whose faculties are so obtuse that they cannot discern any points of resemblance between the Grecian leader and the British chief, we are afraid that our assistance will be of little service. Our duty, however, is obvious, whatever may be our success. The two wars in which they were engaged differed very widely in their causes, but not in their consequences, whether we look to the fate of the vanquished families or the equivocal advantages of success that accrued to the conquerors; and we think the frequent defeats, the partial successes, and the unprofitable victories of the British arms previous to the battle of Cintra, are somewhat analogous to the fluctuations of fortune experienced by the Grecian forces while Achilles indulged in his sulkily retirement. Another point of resemblance is, that the English carried on the war at the gates of the enemy as well as the Grecians. Again, the renown of the English and French leaders attracted all eyes in the same manner and with the same interest as the military prowess of Achilles and Hector fixed the observation of the contending states of their day. Should we be told that there are many points of dissimilarity, we demand, where are there two events alike in all respects? But the principal thing for which we contend is, that the extraordinary warlike powers of Achilles saved his country from disgrace at the eleventh hour, and the genius of Wellington for Britain did the same. But how are the common people to know and understand all this? It should be the business of all to raise the minds of the million; so will they increase the boundary of knowledge, and enlarge the sphere of happiness. But the artist who projects works to suit the limited comprehension of ignorance will degrade his noble profession without having any advantage to adduce as a set-off, and would be as great a rebel in the republic of taste and as much to be despised as the dramatic author who should compose for the unfledged intellects of a gallery.

But what shall we say to the charge of its having an immoral tendency? Why, that we cannot believe that a developement of the fair proportions of the noblest of God's creatures in brass or marble

can ever operate as a scare-crow to put to flight the modesty of our maids and matrons. Let us draw an argument from those who have most to do with such figures. We know that ladies who cultivate the polite arts are obliged to study the anatomy of both sexes; and we have frequently seen them copying from the antique in company with students of the opposite sex, but we never heard that such ladies were more lax in their morals than others. We have had opportunities of making observations at such seasons, but we never discovered the least levity of countenance or manner that would warrant us in concluding that the practice had contaminated the purity of the mind. It would be rather a whimsical objection for the lover of modesty to refuse such a lady as a partner, because she was a lover of the fine arts, and practised painting. Should it be said that the frequent contemplation of such objects renders their deteriorating qualities nugatory; all is granted that we contend for, that is, that moral pollution is not necessarily connected with beholding or contemplating such monuments. The remedy indeed is obvious. Erect more statues in public situations, and the effect upon the many will be the same as upon the few. Again, are we to conclude that the well informed ladies who visit our public exhibitions, and many of whom have ingress to the mansions of the affluent and the noble, where such figures may be said to abound,—are we to conclude that they are less modest than those who move in a humbler sphere, and who rarely obtain a view of such subjects? No such thing. We will go further, and say, that the ladies whose public spirit subscribed towards this monument, and whose eclassical taste selected the design, have feelings as refined and pure as any body of females in the country. To see them then run down for a labour that deserves our gratitude by the hireling writers of our daily press!—that press, whose columns for a gratuity are at the service of the lottery puffer, the money-lender, and the quack; that press, which lends its assistance for a few shillings to the pimp, the impostor and the mountebank; that press, whose moral principles are upon a par with the pawn-broker and retailer of drams, whose code is to be found in the ledger and not in the decalogue; that press, which sends out its collection of moral feculence and filth to pamper the depraved appetites of its readers daily, and descends to the most disgusting recitals of the weakness and wickedness of mankind for “filthy lucre;” to see that press, that voluptuous press,

whose moral character is as odious as the body of Priapus, wrap its deformity round in the censorial robe, assume the judgment seat, and lecture our fair countrywomen for exercising a sound taste, is calculated to stir the gall of every friend to the arts, to the sex, and to virtue. But enough of this. We hail the erection of this statue as forming an era in the arts; English artists hitherto have been working for private mansions or public buildings; admission to the first could be obtained only by favour, to the second but occasionally, and then in general by bribe; but in future, we trust their great works will be erected in public places, to which the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the learned, the foreigner as well as the native, will have free access: thus will they be under the strongest possible stimulus to task their powers to the utmost, we mean the consciousness that their works are to be submitted to an audience as extensive as the empire.

S.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

———Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.

HORACE.

We do not know a class of persons that deserves or requires the patronage of the affluent and the noble more than those who are engaged in the cultivation of the fine arts. To shew the beneficial influence their pursuits have upon society, would take us into a greater field than our limits at present will allow us to occupy; but we avail ourselves of the opportunity offered of glancing at the peculiar situation in which these sons of genius are placed. There is not a more laborious study than painting; "he who thinks" says Opie, "of making it an amusement knows nothing of the art." Supposing a man gifted by nature with a mind vivid, observing, penetrating and imaginative, yet he has to acquire a knowledge of chemistry, anatomy, optics, geometry, architecture; should be well read in history and poetry, and have a thorough knowledge of the manners, habits and customs of different states at different periods. So much for the state of perfection to which his mind should be brought; but this forms but one half of his labours; there is the education of the hand, it must be made to obey the will, to give to the airy creation of the mind "a local habitation and a

name," that is, to fix and embody the most complicated conceptions by lines and colours. Now this power can only be obtained by unceasing practice. The student, therefore, shuts himself up in his study for years, and while he advances in wisdom in his noble profession, he gradually becomes ignorant, or rather never learns the ways of the world. When arrived at maturity, he is like a child in the art of obtaining the means of living. He can manufacture, if we may be allowed to apply this phrase to the arts, but he knows not where to find a market for his goods. He has no shop. The feeling affluent, impressed with his situation, established in 1805, the "British Institution." But this institution had other objects in view beside affording a market to the artists' commodities. It was desirous of improving the quality of the article it undertook to vend. "We ask," says the British Institution, "that professional talents be no longer confined to inferior objects, but that our artists be encouraged to direct their attention to higher and nobler attainments; to paint the mind and passions of man; to depicture his sympathies and affections, and illustrate the great events which have been recorded in the history of the world." In pursuance of this desire they lay by a portion of their funds to bestow as rewards upon the most successful efforts; thus they promote the interest of the artist and the glory of the arts and their country at the same time. But what this society is most to be valued for, is the tone that it communicates to the public feeling, as it respects the arts, by the patronage it affords artists, and the general taste it generates and matures by the alternate exhibitions of the ancient and modern masters. So much for the utility of this institution. We shall now proceed to make some remarks upon some of the works in the present exhibition, and we are sorry other matter pressed so urgently upon us as to prevent us from taking earlier notice of them.

At the end of the South Room are four pictures, copies from the celebrated Raphaels belonging to the King of Spain, and painted for the Duke of Wellington, at Paris, when the originals were in that city in 1817. The artist's name we have not learnt, but there is abundant internal evidence of their being faithful transcripts of originals by the prince of painters. We are much indebted to the taste and spirit that procured them, and the liberality that allows them to be exhibited.

No. 163, "The Holy Family," called "the Pearl," on account of
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its surprising excellence, is the smallest but the best. Sir Joshua Reynolds observed, that the first feeling he experienced when examining the ancient masters on the continent, was that of disappointment; but it yielded gradually to almost unbounded admiration. We believe it. Sir Joshua's eye and taste had been vitiated by the crude, formal and gaudy compositions of his time and country, but these by degrees were corrected, and then he was able to appreciate the excellence before him. The peculiarity of the best of the ancients may be said to consist in the absence of peculiarity. We will endeavour to explain this paradox. There are many constituents to form a whole, as colour, contrast, relief, drawing, light and shade, &c., but the object sought was to avoid a domination of any one of these over the rest. Hence it is, that the best pictures are less striking than some much inferior, where one or two of these parts, or constituents, preponderates. The excellence they aspired after was to unite and blend all the constituents in due proportion, so that a faultless whole should be the result, and yet the effect unobtrusive. Such a picture is "the Holy Family." Examine it by all the rigid rules of art, and that best test of all, nature; your judgment is satisfied. Yet there is nothing to divert the attention from the surrounding subjects, or arrest the loungee in his stroll through the gallery, but having in due course come to it, he is immediately affected with its superiority; each countenance, each feature, and each limb, is a study; he is impressed with the simplicity of childhood, the dignity of maturity, and the gravity of age, and to the peculiarity of each of these seasons of life he finds added a benignity super-human. We think the celestial serenity of the mother and the innocent sportiveness of the infant have never been equalled. Her emotion as she dwells upon the child is that of satisfaction rather than joy; the joys of the rude are boisterous, of the cultivated subdued, but this joy has a holy calmness suited to intelligences of a superior sphere. The graceful plumpness of infancy is exquisitely managed. The correctness of the drawing of the outstretched hands of the Redeemer, assisted by the admirable arrangement of light and shade, lead one almost to suppose that they protrude from the canvas. Were we disposed to find fault at all, it would be with the back-ground, but we pass on to

164, "The Salutation." This picture consists of but two figures, Elizabeth and Mary. When we consider the youth, situation,

and general character of the latter, the predominant feeling upon such an occasion would be that of profound modesty, which is here admirably indicated in the drooping head, the closed eye, and the hesitating advance. The manner in which this master manages his draperies has a high excellence. However ample and full his garments be, he so disposes the folds, as to display the fine contour and happy proportions of the limbs they envelope.

No. 162, "Christ bearing the Cross,"—called the "Spasimo." This picture is of a very large size, and represents the cavalcade passing to Mount Calvary; about the centre is the Redeemer grovelling on the ground, having sunk under his ignominious burthen; his relations and disciples on the right hand of the picture forcibly display, in their countenances and attitudes, their agony of mind; while on the left, executioners, soldiers, and attendants, are dragging him along with ropes, regardless of his extremity. There seems to be a contention between two of the assistants: one, somewhat softened by the suffering of his lord, appears disposed to ease him from the pressure of his cross for a moment, and is lifting it up from his shoulders, while a ferocious spirit is endeavouring to thrust it down again. There are too many parts in this picture for us to criticise it in detail, but we consider it, as a whole, worthy of the great master to whom it is attributed.

No. 161, The Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome on the right, and on the left an angel, presenting Tobit with a fish,—known by the name of the "Madonna de la Pesce."—We neither like the subject nor the manner in which it is executed; the first is heterogeneous, and the second crude; a virgin, a child, an angel, a catholic saint, a little boy called Tobit, and a fish, are an odd jumble,—and with regard to the colouring, there is a *map-ishness* extremely insipid, and a garishness extremely offensive.

There are several subjects by Rubens. We think the fame of this painter declines in proportion as the English school advances in a knowledge of the art. To us he has appeared only as the noblest of sign painters. In the department of the art that he adopted, he certainly was superior to any other in the Flemish school, but this was only admitting that he was the best among the bad. His men, nay his gods (and he was very fond of being among them) are destitute of dignity, and his women, as Mr. Fuseli we think observes, are "hillocks of flesh." We consider him, how-

ever, successful, when he descended below his own species, a happy specimen of which we think is in No. 175, "A Larder, with figures and dead game." From the vigour of the drawing, richness of colouring, and elaborate finishing displayed in the animals in this picture, we have no hesitation in saying that nature intended him for this department of art, but that he thwarted her views by soaring to loftier subjects. His "Descent from the Cross" must be considered as a splendid exception to the accuracy of our remarks, but nevertheless we maintain they are correct as respects the character of the generality of his productions.

There are three or four by Titian: he has great reputation as a colourist, and it must be admitted that he had the knack of blending his tints in such a way that it was impossible to say where one commenced or another finished, but his drawing was incorrect, and his figures, like those of Rubens, were clumsy. The specimens, here furnished, had they other names attached to them, would be passed over with commendation of that cold description that would amount to——nothing at all. Let us take No. 153, "Venus and Adonis," and ask, where is the artist whose ambition is of that moderate size, that it would be satisfied with such a modicum of excellence as is here displayed? It may suffer in our regard from the colours having faded,—but still we can judge of the drawing, composition, expression, grace and dignity. Who could suppose that such a piece of inelegant insipidity as the Adonis in this picture could ever have been the favorite of the goddess of beauty? Who could suppose this antipode to grace could tempt such a delectable creature to elope from the abode of the gods to dwell with him? Or, on the other hand, who could suppose that such a fat and graceless Venus had ever carried off the prize from Juno and Pallas;—that she could be the mother of love, the mistress of the Graces, the abstract personification of beauty? Westall! be proud of yourself, for this Venus ought to be a washerwoman to your's.

We have the four seasons, the five senses, several landscapes with figures, and several merry-makings by Teniers. There are three that we shall notice, No. 52, "The Interior of the Emperor Leopold's Gallery." 89, "Flemish Courtship." 124, "A Merry-making." In the first, he has betrayed some ignorance in *chiaro oscuro*. The tone of light should have been gradually lowered down as the walls approached the ceiling, but it is elaborately finished, and the figures

which are introduced (among them we think is a portrait of himself) are well drawn. The second represents a master in a scullery or kitchen, making tender advances towards his maid, while the mistress is represented as coming in at the door in the back ground. While waiting in breathless expectation of the *denouement*, we all at once recollect that the good folks have been standing in their relative situations for these hundred and fifty years, and then smile at our own simplicity, or extol the deceptive powers of the artist. We must not omit to notice the pots and pans and culinary implements, which are highly finished and strewn about in "admirable disorder," and shew that Cupid can sometimes quit the fragrant bower, trellised with jesamine and eglantine, to dwell in humbler places. But the last is the greatest picture, both in magnitude and magnificence. Teniers was certainly a great, but a limited genius: he was confined to one class of subjects, and even in this class there is a want of variety,—a game at cards or bowls, a smoking-club, or merry-making having been painted, the volume of his observation was run through, and he was obliged to set down and paint the same subjects over again with slight variations, or paint nothing. The narrow bounds of his genius is further observable in the paucity of character he introduced. A boor sick and retching in some corner, another upon a hillock under a tree, playing the bagpipes, another behind a door performing a duty that does not require to be more particularly described, and a hostess going in or coming out of the door-way, half a dozen more round a barrel turned up for a table, and another half dozen performing some wild evolutions by way of a dance, and then—and then we have run through all the materiel of all his merry-makings, and indeed of all his subjects. If we analyze him more minutely, we shall be more confirmed in our opinion of its character,—we find his figures ill-looking, large-headed, high and broad shoulders, drop-sical bodies, and "shrunk shanks," without exception. Again, examine the character of the features, and you will find high cheek bones, narrow chins, and long broad Bardolph sort of noses, these peculiarities are to be found in this picture, and in all others by the same artist.

There are some excellent portraits of Rembrandt; a pair of very fine "Bandittis" by Salvator Rosa; some exquisite landscapes by various masters; the most conspicuous of which are those by Wou-

wermans, Ruysdael, Vanderveldt, and Cuyp.—No. 155, "Sea View by Moonlight," by the last master, is very excellent. A true representation of the appearance of nature when under the influence of this serene luminary, has ever been an object of desire with landscape painters, but over anxiety of making the most of such subjects has led them to make too much of them. The rays of the moon have been too extensively diffused. The objects have been too numerous and too clearly defined, and the whole scene may be said to be too busy, but in the one we are describing, the water is merely streaked with the moon's rays; and the only object in the scene is a small vessel with a swelling sail, gliding over it, and only those parts which are towards the luminary are perceivable, while the rest are so delicately touched, that they seem to sink gradually into shade, leaving the imagination to pencil out the contour. The clouds, too, are just touched at the edges with a silver selva. The warm yellow tint in the distance excellently counteracts the rawness the great body of blue would occasion.

No. 15, *The Misers*, and 158, *The Unjust Steward*, are by Quintin Matsys. The first of these is well known from the plate engraved from it, and is by far the best. The effects of this master were powerful, and his expression true,—but neither the disposition, nor the colouring, nor the manner of working, deserves praise. We would not recommend any master to be imitated, but Matsys least of all. His mahogany flesh is anything but nature. His style is hard, and the little and laborious manner of working, which we observe when near, occasions considerable surprise at his producing so much effect by such minute means.

S.

Sonnet.

'Tis evening, and the birds are in their bowers,
Each softly sleeping on its favorite tree ;
The hare is wantoning among the flowers ;
And the dark cloud that over twilight lours
In the far west is fading silently ;
The dew, that now is falling in soft showers,
Refreshes roses that the loveliest be ;
And sweetly comes the happiest of hours
To all of human kind, but most to me.
For then the sickness that the heart devours,
The bosom's gloom, the mind's misanthropy,
Is soften'd, and the frame regains its powers,
And the glad spirit from its burden free,
Walking with nature, takes, of her, tranquillity.

S. R. J.

The Freebooter.

A SKETCH.

Continued from p. 144.]

"Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."THE TEMPEST.

The Stranger's Narrative.

.....I AM the sport of fortune ; a very feather upon the stream of existence, to which every breath gives an impulse, every ripple a change of course. Smile at these exclamations, Frederick, if you will, but I have that to relate, which might well render one more

volatile than myself a stranger to smiles for ever. Read, and acknowledge that I am no causeless murmurer.

Shortly after the disastrous affair of I determined to quit London, that populous desert ! for to me it was no more ; and accordingly embarked in the "Caledonia," with the wreck of my property, excepting only the slight portion vested in the hands of my agent in Berwick, to which port the vessel was bound. A fair and fresh breeze carried us in a few hours beyond the Nore, and the rapidity of our course according well with the impatient restlessness of my feelings, I remained upon deck, yielding to the melancholy gratification which minds of an irritable temperament sometimes experience in the alternate rise and disappearance of successive objects. We stood fairly out to sea ; but as night darkened, the wind varied a point or two to our disadvantage, and, what was still more unwelcome, the weather grew extremely hazy and thick. About midnight, the fog became so dense it was impossible to distinguish objects at the distance of half the ship's length, and not daring to run at the same rate before the wind, they found it necessary to reduce her canvas ; I heard the order given for the top-sails to be double-reefed, and while the men lay out upon the yards accomplishing it, the captain swore to the mate that in such a fog he once ran down a smaller vessel upon the Yorkshire coast, passing over her with such a terrible velocity that the wretched victims on board had not even leisure to shriek ere they expired ! He had scarcely closed the sentence, when a loud cry of " a sail a head ! put the helm up ! " from one who had been stationed at the bows to look out, broke alarmingly upon their dialogue. A stunning vociferation of orders followed, " Keep the helm up, and haul in the main sheet ! Hard-a-weather the helm ! Square away the main-yard ! and flatten in the jib sheet for'ard there, men ! &c." which as the ship did not wear immediately, was followed by the tremendous shock of another vessel striking full upon our own. In an instant all was uproar, confusion and terror : the shouts and imprecations of either crew, together with the darkness of the night, rendered it impossible for some minutes to conceive the extent of our danger. I heard a seaman cry " she's going down ! " but knew not to which vessel the exclamation applied ; the stranger had carried away almost the entire of her bow-sprit, and ours being locked in her fore-rigging, both ships continued to heave and plunge together by the stern ; the sea, which

now ran rough and high, breaking furiously over them, and threatening at every plunge to engulf one or both in its foaming depths. The *Caledonia's* hold and forecastle, however, being examined, her damage was reported inconsiderable; but the redoubled tumult prevailing on board the other vessel, indicated more terrible consequences, and the stupor in which I had been thrown by the first abrupt shock and confused hubbub of alarming sounds that followed, was now broken by the piercing shrieks of women. Yielding to the first natural impulse, and regardless of the helmsman's admonitions to remain aft, I hurried impatiently forward, just as the crew of the collier (for such she proved to be) were pouring from their own deck on to ours, each impatient to secure existence, and apparently heedless of the agonizing sounds which had roused me to exertion: To force a passage through the increasing throng, to clamber over the bows of either vessel, and gain the companion of the collier's cabin, was, from the pitchy darkness of the night and the rolling of the waves, a task to which nothing but such a stimulus, and in such a moment of terrible excitement, could have rendered me equal; but all the energies of my soul were bent to its accomplishment, and in the interim scarcely a feeling of selfish apprehension obtruded. A suppressed scream, and the exclamation "Oh! save me, save me!" thrilled upon my ear, and directed me to the terrified being by whom they were uttered; it was a female, striving in all the agonies of desperation to force the companion door, and vainly striving, for a large spar and several coil of ropes had fallen against it, and mocked every effort of the weak and exhausted girl they imprisoned. Removing these impediments, I snatched her from her perilous situation; some one at the same instant exclaiming from the hatchway, "oh! take me with you, Miss! for the love of God, take me with you!" and in another minute clinging to my arm, uttering shriek upon shriek in the very extacies of fear, as with difficulty I supported the almost sinking frame of my first helpless charge along the deck, stumbling blindly towards the head, and in momentary expectation of a sudden gust tearing the ships asunder and leaving us to perish in the devouring waves. Amidst the confusion of sounds, I could hear a rough voice cry "D——n the chest! old fellow; come a-board, can't you? She's settling by the head"—and, in reply, the feebler accents of an old man, petitioning for help with the frenzied vehemence of despair. He was toiling to heave some-

thing weighty over the weather-bow of the Caledonia, and raved for assistance in tones of horror which shocked me to hear, but to which I could only answer by an admonition to preserve life while yet in his power, although the female I was now straining every nerve to place in safety, and had succeeded in committing to the grasp of those on board, repeatedly exclaimed, "My father! save my father!" and seemed unwilling to preserve even her own existence while his was in jeopardy. Her maid, the person who had clung to me along the deck, now quitted her grasp, and with the desperate strength which terror sometimes gives to the feeble, passed without help from ship to ship; although a tremendous surge burst over us at the time, and from the immediate cessation of the old man's cries, rendered me apprehensive it had swept him over the side. No leisure, however, was afforded me for further exertion, and I regained the deck of the Caledonia just as orders were given to clear her bowsprit of the rigging in which it was entangled, and lash her helma-lee. This was scarcely done, when she broke from the collier, and in one instant we lost sight of it for ever, both vessels bounding upon their darkened way, and the latter in all probability sinking immediately after, as, according to several of the crew, she was fast filling with water, and indeed gave a warning lurch to leeward as I stepped from her bows. My first care was to learn the fate of the old man. He had escaped, preserving not only life but the chest which appeared so much the object of his solicitude. Quitting the deck, now crowded with both crews, and where the strange captain was giving vent to distraction for his loss, I next descended to the cabin, anxious to behold once more in safety the lady I had rescued from destruction. She was seated on the lockers near her father, whose eyes wandered vacantly from his child to his rescued treasure, and supported by the Caledonia's mate, of whom I shall have much to tell you. The ruddy light of the fire and a suspended lamp glared distinctly upon her, displaying features in which even the strong expression of recent terror could not destroy their wonted delicacy and sweetness; I cannot describe them, but never, till that instant, had the countenance of woman so much of interest for me; never till then had I truly felt of how much magic it is capable, when melancholy without tameness, and beauty without the consciousness of its possession, blend their enchanting hues in the picture! In the words of your favorite poet,

“——Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there.”

and when she thanked me as her preserver, all that is estimable in the purely feminine character seemed glowing upon her cheek; I felt even then as if her fortunes were bound up with my own for ever—as if, (romantic folly!) existence had nothing more for me, either in its storms or sunshine, than the pursuit of such an object!

Let me dwell no more upon my weakness. Cicely Darnton was the only daughter of an only surviving parent, who had embarked with considerable property in the *Alfred*, one of the numerous vessels trading between the northern parts and the metropolis, when the deeply rooted penuriousness which overcame his apprehensions of a sea voyage met its reward, by the ship striking with ours and perishing with all that he possessed, saving only a single trunk, which, as I have related, he preserved at the eminent peril of his existence. In one minute, all the glittering dreams of avarice were destroyed, and the wretched being, who had made gold his deity, now sunk hopeless, heartless, and spirit-broken, as the splendid idol vanished from his gaze. From the moment of his entering the *Caledonia* he appeared dead to all around him, even the affectionate attentions of poor Cicely failing to break upon his lethargy, and receiving for answer only a vacant stare, or tears shed in the very childishness of sorrow.

The fog cleared away; and after several days' anchorage in Yarmouth roads, we again went merrily before a brisk wind from the south, leaving the Yorkshire eminences quickly behind, and breasting the lofty surge upon the coast of Durham, towards which we drew for the purpose of landing the unfortunate seamen of the collier. Hitherto every effort to engage Darnton in conversation on his affairs or intentions had been ineffectual; but when the ship slackened sail off the piers of Sunderland, and he was told to prepare for landing, a light seemed to break upon him for the instant: he would proceed, he said, with the *Caledonia* to Berwick, and from thence travel as he might to Edinburgh, where, at the residence of an only son, he might be soothed and supported in his calamity. The captain and crew of the *Alfred* were now put ashore,

the boat returned, sail was again made upon the ship, and before evening, the majestic ruins of Tynemouth Priory faded in the distance.

J. G. G.

Bishopwearmouth.

(To be Continued.)

Sonnet.

—
 "I had a dream which was not all a dream."

LORD BYRON.

—
 Yes, I have dreamt—have dreamt my youth away!
 My hours have all been visions—every thought
 Of past or future that my fancy brought,
 Has been a flitting dream—a dream of day.
 And all that I have felt—and every ray
 That lit me onwards—hope or joy or aught
 That could with life inspire me—it was nought
 But a deceiving vision—tho' too gay!
 And that which dwelt around me—the pure light
 Of love's young loveliness—the holy beam
 That shone around my griefs—a halo bright,
 And could, with but a momentary gleam,
 Put every darkness, duskiness to flight;—
 It was—tho' more than sweet—a fading, vanishing dream!

EDWARD REGINALD.





R. Cooper, sculp.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

London. Published by T. Richardson, 98, High Holborn.

On the Genius of Colman.

Is Colman also among the poets? And why not, my singular good friend? What have you to urge why he should not rank with the best of them? Did you ever read one of his poems, or see one of his plays without laughing? If you ever did, the weeping philosopher of old was a merrier fellow, for his risible muscles would have been excited long before he had got through a single Broad Grin. But you will probably say, that Colman chooses low and unworthy subjects for his Muse; that he continually trifles with his reader; that he has no higher object in view than to produce mirth;—in short, that he is better fitted for a boon companion, than a grave lecturer. Admit all this, does it destroy his repute as an author? “Not a jot.” He never, to be sure, wrote like Byron or Young, with a human skull at his elbow. He does not excruciate the nerves of hysterical ladies or weakly gentlemen, in their grand climacteric, with terrible tales of a tub, with Corsairs, and Giaours, and Harolds, the monstrous abortions of a diseased imagination. He attempts not to vie with Moore in the elegant voluptuousness of his style, nor does he pause with Wordsworth to moralize over every withered daisy or butterfly. The squalidness and misery in which Crabbe delights, have no charms for him, and he leaves Southey to the undisturbed enjoyment of his visions; he neither jostles the Ancient Mariner, nor strives with idle ambition

“To break a lance
In the fair fields of old romance”

on the talisman of the Great Unknown. But while prudently abstaining from such futile enterprises, he has done what no writer of the age can do half so well. Beguiling us of sorrows, real or imaginary, he has lit up the pale cheek of the mourner with smiles of innocent merriment, filled our leisure moments with amusement at once cheerful and rational, and taught us the secret of despising folly, without malevolence, and admiring virtue without envy. It may be asserted with some appearance of truth, that Colman has written nothing but burlesque poems and five-act

farces ; but has he, in the peculiar branch of composition which he has chosen, as suited to the developement of his talents, approximated nearly to perfection ? Has he accomplished the task he proposed to himself ? If he has, we have no right to seek at his hands productions for which the character of his mind has unfitted the outlines that we can warrantably expect, is, that he should fill up him : all drawn by his own fancy ;

Critics should keep in view the author's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.

It is impossible to peruse the comedy of John Bull, the Heir at Law, or indeed any of this writer's plays, without acknowledging that the dramatist has read the mysterious volume of human life successfully. It was his business to place the various groupes which he selected from the masquerade of the world, in ridiculous attitudes ; he was to embody our follies, eccentricities and affectations, rather than our crimes and sufferings. The lofty passions which give dignity and interest to tragedy, entered not into his plan. His Love, personified, would be an innocent country maiden, fond and fantastical ; his Ambition, a country apothecary, an Ollapod, anxious to dispense more aperients than any other practitioner, and dying to become colonel in the county militia ; his Jealousy, an antiquated virgin, all wrinkles, rouge, and faded finery, fretting herself to a mere shadow, because her blooming niece attracts more admiration in her simple russet gown, than she can in her silks and satins. There is exaggeration, no doubt, in his portraits and family pictures, but that very circumstance makes them delightful,—a plain blundering Irishman from Tipperary would be disgusting, but a Dennis Brulgruddery, rich in inexhaustible whim, and tinging with genuine humour the aberrations of his fancy, fixes our attention at once. A rude unsentimental brazier from Birmingham, would be driven from the stage without mercy, but honest-hearted Job Thornberry will retain his place there, however refined and fastidious the audience. Dr. Pangloss, the Duberleys, and Zekiel Homespun, form a groupe, which, though its exact counterpart is not to be found in real existence, is sufficiently correct to convey instruction, while it affords entertainment. It is absurd to suppose that a sense of the ludicrous in the spectator, will necessarily destroy his aptitude to receive rational impressions from a faithful thorough bred delineation of human foibles and

follies. The cause of good morals may be as effectually promoted by the merry votary of Thalia, as by the prim visaged "buckram men" of ethics and philosophy, who are continually dosing their disciples with plausible nothings. The didactic poet, who wraps up mere truisms in sounding terms, which the uninitiated find it difficult to comprehend, deserves less distinction in the commonwealth of letters, than the clear-sighted, open-spirited dramatist, who "tells us that which we ourselves do know,"

Shoots folly as it flies,
And paints the living manners as they rise.

The agreeable poignancy, which frank, playful, unenvenomed satire gives to the plays of Colman, renders them peculiarly fascinating, and our own failings set before us in the strong light of ridicule, convey reproof from the tongue of mirth, and induce us to think of amendment, without the least feeling of anger towards our monitor. A sermon or an essay, written professedly against some darling foible, is shunned as replete with unpleasant truths; or if read, is read with a disposition to contradict and contemn. But when at the theatre, in moments of relaxation, we behold duplicates of ourselves, wearing motley indeed, but still sufficiently like to be easily recognised, caricaturing our manners and pursuits, shewing vanity the pitiful effect of its frippery; pride, the unseemliness of its supercilious airs; and purse-proud wealth, the error of supposing that friendship and esteem are purchaseable commodities:—do we not resolve to correct the vices which excite our disgust when exhibited by others, and form plans for our future conduct, which, though partially forgotten, can scarcely fail to leave some salutary impression? Tell a coquet that her behaviour is immodest and unwomanly, and she will think herself insulted, and deem the animadversion brutal; but set before her, in the glass of the drama, a second self, with all her caprices and deceits odiously prominent, and her amiable qualities thrown into the shade, and if she be worth admonishing, she will benefit by the lesson. Lecture a coxcomb on the unmanly effeminacy of his conduct, and he will either laugh at, or challenge you;—but expose to his observation a Tom Shuffleton or a Bob Acres, he will see resemblance enough to be ashamed of, and if he has anything excellent in his nature, he will blush and grow wiser. In all his dramas, Colman is the constant and zealous advocate of virtue,

and in this respect he far exceeds Sheridan, who, with a brilliancy of wit unequalled among the moderns, too often becomes the apologist of licentiousness. The *School for Scandal*, which has been considered, and perhaps justly, the most perfect comedy in our language, is disgraced by the laxness of its morality, and the *Rivals* has little to recommend it in this respect. But our author, even should his judges be chosen from that rigid body of divines, who in their pious zeal against ungodliness, condemned Home for writing the tragedy of *Douglas*, must be pronounced blameless; for while the elegant eccentricities of his indestructible humour demand and receive the approbation of cultivated minds, and while the oddities of life and character, which he so felicitously brings into one view, arouse the mirthful sensibility of the more obtuse, he preserves a chastity of phrase and a modesty of expression which, as they demonstrate the superiority of genuine wit over vulgar ribaldry, are the writer's noblest encomium, since

Authors lose half the praise they would have got,
Were it but known what they discreetly blot."

With all his excellence, however, there is no single play of Colman's which can be pointed out as a model; the elements of a faultless drama may be found in his productions,—originality of character, vividness of dialogue, and interest of situation, are common to all the better portions of his works, but he seems to have shrunk from the labour of revision, to have obeyed his first impulses, to have followed out the idea of the moment, without much reference to the general effect. And this, while it gives a freshness and raciness to his style, rarely to be met with elsewhere, frequently renders his plots improbable or perplexed, and fixes on his agents the appearance of caricature, which totally destroys the illusion of the scene. Yet why should we quarrel with what is good, because it might have been better? No living author has afforded his countrymen a tithe of the innocent enjoyment which the British islands have derived from the dramatic compositions of Colman; and what Mohawk of a critic, with inkhorn and goose quill, shall dare to befoul the fair fame of him, who, though the wrinkles of age have covered his own brow, still affords to the young and the joyous-hearted a mode of relaxation from study or business, equally agreeable and salutary.

John Bull, or *an Englishman's Fire-side*, is a truly admirable

comedy. The plot is highly interesting, and all the characters have an individual excellence, as well as a necessary connection with the action. There are some improbabilities in the history of Peregrine, but we forget and forgive them in our approval of his generosity and kindness of spirit. There are many Sir Simon Rochdales and Lord Fitz-balaams in the fashionable world, and Frank Rochdale, loving virtue, and yet afraid of being detected in practising it, resembles those sprigs of quality, who, with yearnings after nobler things, waste their lives in the vortex of dissipation. Tom Shuffleton is a Right Hon. of the first water, elegant in manners and person, sufficiently audacious and accommodating in conscience to be the confidant of two persons whose intrigues are in opposition, with a steady purpose of duping both; heartless, and yet the favourite of most audiences, on account of his agreeable rattle and reckless levity. Job Thornberry and his man, Bur, are admirably drawn portraits of old English integrity and independence;—he must be a cold-blooded being, who does not glory in having such characters for his countrymen. Dennis and Dan are amusing humourists, and in the hands of able actors never fail to produce abundant mirth. As for the ladies in this comedy, little need be said; there is a woman of fashion, without a heart—no extraordinary thing; an Irish landlady, much addicted to scolding—very natural; and a simple girl, who trusted and was betrayed—a common case. Some parts of the opening dialogue between the master of the Red Cow and his accomplished waiter, are fine specimens of happy exaggeration.

There are many scenes in *John Bull*, which cannot be too highly praised, scenes of strong feeling and well supported interest, which the most learned critic and the most ignorant spectator alike agree in admiring. The interview of honest Job with Sir Simon Rochdale deserves this character, and many other portions of the play will at once suggest themselves to the reader's mind. The Poor Gentleman, to quote a very candid critic, "is one of the inferior plays of a superior writer." And yet its merit is great and indisputable. One of its chief blemishes is, that two of the principal characters, Corporal Foss and his Master, are evident imitations of the heroes of *Tristram Shandy*. This would have been excusable in an ordinary writer, but a man of talent can have no occasion for such an expedient, and Colman, in this instance, mimics Sterne unsuccessfully, and forfeits his own claim to originality. This comedy,

however, has many admirable points. Ollapod, the apothecary, is irresistibly comical in the reading. It seems certain that the author studied physic while he wrote the part; and the idea of his searching in medical books, for his medicinal terms, adds to the whim of his conceiving the character. Sir Robert Bramble is really somebody, Humphrey Dobbins is quite an unique. Dr. Pangloss, though absolutely a caricature, is so humorously delineated, that we forget his perpetual violations of probability, in our enjoyment of his extravagance. But passing over the *Heir at Law*, and many other of Colman's dramas, too well known to call for any remark here, we shall venture a remark or two on the most hacknied of them all, the *Mountaineers*. The union of farce and opera, comedy and tragedy, in this play, is highly reprehensible; for such a non-descript style of writing, which has grown into considerable popularity, will, if not timely checked, ultimately destroy the legitimate drama. Octavian is the only personage in the piece to whom we give any importance, and to him, though we see so little of him, all our sympathies attach themselves, from the first moment to the last:

" He is as a rock,
Oppos'd to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty."

The language put into the mouth of this hapless inamorato, who, by-the-bye, is borrowed from Cervantes, is poetical and appropriate; and the dignity with which this noble maniac is invested at his first appearance on the scene, never deserts him. It can never be pleasing to see human nature in its ruins; the lamentable wreck of mind, which madness offers to the eye of reason, cannot but be distressing and repulsive. Great then must be the author's talents, who can make us follow the aberrations of insanity with interest,—this is Colman's triumph.

The collection of comic tales in verse, under the title of *Broad Grins*, displays the peculiar bent of the poet's genius to great advantage; and in the assumption of a mock gravity, which so increases the effect of humour, he is without a rival. We have only to open the book to find abundant evidence of this felicity in expression. The *Debate of the Literary Triumvirate at the ale-house* is excellent:

" All their discourse on modern poets ran,
For in the Muses was their sole delight :
They talk'd of such, and such, and such a man ;
Of those who could, and those who could not write.

It cost them very little pains,
To count the modern poets, who had brains.
'Twas a small difficulty ;—'twasn't any :
They were so few :

But to cast up the scores of men,
Who yield a stump they call a pen ;
Lord ! they had much to do,
They were so many."

A novel, as printed at the Minerva Press, is thus described :

" A novel, now," says Will, " is nothing more
Than an old castle ;—and a creaking door,—
A distant hovel,—
Clanking of chains,—a gallery, a light,—
Old armour,—and a phantom all in white,—
And there's a novel."

Nothing can be more forcible than the following invectives on
novel reading :

" Will rose in declamation, ' 'tis the bane,'
Says he, ' of youth ; 'tis the perdition :
It fills a giddy female brain
With vice, romance, lust, terror, pain,
With superstition.
Were I a pastor in a boarding school,
I'd quash such books *in toto* ; if I could'nt,
Let me but catch one Miss that broke my rule,
I'd flog her soundly ; damme if I wouldn't."

Then come the Water Fiends, as pleasant, horrible reading
as one can desire. How solemn and impressive is the following :

" On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergollop's country house."

Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
 And undisturbed maintained her law ;
 Save when the owl cry'd ' whoo ! whoo ! whoo !'
 Or the hoarse crow croak'd ' caw ! caw ! caw !'

Coleridge must have taken the idea of his owl at the commencement of Christabel from this fine passage. What can be more simply pathetic than the next stanza,—nothing in Wordsworth assuredly.

" Long had the fair one sat alone,
 Had none remain'd save only she ;
 She by herself had been, if one
 Had not been left for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue
 Was ting'd with health and manly toil ;
 Cabbage he sow'd ; and, when it grew,
 He always cut it off to boil.'

Poor cookey misses her dear man of *mou'd*, one dark night ;
 she goes in search of him, and

" Thrice on the threshold of the hall,
 She, Thomas, cried with many a sob,
 And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
 Exclaiming, sweetly—' Bob ! Bob ! Bob !'
 Vain maid ! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,
 In answers can but ill succeed ;
 And dogs that hear when they are dead,
 Are very cunning dogs indeed !"

The appearance of Spectre Thomas, "when with iron din, the clock struck twelve," is very striking :

" Tall like the poplar was his size ;
 Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks ;
 Red, red as beet-root were his eyes ;
 Pale, pale as turnips, were his cheeks !"

We may imagine Molly quaking between her maiden sheets, when the horror of the scene is deepened by a brief, but most important dialogue :

" Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
'What wou'd my Thomas?' He replied,
'Oh, Molly Dumpling, I am dead.

All in the flow'r of youth I fell,
Cut off, with health's full blossoms crown'd
I was not *ill*, but in a *well*,
I tumbl'd backwards, and was drown'd.

Four fathom deep thy love doth lie;
His faithful dog his fate doth share;
We're friends; this is not he and I;
We are not *here*,—for we are *there*.

Yes;—two foul water fiends are we;
Maid of the Moor! attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand;—we come for thee!
The little fiend-cur 'bow! wow!'

To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
A Holland sheet a maiden likes;
A sheet of water thou shalt have;
Such sheets there are in Holland Dykes.'

The fiends approach, the maid did shrink;
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
Maids, to this day, their story tell:
And hence the proverb rose, that Truth
Lies in the bottom of a well."

Of the other tales in this volume, and of those recently published, with the title of *More Broad Grins*, it will be enough to say that they are worthy of the author. I have given briefly, but decidedly my opinion of Colman, both as a dramatist and a poet, and I have only farther to add my sincere wish, that he may long live to gladden his friends, of whom he is the idol, with the flashes of his wit, and enrich the public, of whom he is the favorite, with the fruits of his genius.

H.

The Miser.

Blame where we must, be candid where we can,
And vindicate the miser's ways to man.

OF the numerous characters with whom we are brought acquainted in the jostling intercourse of life, few will be found more deserving of our attention than the Miser; and none, I believe, with whose pursuits the inclinations of mankind are so generally in unison, although he shares so freely those undisguised feelings of hostility with which we are apt to regard whatever appears in opposition to our own particular interest or felicity.

That the thirst for riches operates more strongly on the generality of mankind than any other passion, a very slight acquaintance with the world will be sufficient to convince us; and we might not, perhaps, shoot far wide of the mark, were we to hazard an opinion that many, whilst indulging in those prejudices already mentioned, are influenced less by any principle of virtue, than by a certain feeling of regret, that they also do not possess that stoical indifference to the opinion of the world, that contempt of its vanities, and abstinence from its pleasures, which so strikingly peculiarise and assist the Miser in his pursuit of wealth.

This we must, however, acknowledge to be mere conjecture, and, like all things of the same doubtful nature, may be either true or false. For my own part, as I am not ashamed to confess a strong prepossession in favour of the Miser, so I cannot enough deprecate those prejudices with which he is regarded. Indeed, viewing the object of our inquiry through the medium of reason and philosophy only, it can scarcely fail to strike the ingenuous reflector with surprise, that in an age so enlightened and liberal as the present, such and so great a perversion of feeling should at all exist amongst us. This we may perhaps charitably impute, in some degree, to that superficial knowledge which mankind are contented to possess, upon subjects that may not tend to their own immediate interest or gratification; and not less to a certain hasty thoughtlessness of disposition, prevalent amongst many honest, well-meaning people, who, like our friend Yorick, are too apt to express the first rude impression which any circumstance

may make upon their minds, and, from ocular testimony only of such propensity, would scarcely hesitate to pronounce a man either a scoundrel, a liar, or a thief itself, forgetting, as the moralist observes, that actions are visible whilst their motives lie concealed; and what, we ask, can be more reprehensibly unlogical than the conclusions thus drawn from such slender premises?

Having, somewhat seriously, considered the subject before us, I shall, gentle readers, without pledging myself to a logical disquisition upon its merits, briefly direct your attention to such observations as my penetration may have enabled me to make; at the same time, anxious as I am of bearing testimony to those virtues which will be found so eminently to distinguish the true character of the Miser, I fully trust my present attempt, trifling as it is, will tend to place those virtues in a more conspicuous point of view than any in which they have hitherto appeared. Let us then observe as most important, his moral relation to society, and in what manner he discharges those duties annexed to it. Morality has been defined to be the art of rendering ourselves and others more virtuous, and consequently more happy. Upon this golden principle hinges the peculiar characteristic of the Miser. He is the perfect philanthropist. He has looked abroad upon the world with the calm contemplative gaze of a philosopher. He has observed the vicissitudes, the cares and toils, the hopes, fears and sorrows, which alternately agitate the hearts of his fellow-creatures; and, in the great abundance of his wisdom, has traced the true cause to that which, by common consent, mankind have denominated the root of all evil. For this "waul's gear" man is content to prostitute the brightest talents with which boon nature may have endowed him. For its possession are sacrificed health and peace of mind; the dearest bands of society are broken; friendship withers beneath its absorbing influence, and, like an Alexander, it cuts the Gordian knot of love itself. Here it is that the motives of the Miser become apparent. He has discovered the cause of those evils with which the world has so long been visited, and in the purest, the most disinterested spirit of benevolence, his powers are tasked for its annihilation. 'Tis his theme by day, and the waking thoughts of his unpillowed head by night. Money is the "very head and front of the offending," and money he scrapes together; not for use, for he never uses it, but to prevent others from so doing. He would revive the golden age of poverty and

purity, and would teach mankind to live without the aid of silver and gold. The perverse and foolish, who heed not his admonitions, he would starve into compliance, and, by the strength of his own great example, shows the sincerity with which he would enforce his will by starving himself. How benevolent! how christian-like! how truly worthy of imitation! What can be more manifest than the kindly motives by which he is actuated—or what more unjust or more illiberal than torturing those motives into a private feeling of selfishness?

Whilst our attention is thus drawn to the more prominent features of his character, we must not omit mentioning those excellencies which constitute its minor parts. Chief amongst those, how should we emulate the unostentatious simplicity of his life; the fortitude and philosophy with which he resists the evil propensity of our nature, and the zeal and devotedness with which he fulfils the religious precepts of our church: loving his neighbour as himself; keeping his body in soberness, temperance and chastity. He is a stranger to the ways of the evil woman; she comes not in his chamber, neither is she seen in his gate; he is no riotous eater of flesh, but like the wisest of men, would put a knife to his throat were he given to appetite. He is no wine-bibber; riot and drunkenness come not near him, but in his house all is peace and tranquillity.

The Miser then, as we have seen, is a philanthropist; the benefactor and friend of society; he it is, that pitying our woe, with

Scorn for love requited,

unrestrained by ingratitude, and unappalled by the magnitude of his voluntary task, consumes in solitude the years of his life for our welfare; and whether we consider the vastness of the design, the sublimity of its conception, or, the patience, industry and perseverance, necessary for its execution, we shall find ample cause for our praise, gratitude and admiration.

In conclusion, let us reflect that he is as deeply entitled to our love as to our esteem; and whilst I express my hope that in future the Miser's name may be revered as it deserves, I doubt not, but that as mankind become more capable of appreciating the motives by which he is actuated, their feelings of gratitude will be as sincere, as their motives are disinterested.

G. G.

Epistle

FROM ACHILLES IN THE SHADES

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

MAN OF BOOKS.—Wonder not that I, a warrior and a Greek, whose sublime actions have given immortality to the blind bard of Chios' poetry, should condescend to address thee at all ; or in doing so, should adopt the barbarous dialect of thy country ! The truth is, my preceptor, Chiron, though remarkably wise and erudite for a Centaur, knew no written language, and consequently could teach me none. As for my skill in English, it was obtained in the following manner. I had often heard Edward Long-shanks, Henry of Monmouth, and the Black Prince, talking over their valiant achievements, and it tantalised me beyond measure that I could not understand their conversation ; so I got Friar Bacon to instruct me in their tongue, and he, after giving me lessons of strait strokes and pot-hooks, ultimately taught me to write and read better than any hero of them all. I have read Shakespeare's Plays twice over, and though I owe him a grudge for his misrepresentations in Troilus and Cressida, I admire his Hotspur so much (who is just like my father's son in his youthful days) that I constantly carry a portion of his works about with me. As for Alexander Pope, whose translation of Homer I have seen, either he has belied his original horribly, or the old Grecian was guilty of more fibs than he had hairs in his beard. Nothing can be more false than my alledged treatment of Hector's dead body. I killed him in perfect good humour ; and so far from causing him to be dragged at my chariot wheels, I made him be drawn in state by my own famous steeds, covering his corse with my royal robe, and mingling my tears with his blood. Neither I nor Patroclus were in the habit of making our own fires, nor cooking our own dinners, as is scurrilously insinuated, and though I certainly did have some words with Agamemnon, I feel confident I never used the unsoldier-like terms ascribed to me. But it would be an endless task to answer the calumnies of Homer and his interpreter. I shall content myself with cautioning the world against giving any credence to their malicious tales of me and my brother warriors. I trust, however, that you will most strenuously combat the idle opinion which has lately gone abroad, that there never

was a real flesh and blood Achilles. Dreadful ! that all my warlike labours should be in danger of being treated as poetical fictions ! I will send you, if it be necessary, a certificate of my birth from the priest of Apollo, and an attestation of my prowess, signed by all the good-natured Trojans who left their lives on my triumphant spear. Did I resign long life and unmingled happiness in my native land, to perish in the morning of my days on the fatal plains of Troy, that I might enjoy an eternity of fame,—and is it now to be said that it is doubtful whether such a person ever existed, save in the brains of a crazy poet ? But the ladies of Great Britain, I thank the fates, think differently ; and the glorious bronze statue which they have erected in my honour, will, I trust, effectually silence all the disbelievers of my veracious history. Your critics and artists have ascribed that magnificent work to Phidias or Praxiteles ; they are in error ; the limping manufacturer of thunderbolts, Vulcan, the cornuted husband of Venus, took a model of my august proportions in brass, to please my goddess mother, Thetis. After my death, a temple was built over it, and there my countrymen worshipped me as their guardian deity. Ages passed away, and the friend of Pericles, in the course of his travels, saw and admired the astonishing monument of art. He determined to erect a copy of it in Athens. Phidias carried his design into effect, and the beautiful cast which your artists have so creditably executed, is taken from the successful plagiarism of the Grecian sculptor.

Diomede, Patroclus, and I, visited the upper world the other night, as three sparrow-hawks, and our first perching-place was the park gate, opposite the ladies' monument. There we sat, and by the yellow radiance of Dian's lamp, feasted our eye on the godlike proportions of the brazen giant before us. I told Ulysses, when he descended to hell, to consult the blind prophet, that a living dog was better than a dead lion ; and oh ! while I gazed on the goodly model of what I once was, how I longed to reanimate my mortal bulk, and once more shine in the front of battle ! My companions felt with me, and in no very cheerful mood we winged our course to Apsley House, the residence of your great Captain. The attic windows were fortunately open, and entering unperceived, we found our way to the drawing-room, where, evidently the centre of a brilliant circle, stood a little man with a hooked nose, in a blue frock coat, and this was the redoubted Arthur, Duke of Wellington. I was much disappointed, for he wants many feet of the heroic standard, and would not have passed muster even as a subaltern in Agamemnon's army. Thersites would have nick-named him the dwarf conqueror ;

and Diomed says, that his burly opponent, Mars, would not have been able to see him. I have not seen Lord Hill; but judging from his statue, which is nearly twenty feet in height, he must be "a proper fellow and a tall." There were a number of persons with your renowned Gaul-queller, in embroidered coats, but whether they were his friends or his footmen I know not, for they cringed and made mouths like so many monkies, while he in his plain suit, sufficiently dignified by the consciousness of his own glory, seemed to regard their antics with absolute indifference. On the whole, we were much pleased with our visit, though certainly had his Grace lived during the siege of Troy, his talents would have been much undervalued by the Ajaxes and Gyases of the age. Nestor would probably have pronounced him a clever little fellow, but the rest of our counsel of war would have treated his pretensions with contempt. Personal prowess in my time was everything, and that party was sure of success, which brought the most physical energy into the field. But since the black powder invented by my new master, the friar, has been in general use, war has become a science; and an army, however well appointed in other respects, without skilful leaders, should anticipate nothing but disgrace and defeat. I and my Myrmidons should, I am afraid, make a very poor figure at the muzzles of a file of English musquets; and a battery of cannon, served by twenty experienced engineers, would, I am persuaded, have been sufficient to have blown the whole thousand sail of the Grecian fleet into the air. You may perhaps think that the intervention of gods, goddesses and godlings so common with us, must have been of great importance. But really they were of little or no use. All that Jove could effect, was to raise a storm and make a hubbub with his thunder during an engagement. His consort Juno was a mere scold, and nobody minded her. Minerva looked rather formidable with the bodiless head with snakes for hair, but her good sense taught her to keep out of harm's way, and though mighty in promise, in performance she was nothing. Mercury annoyed us terribly by his thieving propensities, for if ever we laid aside our armour at night, it was sure to be missing in the morning. Neptune, a respectable elderly man with a long grass-green beard, was well enough, but his trident was a very awkward weapon, and seldom did much execution. Mars was a great bully and a greater coward; a rap of the knuckles was enough to send him howling from the field at any time. Apollo was an universal favourite, for what with his medical knowledge, his

excellence as a musician, and his utility as sun-keeper, we found his services indispensable. Diana, the patroness of chastity, was the veriest baggage in the camp:—of Venus I can only observe that she was a merry girl and a kind. Diomed is heartily ashamed of having scarred her delicate hand, and often wished to make her amends by choking her sooty yoke-fellow, Vulcan. Of Pluto I dare not say a word, for he is such a testy old curmudgeon, that on the slightest provocation one gets a tweak from his red-hot tongs, which is extremely annoying. His dame Proserpine is a perfect fury in temper, and leads my poor Briseis a sad life, on account of her superior beauty; to me, however, she is more forbearing. I keep her in good humour by gravely assuring her, that if she was beautiful while breathing the upper air, she is perfectly ravishing now that she inhales the sulphureous breezes of the infernal regions. This, with a kiss or two, effects wonders, for women are women even here;—a smooth tongue and a fair face are irresistible.

Man of Books, know me for thy friend,

ACHILLES.

H.

Eleanora.

A FRAGMENT.

Juan. You knew Orlando's daughter!

Fredolfo. Eleanora?

Juan. The same.

Fredolfo. Oh! well! the maid who threw herself
Like her of old, from the tall cliff that frowns
Above the ocean wave, and sought to gain
A wretched immortality 'mongst those,
The victims of much wrong, but was prevented
By one whom chance brought near.

Juan. Knew you the cause?

Fredolfo. I have but faint remembrance of it.

Juan. Love! The maid was one whose days
Were spent in sweet retirement, with her birds,

*Fred
Juan*

Her harp and books she whiled the hours away.

She was of that temperament which tells

The victim of it is of sorrow's children.

Her father had abroad been to the wars,

And thence return'd with a decaying frame

And disappointed heart. They dwelt together.

His melancholy nature influenc'd her's—

You knew him, or I dream, in Grenada.

Fredolfo. I well remember him, the grey-hair'd man,

Who from the fiery Moor redeem'd our flag,

When younger forms fled far, and sav'd our army,

Yet was in life's decline left unrewarded.

Juan.

Even now

As mem'ry of that gallant action comes

Across my brain, my heart beats high. We were

On that dread day together, and with us

A youth who bore the name of Conrade, one

Of a fair person and engaging mien,

Brave as the lion, gentle as the fawn.

He had been sorely wounded in the strife,

And the old warrior bore him to his tent.

His wounds were heal'd, and when the war was o'er,

He took him to his dwelling, little dreaming

He bore a serpent there to sting his child.

The war was o'er, and with him, to his home,

Went the recover'd youth. He dwelt with him

And his fair child—the sequel may be guessed.

Two youthful hearts cannot beat long together,

Without some sympathy of thought or feeling.

They of each other's company grew fond.

Her thoughts were his; whate'er she lov'd he lov'd;

The woods and their inhabitants, the fields,

The birds, the flowers, the cooling streams, the shades

Where melancholy spirits love to dwell,

And brood upon their sorrows or their joys.

The moon-lit dell, the cloud-encrowned hill,

(For all her likings were of nature's haunts,)

They sought them oft together—

Fredolfo.

And were happy.

Juan.

The maid was happy, but for him, he felt

Perchance as Lucifer once felt in Eden,

She was too innocent herself to dream
Of guilt in him, and all he said believed.

Fredolfo. And knew her father of her love ?

Juan. He did,

And favour'd it, suspecting nought of ill.
But to pass on,—he won all maid could lose,
And fled afar ; the voice of glory call'd him,
For so he told her, and at parting made
Many fair promises of swift return,
Which never were fulfill'd !

It broke her father's heart, for from that hour
He never held his head up among men.
It wither'd her's, and bow'd her to the grave,
She waited long and patiently, for hope
Still kept her company, and solaced her,
But hope deceived her, for he never came.

Fredolfo. Felt not the spoiler of their peace remorse ?

Juan. He did, but when too late. 'Twas at an hour
When sickness smote him sore ; he wrote to her,
And told her that a few short fleeting moons
Would bring him to her, and he was sincere,
But death o'ertook him, ere his foot could press
His native soil, or they might have been happy.

Fredolfo. Poor miserable girl !

Juan. Oh ! had you seen her
(After she heard the news, and from the rock
Leap'd headlong down into the briny wave)
As I beheld her, sweet forsaken flower,
Drooping and colourless, with'ring away
Hourly, aye, momentarily, thy heart
Would never e'en imagine wrong to woman,
She was so gentle in her suffering,
No murmur e'er escaped her, not a tear
Was she beheld to shed, and saying that
The rising of her breast at times betray'd
The smother'd sigh, no grief was visible.

Fredolfo. How firm a heart her bosom did enshrine !

Juan. 'Twas firm indeed ! but oh ! her pallid cheek,
Her dim cold eye, her daily wasting form,
Too plainly told of her disease—she died
Calm as she suffer'd. I had borne her to

The lattice of her chamber one fair eve.
She wished, she said, to gaze upon the sun,
And watch his setting; 'twas a lovely eve,
And calmly bright in the blue wave his orb
Was sinking. I was gazing on it with her,
And not a word had either spoken, when
Sudden I felt the pressure of her hand,
Which trembl'd and turn'd cold. I heard a sigh
Escape her lip, and turn'd in haste to her,
But she was gone, her spirit had exhal'd,
It left her as the dew the flow'ret leaves,
When the hot blast had smitten it. Juan, still
I have her image 'graven on my heart,
And ne'er, while life remains, shall I forget her.

S. R. J.

ON THE WRITINGS OF
HAZLITT.

PERHAPS there are few writers more read, and still fewer who are less entitled to this distinction, than Hazlitt. It proves the multitude are not critics; or, at least, that they are not so fastidious as to quarrel with what may *appear* trifles in an author of celebrity; but although he has become the theme of much eulogy, I am not aware that all the bright traits in his literary character will compensate for his many faults and objectionable peculiarities. He has appeared before the world as a critic and an essayist; but it is only in the latter character that he is to be regarded with any kind of deference. His arguments are so contradictory, his conclusions so feebly drawn, and his critical knowledge so limited, that he perpetually betrays his inability. Truth is a principle by which he seldom appears to be influenced; and this does not arise so much from wilful disregard, as from prejudice, and a deficiency of information. His enthusiasm frequently blinds him to its perception, when opposed to his own opinion; he is too ardent to investigate, and assumes principles before he has established them. He seems to belong to that class of men, who consider that the good can never

err, and the bad can never reform; and he always deals in sweeping clauses on both sides of the question.

Politics are his *forte*, although he affects to be "no politician," but he frequently mistakes violence for argument, and personality for wit. He is not contented with condemning the principle,—he must attack the individual; and he not only quarrels with measures but with men. In this respect, he is the scrupulous imitator of Cobbett, for what he is deficient in reasoning he makes up in invective; and this is the less venial, proceeding as it does from a man of talent and education. Cobbett is a self-tutored man with powerful natural abilities, which he develops in the simple language of a strong but uneducated mind. The violence of his temper as well as of his principles spurns the limitations of good breeding, and he gives vent to his sentiments in the literal terms in which they present themselves to his mind. He despises acquired knowledge, a taste for the arts, and all those pursuits which are dear to the scholar, and he makes no scruple of owning it. Mr. Hazlitt, on the contrary, who has received more chastened impressions, and has an ardent predilection for literature and the elegancies of life, ought to have none of these asperities; yet the phrases he employs are frequently of the coarsest description. Thus, in his Essay on Cobbett, he says "he is bullying and cowardly; a big Ben in politics, who will fall upon others and crush them by his weight, but is not prepared for resistance, and is soon staggered by a few smart blows. Whenever he has been set upon, he has slunk out of the conquest," and, "he makes a dead set, pays off old scores, hits hard, fair or foul, runs his head into his adversary's stomach, trips up his heels, lays him sprawling, and pummels him when down."* This might suit the description of a prize fight, or be deemed in character in such works as *Life in London* or *Boxiana*. But what can we say, when we meet with such language in works that are read, by the most respectable part of the community, and by them only?

I will now say a few words on the judgment of Mr. Hazlitt, as it respects those whom he has criticised. The reader cannot fail to perceive how acutely he discovers the little god, whom he declared some of our brightest luminaries have worshiped,—self. Cobbett, he

* The reader will perceive there is something incongruous in this. At one time Cobbett is represented as the greatest coward living, at another "as valiant a man as ever doubled fist." For other examples of inconsistency, vide "*Essays on Public Characters*," "On Cobbett," &c.

says, relies on his own acuteness and the immediate evidence; Southey "thinks a rival poet a bad man, and if any one is so unfortunate as to hold the same opinion he himself formerly did, this but aggravates the offence by irritating the jealousy of his self-love;" Coleridge "is without a strong feeling of the existence of any thing out of himself;" and, Wordsworth "sits in the centre of his own being, and there enjoys bright day." But might we not turn the tables on Mr. Hazlitt himself? The spirit of egotism has such a pervading influence over the whole of his writings, that it would be difficult to point out a single essay in which it is not observable. He talks about himself—thinks about himself—writes about himself, and, no doubt, loves himself, while his evident predilection for this idol of his devotion is the more ridiculous, as he affects in some of his essays, to entertain a complete indifference; he has declared that he scarcely ever reads any of his works a second time, but is glad when they are finished, and then he troubles himself very little more about them. This I should feel much inclined to credit in some instances, though it must be confessed there is much that belies the assertion. We do frequently meet with what is little else than nonsense, and that in the midst of very good writing; for instance, he says, "Wordsworth has a faculty of making something out of nothing,—that is, out of himself." No doubt the poet is extremely grateful for the encomium, and must have a great opinion of his most surprising faculty.

That Mr. Hazlitt *can* do well, no one will be inclined to doubt; whether he *has* done well, will admit of a question. I speak of his works generally, for I should be very sorry to insinuate that he has not redeeming qualities. The genius of Mr. Hazlitt displays itself in his essays on things and human life. He can sketch a landscape in the first style, but he is no portrait painter. He is not acquainted with the human heart, he is not awake to its views, and he does not represent its virtues in an impartial manner. In describing the works of art, and the powers of the mind as operating on such subjects, he possesses much judgment. What can be more beautiful than his Essay on Painting, if freed from some little faults? and, what more grand in conception than his Essay on living to one's self? This last is certainly his best performance. His retrospection of "years gone by" is powerfully and beautifully described; it is entirely free from the self opinion so manifest in all his other works, and yet on a subject where we might almost expect this intuitive feeling would be most displayed, and in its

grandest colours. But he owes more to his *style* than perhaps any other writer living. It is clear, vigorous, and pleasing. He abounds in short periods, which have the merit of not fatiguing the attention. He seems aware that it is impolitic to protract a sentence, before he arrives at the consequence; and that those writers are likely to be most read, who are easiest understood. Yet there is an occasional pedantry about it; and the glitter would sometimes lead us to suspect that there was more in the manner than in the matter. In summing up the principles of Mr. Hazlitt, and the way in which they are acted upon, I am persuaded he can do better things; he has certainly the means and it only remains for him to make use of the power. In this conviction I am the more strengthened in the perusal of his last Table Talk Essays, which are far superior, both in sentiment and execution, to what have preceded them, and if viewed unconnectedly, may rank their author's name with the first literary characters of the day.

M.

The Grave.

AN ELEGY.

Death, with impartial hand, strikes wide the door
Of royal halls and hovels of the poor—

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

TIR'D of the world, and longing to be free
From this dark clime where storms for ever rave;
Weary of life, O! Death, I turn to thee,
And seek a refuge in the quiet grave.

Where are thy terrors, grave? I see them not.

Pierce with the beams of truth its haunted gloom;
Be the vain phantoms of our fears forgot,
And say, what is there dreadful in the tomb?

O! think the sun'ral couch a tranquil bed,
Where penury and pain no longer weep,
Think, for thou may'st, its tenants are not dead;
Tho' long the night of death, they only sleep.

When the deep echoes of the passing bell
Upon the ear of melancholy beat;
Thro' twilight aisles, when solemn anthems swell,
And pomp of mourning saddens every street;

When dark sepulchral vaults their portals ope,
That pride may rest upon a couch of clay,
Why should thy torch burn dim, O! sacred Hope!
Why should thy pleasing visions fade away?

Thy bands, O! grave! are soft, thy fetters light;
No troubles enter to thy calm domain;
Thence all terrestrial sorrows wing their flight,
There silence deep, and peace eternal reign.

The dull inglorious traffic of mankind
Beneath thy sable yews is known no more,
Oblivion's silken cords thy pris'ners bind,
And all the fev'rish dreams of earth are o'er.

The statesman's eloquence—the sculptor's art,
The poet's song, the hero's martial flame,
To thy drear palace can no charm impart,
For cold with thee are genius, pride and fame.

The imperial monarch of an hundred states,
The sturdy delver of ungrateful earth,
And he, the hapless man, whom hostile fates
Had doom'd to disappointment from his birth;

Love-breathing beauty, with such charms array'd,
As might subdue all hearts, and win all eyes;
Deformity, of its own looks afraid,
Hideous in countenance, and dwarf in size;

Infancy, shown to earth and snatch'd away;
Youth, doom'd to perish in its vernal pride;
Manhood, an oak in premature decay,
And age a tree that wither'd ere it died;

Friendship and love, twins born of Paradise;
Envy and hatred from dark Tophet sprung;
Fear, guilt, remorse and grov'ling avarice,
That dying o'er its gold enamour'd hung;

The thoughtless hind, whose hands the harvest reap,
His food an alms, his bed a truss of straw,
With him whom sweetest music lull'd to sleep,
His wish prevented, and his word a law ;

The lawless Arab, and the Turkish lord,
The houseless Scythian and the Libyan slave,
All are made equal by one powerful word,
Distinctions are forgotten in the grave.

And sure, 'tis sweet to leave our griefs behind,
Compose the weary frame in kindred dust ;
And to the common lot of all resign'd,
Mortality's obstructing shackles burst.

Weep not, fair Hope, veil not thy lamp divine,
When innocence or love, or friendship dies,
Our grief is guilt, 'tis impious to repine,
When virtue in the tomb a slumb'rer lies.

Forbid the sigh, restrain the gushing tear,
Nor let it for departed virtue fall,
'Tis but the body sleeps upon the bier,
Under the sable foldings of the pall.

What, tho' the slow curvetting steeds of death
To the dark tomb another self convey,
Tho' thou hast watch'd a brother's parting breath,
Or seen the light of friendship's eye decay.

When on the coffin thou shalt see no more
The hallow'd particles of earth are spread,
Forbear the loss thou mourned'st to deplore,
And O ! remember, " blessed are the dead."

Thou may'st rejoice ; the daisied turf is fair,
The bank which moonlight loving fairies choose
Is a soft pillow to the head of care,
Tho' moist with winter-snows, or autumn dew.

Yon mould'ring tomb, that cypress boughs enfold,
Affords a refuge from distress and strife,
Yon gloomy pit, yon corse defending hold,
Is better than the ruin'd fortress, life !

When shall I cast this mortal slough aside,
And from a world of crime and folly flee?
When shall I welcome death, as 'twere a bride,
And tread the threshold of eternity?

When will the pale king's messenger, disease,
Make dry the vital conduits of the heart,
Infect this perishable mass, and ease
A mourning soul, impatient to depart?

The hour will come, nor can it be delay'd,
When to the body's wants no more a slave;
That spark of heav'n, the mind in light array'd,
Shall leave her mortal vestures in the grave.

Then pleas'd a world eternal to explore,
Unconquerable Hope shall spread her wings,
And, like the phoenix, from a death-bed soar,
To the bright palace of the King of Kings.

H.

Time Killing.

THE uncertainty and evanescence of time, are common complaints; yet it is found so tedious in detail, that those ingenious persons who assist us in getting rid of it, acquire a right to use our purses at their pleasure. The divine and moralist agree in declaring that time is invaluable; but unfortunately, their example is too often at variance with the assertion, for how many a sleek doctor, whose temporalities furnish him with the milk and honey of the land, finds it difficult to give even a shew of occupation to the monotonous and drowsy hours of his existence. Some people are happy in the art of appearing profoundly interested about trifles; with them the merest nothings assume an air of importance, and a cat cannot kitten, or a hen hatch her eggs, without a veil of mystery being thrown over the event. These modern Will-Wimbles masquerade in various disguises, but they all affect a gravity of deportment, which, contrasted with the extreme folly of their pursuits, is highly ludicrous. One of these self-

satisfied mortals devotes himself, with the perseverance of avarice, to the collecting of curiosities, which have no value but what they derive from their rarity. With him a button from Oliver Cromwell's small-clothes, or an old shoe of the Pretender's, are objects "worth ambition," and he gloats with rapture over a cracked pipkin, if he believes that it was once buried in the ruins of Herculaneum. He is as eloquent, metaphorical, and imaginative on a dragon-fly or a centipede as Charles Phillips, ("to compare small things with great,") in a case of crim. con. or assault. The almost apostolic Wesley never laboured with more zeal for the conversion of souls, than he will display in endeavouring to convince you, that a disfigured *copper token*, is a *genuine Otho*. He will buy the colter of a plough for part of an ancient battering-ram—and lock up a little harmless earth from Primrose Hill, for the ashes of Achilles. How very absurd! Yes, reader, and if folks would "look into the napes of their own necks and make an interior survey of themselves," they would discover things at least equally ridiculous.

The mysteries of time-killing are none of them very deep, but we cannot always be wise. Reason and philosophy are excellent things; Bacon and Locke are admirable authors; but there are moments when innocent levity, agreeable trifling, and the last new novels, are far more attractive. There can be nothing very wrong in a good-natured laugh at folly, and a man is as likely to be tickled out of his foibles as lectured out of them. I love method, and shall class the time-killing world under two heads, laborious time-killers and lounging time-killers. In the first division are comprised those who endeavour to hunt down their own game, and provide amusement or trouble for themselves. As members of parliament, "hated by all parties, and trusted by none." Brothers of the whip-club, who convert themselves into Jehus for the joke's sake, and display their talents by driving their own coachmen. Gentlemen amateurs in the noble art of tailoring, who pass their mornings in fancying shapes and devising patterns, and who believe the dignity of human nature is never better asserted than when they first expose to admiring crowds a pair of inexpressibles of a novel colour, or a coat of a new cut. Learned physicians, who, having no patients to try experiments on, write unreadable treatises to prove that Adam was a Blackamoor, and his frail helpmate a Negress; that man by nature is not a drinking animal, and that no food can be more nutritious and palatable than raw cabbage and potatoes. Authors of independent fortune, who from the splendid obscurity of their libraries, promulgate

canons of taste and criticism for the edification of the devils of the printing office; or tender amatory poems, to melt the heart of Betty the cookmaid, as she tears up the ample margined page to singe her poultry. These are a few examples of laborious time-killers; but they are like the flies of Egypt, "in number numberless," and all that can be expected here is a cursory glance at their pursuits and pretensions.

Lounging time-killers are, if possible, more numerous than their fidgetty brethren, since it is easier to fall asleep than to talk nonsense: talking nonsense is more difficult than might be imagined, since there is less fatigue in fixing one's eyes on the wall, and doing nothing, than playing the jack-a-napes and wearing motley for the amusement of that well dressed mob, *the town*. Your lounging time-killers are to be met with at all public places, at levees and bull-baits, at drawing-rooms and cock-fights. They are very rife at Almack's and in Rotten-row; Fop's-alley is their head quarters, and the fiddlers and figurantes at the Opera are dreadfully annoyed by their propensity to yawn. They may be seen at the Foundling chapel, and other resorts of fashionable Christians, though Sunday has long been voted a *bore* amongst these accomplished professors of idleness, and they generally muster a complete orchestra of nose-organs long before the communion service begins. Your loungeer has a great deal to say to the ladies; small talk is his delight; he descants with infinite facility on laces and silks, and would do any thing for a petticoat, except marrying and catching cold. He is of considerable consequence at auctions, and assists Knock-em-down's design on the pockets of the public with amiable unconsciousness. He often bids between jest and earnest, but rarely completes a purchase, for it is too much trouble. In literature he is a sort of humble-bee, and lives by pilfering from the stores of his betters; his opinions cost him no consideration, for he finds them ready to his hand in the popular reviews. He seldom or never reads a book beyond the title page, yet he will talk with easy assurance of Lake schools, and Cockney schools, and Satanic schools, and sacrifice some hapless bard at every sentence in the sweetest manner conceivable. In parliament he rarely says more than aye or no, for the opposition are so uncivil and so quarrelsome, that there is no reasoning with them, and indeed it would answer no purpose. At coffee-houses and hotels he destroys his enemy, time, by poring over a newspaper, between sleeping and waking, till he has read or spelt every syllable from the title to the imprint. In the company of his equals, he is silent

and stupid; it is only to inferiors that he becomes voluble and brilliant. The fatigue of thought, the toil of being reasonable, he never attempts; to make the present day pass lightly is with him the chief wisdom, and they are the happiest in his estimation who are most adroit in consuming that unvendable commodity, time. A thorough bred loungeur is known by the unintellectual vacuity of his countenance; no ray of feeling or genius lights up his eye, and the leaden torpor of his features repels every approach to familiarity and kindness. If such a being part with his money freely, it is not because he has any pleasure in acts of benevolence, but he fears solicitation, and has not resolution enough to refuse. He would lose his thousands at the hazard-table with the same indifference that he throws his pence to the ragged mendicant, who accosts him with "remember the sweeper, your honour." There is no principle in his benefactions; he can see no more merit in a subscription for the suffering Irish, than in a prodigal stake at billiards. The bane of such a man is wealth, for nothing short of being obliged to struggle with the real afflictions of life can tempt him to salutary exertion, or wear away the rust of indolence. To saunter through the world with the same *nonchalance* that a finished exquisite would promenade in St. James's Street before dinner, is the darling object of those trouble-dreading individuals, who, if it were possible, would do every thing by deputy but sleep. In society, we encounter them at every corner, moving like ill-constructed pieces of mechanism that seem ready to fall into fragments at the slightest motion. At a rout, where a thousand or fifteen hundred of well-dressed people are huddled together in a vapour-bath, they fill a place as respectably as the more vivacious, but in a company, where there are not too many for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," these lounging time-killers infect others with the same listlessness and blank objectless vacancy of mind, which always render the present hour a burden to them. There sit the groupe of friends who met with hopes of mutual enjoyment, from the cheerful interchange of instructive or amusing ideas; they are silent and comfortless now, for the Medusa visage of Dullness is amongst them, and all their attempts at gaiety are ineffectual. The genial tide of the heart's best affections is ice-bound, and its vital irrigations are no longer felt.

Time-killing is an art so universally practised, that the most superficial observer will meet with instances of it in whatever rank of life he may happen to move. Court, camp and city, are alike the resorts of the busy-idle; they are the regular benefactors of itinerant

wonder-mongers, and at least two thirds of our metropolitan exhibitions are kept open by their liberality. It is not that their curiosity is excited by the arrival of a non-descript monster, the appearance of a new invention, or the opening of some grand work, a noble painting or a fine piece of sculpture; they feel no interest in the progress of human ingenuity, the advances of science, or the triumphs of genius, further than as they enable them to while away a few heavy hours. In the senate, should one of these worthies extend his labour even to bringing in "a bill for the preservation of *tame wild animals*," nothing more is meant than to make Mr. Speaker and his right honorable friends accessaries to his plan of time-killing. In the church, should some lawn-sleeved connection of the same family, bestir himself about moot points of doctrine, and bespatter his spiritual oponents with the filth of controversy, however much he may expatiate on conscience and religion, all he really intends is to give Time a fillip on the cheek, and obtain temporary relief from the oppressive load of existence. In the gambling hells of the fashionable world, when a thriftless heir, or a dashing soldier, miserable because he is no longer allowed to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," commits his all, and more than his all, to the disposal of the fickle goddess, Fortune, he does not venture on the mighty stake for the gratification of shaking together a few squares of dotted ivory in a leathern box; no, it is in order to purchase powerful, though transient, excitement; to set the stagnant tide of life once more in motion. Much of the turmoil and bustle which occupy men in their progress from the cradle to the grave, when they are not employed in providing the means of self-preservation, will be found to arise from a desire to get rid of that irksome companion, Time, whose admonitions, occasionally heard even in the vortex of dissipation, become insufferably loud and querulous in the silence of seclusion.

When one looks abroad on the vast sentient mass congregated together in the British metropolis, and takes into account its passions and its follies, its virtues and its crimes, what thinking mind can resist the conclusion that a great majority of the individual portions of that heterogeneous body flutters through the dance of life without any determinate aim or object? How extremely trifling and babyish are the darling pursuits of mortals! The infant on the mother's knee,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

is not more reasonless in its wishes than the infatuated child of

three-score, who grasps a cloud for a substance, and dies contentedly, hugging the dear delusion. We leave the nursery and its baubles to amuse ourselves with more expensive toys,

"A little louder, but as empty quite."

Then beauty delights the eye, and fascinates the heart; we linger in the flowery maze created by its smile, unconscious of the lapse of time; fondly we pursue the steps of the enchantress, careless of the dangers and snares that beset us, and end at last, with lacerated bosoms and blighted affections,

"A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears."

Then comes youth, sobered into gravity and reflection; manhood, with all its anxieties and disappointments. Power, or fame, or pelf, is the quarry to be hunted down, and seldom is the coveted prize achieved, or if, with infinite toil and difficulty, the Goshen of our hopes is at length reached, we have little or no pleasure in possessing it. The senses are grown too dull for the perception of the long expected delight, and we find that but poor in fruition which appeared inestimable in prospect. Old age, with bleared eyes, obtuse ears, and trembling knees, totters after the butterfly of its doating fancy, even within the shadow of the sepulchre; or gloating on the hoarded ingots which it is afraid to use, though for its own comfort, it employs the restless moments over tables of interest, and intricate arithmetical calculations, till death strikes the grand total, and concludes the account. And this is life! and what is this but time-killing? No doubt there are other and more favorable points of view in which we may contemplate the moving panorama of existence. Here and there we shall meet with individuals, who, entertaining a just idea of their dignity as rational creatures, consider time as the threshold of eternity, and employ it with the jealous care which a due sense of its importance begets. But few are they in comparison with the aimless multitudes, who live as if they came into the world for no other purposes than to eat, drink and sleep. With them, life is purely animal or mechanical, a continuity of "buttoning and unbuttoning," an extended series of dinners and suppers. They rise in the morning, (their morning is about two o'clock at noon,) from repose which does not invigorate, because not preceded by healthful exertion; swallow muffins, coffee and news, and having sleeked themselves into external comeliness, sally forth to lose themselves in the eccentric stream which

business or pleasure keeps in constant motion. Through the day, you may trace them like sheep by their bleating from one Vanity Fair to another; now examining into the merits of a jaded horse at Tattersal's, now bidding for a *modern antique* at Christie's. One half hour at Murray's, depreciating books which they do not understand; the next, in the Park, insulting women of sense with their frothy politeness. Anon at the Fives Court, taking lessons of the Gas-light Man, or pledging Tom Crib in *blue ruin*. Then staring with determined audacity at every female under sixty, who is walking without a protector; or talking, with immodest boldness, in the public street, of gallantries which have no existence but in their prurient imaginations. Between seven and eight in the evening, seating themselves to an early dinner, and gorging, to repletion, without the excuse of appetite; discussing a bottle or two of old port, and then, "swoln with insolence and wine," for the Opera, Ho! What have such fellows to do with the sublimity and elegance of Mozart, or with the elaborate sweetness and expression of Rossini? Why should De-Begniss and Camporese warble, or Noblet and Hullin exhibit all the perfections of their art, before such vile lumps of egotism and sensuality? So it is, however; and they sit chattering and grimacing like monkeys, smiling and crying bravo, and yawning, till the curtain falls. Ripe for mischief and extravagance, they leave the theatre to annoy the drowsy guardians of the night, and insult the harmless pedestrians who are unfortunate enough to meet them. At length their career ends for the night in a watch-house, or at the Hummums; and thus, or in a manner far more reprehensible, they wear out their youth, and lay up for age the pangs of remorse and repentance. This is no fancy sketch, but a faithful transcript from the breathing world around us. Those, whose knowledge and experience best enable them to judge, will witness the fidelity of the repulsive picture. But why should we grow out of humour with our brother mortals, or endeavour to convince the reader that he is destined to live among fools and knaves? Let him make the discovery for himself; his dreams of happiness will not last for ever, and they are his enemies who force him to be wise before his time. After all, the time-killer whether he fret and fume, and bustle to be freed from his torment, or is content to make life a succession of short naps, is sometimes a very harmless, inoffensive sort of gentleman. If he is rich, his riches do as much good as a better man's—for what does it signify to the community, whether he subscribes a guinea a year to some public

charity, or gives it on the first of April for a pint of green peas; whether he dozes over a backgammon board, or prates at a vestry meeting; whether he understands Newton's Principia, or does not understand Dilworth's Primer? Well then, let the wheels within wheels of this stangely compounded machine, our globe, continue to "revolve and re-revolve," as they have done since the days of Adam—they are going wrong perhaps, but will my interference set them right? Certainly not. Why should I smile or frown at the practitioners of time-killing, when probably every sentence of this rambling essay is an exemplification of that refined and fashionable art?

H.

On Death.

AS THE CONSIDERATION OR APPROACH OF IT
AFFECTS VARIOUS MINDS.

THE Spectator justly observes of Death, that the reason why the consideration of it is so generally interesting, is, that "there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one that reads it." The certainty that we ourselves must soon be actors in the same scene; that it is a destiny that no subtilty can elude, a penalty no foresight can avoid, clothes it with an importance, compared to which all other concerns shrink into nothingness. The greater wonder is, that men, in the awful situation in which every human being is placed, should think so little about it; and that, instead of being regarded as a subject of paramount interest, it is by many never reflected on at all. Why is it that men laugh and dance and sing and are merry, in the full view of eternity? Why, in spite of reason, admonition, and what must seem the inevitable conviction of their own minds, do they revel and rejoice, and sport down the steep vale of life, whose termination must bring them to the grave;—to that grave, which the experience of more than four thousand years has not revealed what is beyond it? These are indeed mysteries. It does in truth appear strange, that the generality of mankind should reflect so seldom upon that, which, it is natural to suppose, could not even for a moment be forgotten; but instead of imputing it to

the levity, the folly, or the wilful blindness of mankind, as most writers have done, I think, if we looked a little beyond the surface, we should find a reason for this apparent but almost universal inconsistency. I am inclined to account for this apparent obliquity of mind by supposing that it is intentionally implanted within us; and that we are not naturally constituted for a perpetual reflection on death; for it is certain, that such a reflection, constantly entertained, would do more towards embittering the cup of life, than all the ills of which it is compounded. We may pursue the train of thought, till it ends in an utter carelessness both of our enjoyments and our duties; and the very idea that our being must come to a close, would not merely inculcate the vanity of all things human, but impress us with the dangerous conviction that that existence must be useless which could not here become immortal. Such reflections, coupled with the consideration of the inevitable ills that attend on humanity, might indeed make us exclaim with Adam, after he had lost Paradise:

Why is life given

To be thus wrested from us? rather, why

Obtruded on us thus, who if we knew

What we receive, would either not accept

Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down.

MILTON.

That the consideration of death has a different influence on different minds, and under various circumstances, cannot be denied; and this would go some way to prove that it is not intrinsically so much to be dreaded as imagination leads us to suppose. That it is not an object of universal terror, is evident from the numbers who have preferred it to a life which to them appeared destitute of enjoyment. Men have rushed into its embraces, from various motives, but all of them because they deemed it the lesser evil. Self-love is so strong a passion, that I am convinced no circumstance can be adduced, wherein men have devoted themselves to death, without its having seemed to them preferable to existence. The patriot, who bleeds for his country, feels that to live in slavery would be more dreadful than to meet dissolution. The martyr, who dies for his religion, is convinced that the glorious immortality he aspires to, and which his faith assures him he shall gain, is far beyond the value of a few years, purchased by the denial of his God, and the sacrifice of his eternal felicity. The father, the son, the husband, the lover, and the friend, who perish for the objects of their affection, are inspirited by the reflection, that the death

of those they love would be a greater calamity to them than their own. Self-love, so heroical as this, is indeed noble; but it *is* self-love nevertheless; for he who reflects, that by preserving his own life, he sacrifices all that renders that life desirable, while by its forfeiture he confers, either by his death or his example, a benefit on mankind, or secures happiness to those without whom existence would be burthensome, and after such reflection prefers to die, evidently makes his election in favour of his own good.

As it is clear, therefore, that death is not universally dreaded, let us inquire into the views entertained of it by various minds. We shall find the circumstances under which men are placed, their habits of reflection, and even the temperament of their bodies, have all a powerful influence in forming their judgments as to the nature of death, and in exciting their hopes, their fears, or their indifference. While one class of men live and die in a state of unaccountable apathy, and appear utterly regardless of their future destiny, others have their whole lives embittered by the dread of dissolution. They "die many times before their deaths," and are the perpetual victims of appalling terrors, and fearful anticipations. While some prefer annihilation to the uncertainty of a future state, others shrink from the idea with horror, and hold it in such dread, that they think they should prefer an eternity of pain to utter extermination.*

To mankind in general, death only appears fearful, when it meets them out of the path in which it was expected. Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy*, forcibly illustrates this feeling. Corporal Trim says he should fear it not if it meet him on the field of battle, the coachman asserts that it has no terrors on the coach-box, and all the gentry of the kitchen concur in thinking that it would be a mere matter of course to expire on a bed. Much therefore seems to depend even on the pursuits of life. The man, whose trade is warfare, and who has become familiarised with the expectation of death, is prepared to meet it every time he is in the field. But place the same

* This seems to be choosing on the worst side. Annihilation, however terrible it may appear, is but the loss of consciousness; and surely this is preferable to the endurance of never-ending misery. A man who sleeps without dreaming may be said to have lost consciousness; during the hours of his slumber, the soul is exempt from sensation, and annihilation can be no more. I am aware, that in this case, consciousness is only suspended; but the duration of time is nothing; and if the soul is in a state of inaction and torpidity for one half hour, it is no more aware of the progress of time, during that period, and is in precisely the same state as if it had lasted for a thousand years, or for ever.

individual in civilized society, and let him await its approach amid the lingering agonies of a sick bed, and he would shrink from the encounter. It is one thing to quit life in a state of health, with the body invigorated, and the mind in full possession of its faculties, and another to be in momentary anticipation of dissolution, with our energies impaired by disease, and our reason weakened by the terrors of the imagination.

Death on the scaffold or in the field frequently meets men in the full vigour of mind and body. Hence courage, under such circumstances, and particularly in minds inured to danger, or physically constituted to resist external impressions, is not surprising. There are many offences for which men suffer death, that present no appearance of moral turpitude to the perpetrators. I am never surprised at the fortitude of those who are executed for crimes against the state. Treason has always appeared to such men only another term for a glorious emancipation from the shackles of tyranny. They know that had they succeeded in their daring,—power would have changed the title, and what failure has converted into crime, success would have exalted into heroism. They think in the language of the epigrammatist:

Treason doth never prosper,—what's the reason?

Why when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

The principle in their minds remains the same, and they receive the measure of their guilt as a crown of martyrdom, not as the mark of infamy. The dread of death, I admit, has made men, condemned to suffer even in a good cause, suspicious of its goodness. They have mistaken the terror of dissolution for the compunctions of conscience, and have repented their share of the enterprise. The worsser has appeared the better reasoning, and they have subscribed, under the influence of fear, to that which their cool and healthy judgment, unbiassed by such a feeling, would have condemned. But these are isolated instances, mostly depending on the nervelessness of their animal economy; and by a parity of argument it may be concluded, that we are most of us disposed, in sickness, or in a state of animal exhaustion, to regard with too much severity, what in a state of health we should pronounce a venial relaxation from the cares inseparable from life.

Most men dread sudden death. To be snatched abruptly from the things of time to those of eternity has always been considered an event so terrible, that it forms a part of those evils against which a nation's prayers are preferred; and abstractedly considered, it has

I confess, all those repulsive qualities with which the fears of mankind have invested it; but a nearer consideration will strip it of a great portion of its terrors. Death, under any circumstances, is seldom desirable; but, for my own part, I can conceive nothing more dreadful than a protracted illness. The nights and days of sleepless agony; the melancholy reflections that agitate the soul; the self upbraidings that assail even the best regulated minds; the horrible suspense;—in short, all that fancy or reality can conjure up to give acuteness to pain, (and all these are the usual companions of sickness,) have, in my estimation, so appalling an aspect, that when compared with it, instant dissolution appears an object of desire, rather than of apprehension. It seems natural that we should wish to breathe our last in the presence of those we love. I would not die with strangers;—I would not be overtaken by the last enemy, remote from my wife, my children, and my home;—I would not entrust my dying wishes to those who know me not;—but I would be spared those pangs that must rive my heart, if, when lying on the bed of death, there is added to the consciousness of my own awful situation, the lamentations of those with whom I am connected by the ties of blood or affection. To hear the stifled sobs, to feel upon my pallid cheeks the burning tears of her, the empire of whose heart I was so shortly to resign for ever; to have my own clammy hands grasped by the feverish pressure of agonised love;—and to see dimly through those orbs of vision that were being glazed over by death, the forms of my children,—those children so dearly loved,—and whose sweet voices I never, never should listen to more,—Oh! what can surpass the misery of such a scene?....

Those who are engaged in the active business of life; whose occupations, and constitutional temperament, preclude them from reflection, are the least annoyed by the apprehension of dissolution. They consider leaving the world as much a mere matter of course, as going to sleep or eating their dinner. They are never disturbed by those fearful fancies that haunt the imaginations of the more intellectual part of the species; and even at the last, they either console themselves with the hope that they shall recover, or with a calm "God's will be done," and a perfect indifference, settle their worldly affairs, bid their friends and relations good-bye, and yield up their breath without a struggle. The reasoning mind, on the other hand, the searcher into causes and effects,—he who would remove the veil of obscurity that shrouds the nature of man—makes the considera

tion of death the great business of his life. His whole existence is passed in a state of fearful suspense. He is ever wavering in his opinions, and can arrive at no fixed point. He finds argument overthrown by argument, and one speculation giving way to another. He cannot curb the propensity of his soul for perpetual rumination. But because he is unable to reconcile contradictions, he is not willing to give up his reason altogether; he cannot believe any absurdity that is offered, merely because he is in a maze of doubt, and can form no creed of his own. He feels he is in a state of mystery;—that all which surrounds him is mystery; that his coming into the world and his going out of it are mysteries, which no penetration of the human mind can develope. He wishes, he prays, for that strong faith, which will reveal what he is so anxious to discover; he covets that powerful principle which arms some minds against the fear of dissolution, and with the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. But he is bewildered by contradictory reasoning; and to him it does indeed appear amazing, that man's existence should have been continued so many hundred years, while the nature of death yet remains so far a matter of uncertainty, that it has never been demonstrated in a manner satisfactory to *all* minds;—that the same doubts should still exist respecting the soul;—and that the same controversies respecting “fore-knowledge, free-will and fate,” should still agitate the minds of men. He is curious in his inquiries respecting the last moments of various individuals; and even from the result of these he can make no satisfactory deductions. He knows that men, under any circumstances, may, as far as the observation of a bye-stander goes, view death with fortitude to the last, but he doubts what are their ultimate thoughts and feelings at the final struggle,—at that moment, when the “strong man armed” has seized his victim; and when, deprived of the power of *expressing* their hopes or fears, or the sensations which agitate their minds, they are about to take their awful plunge into the unseen world.

But it seems the fate of literary men to be most deeply affected by the contemplation of dissolution.* This is not surprising. It is

* Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*, informs us that “on the belief of a future state, Pope seems often to have meditated with great anxiety; and an anecdote is recorded of his latest hours, which shews how strongly that important belief affected him. A day or two before his death, he was at times delirious; and about four o'clock in the morning, he rose from bed and went to the library where a friend, who was

scarcely possible that the mind engaged in reflection should overlook a subject of such deep importance; and it is certain, that the constant habit of rumination, while it enlarges the ideas, tempts them to a bolder expansion, and by relaxing the vigour of the nerves, ultimately generates a fearful regard of the nature of man, and a terror of death. Man is a reasoning animal; but neither health nor happiness are compatible with intense thought. It seems a part of our nature, that if we would insure tranquillity of mind and vigour of body, we must, occasionally at least, resign mental for bodily exercise, the labours of the brain for those of the hands; nay more, that if we would be wise, we must be content with sometimes playing the fool; that the most serious pursuits must be enlivened with the most childish recreations; and that to keep the mind wound up to one constant pitch of energy, would be to induce melancholy, misery, or madness. He, who talks of the consistency of philosophers, knows little of human nature. The most exalted minds take pleasure in the most trifling actions. The learned Mendelsohn, when attacked with one of those fits of abstraction and ennui, inseparable from literary pursuits, used to divert himself by counting the tiles on a neighbour's house, and the philosopher Bayle felt the greatest pleasure in the mummeries of mountebanks.

It is neither the deepest reasoners nor the wisest men who meet death with the most fortitude: the very reverse seems the fact. James the First, the weakest prince perhaps that ever governed, did not evince the slightest terror. It is related of him that he closed his eyes with his own hands; whereas Montaigne and Lafontaine, who wrote philosophically on death, betrayed the utmost cowardice: the first religiously bowed to the host, when he was expiring; and it appeared that the latter died in a hair shirt! Death, in the judgment of Hobbes, the author of the *Leviathan*, was the most terrible event, and to be avoided by any means. He told the Countess of Devonshire, that so great was his natural love of life, that he would give the whole world to live a single day; and so

watching him, found him busily writing. He persuaded him to desist, and withdrew the paper he had written. The subject of the thoughts of the delirious Poet was a new theory on the Immortality of the Soul, in which he distinguished between those material objects which tended to strenghten his conviction, and those which weakened it. The paper which contained these disordered thoughts was shewn to Warburton, and surely has been preserved." I fear it has not, and this is certainly to be regretted, as the reflections of such a man at such a moment, must have been greatly interesting.

much did he dread dissolution, that he wished he could sneak out of existence; or, to use his own words, "he should be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." The nervous trepidation of Cowper was no less remarkable, who in vain endeavoured to find a refuge from his apprehensions in the severest duties of religion.

Abstractedly considered, there appears no stronger antidote against the fears of death, than the consciousness of a well spent life, and a strong religious faith, yet how many pious persons have quitted the world, doubting, if not despairing of their salvation! We all know how the life of Dr. Johnson was embittered by his dread of dissolution; and I am inclined to attribute this to constitutional, not moral causes. Boswell informs us, that Johnson, when a child, was told by his mother that heaven was a place to which all good people went, and hell a place to which all bad people went; and that it might be more firmly impressed on his memory, she sent him to repeat it to one of the servants. Thus we may clearly attribute a portion of this dread to early impressions. He also inherited a melancholy disposition from his father; so that the terrors instilled into him in infancy, added to hereditary gloominess of mind, combined to produce that fear of death, which clung to him so firmly, that neither piety, good sense, nor a strong understanding, could ever afterwards subdue it. Here we see the inefficiency of moral qualities, and a strong sense of religious duty, to fortify their possessor against that period, when their powers would be most called into action. On the other hand, men, whose lives have been a tissue of vice, have breathed their last with calmness and tranquillity:—

And strange to see the sons of pleasure,
They who have revell'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine and treasure,
Die calm or calmer (ft than he,
Whose heritage was misery.
For he, who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope and nought to leave;
And, (save the future,—which is view'd
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued)—
With nought perhaps to grieve.

LORD BYRON.

Petronius, an elegant but immoral writer, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the court of Nero, and whose life was spent in dissolute-

ness, died with as much levity as he had lived. Dr. Wolcot, (Peter Pindar) who seemed little influenced by those restrictions on the indulgence of the passions, imposed by religion and morality, quitted life with equal nonchalance; but the most remarkable instance of the kind on record is to be found in the father of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who was not only a votary of pleasure himself, but laboured to instill the same principles into the mind of his daughter. He taught her to regard pleasure as the chief end of existence; and he retained these impressions to the last. It is related of him, that when he was dying, instead of feeling compunction for either his practice or precepts, he called her to his bed side, and told her, that the only regret he felt at leaving the world arose from its depriving him of partaking any longer of its enjoyments. "You," he said to his daughter, "who survive me, must make the most of your precious time. Never be scrupulous respecting the number of your pleasures, but always be select in your choice." She followed the advice, and it does not appear that she left the world with different sensations. Here is a proof that vice will so far harden its votaries as to blind them to all sense of its future punishment.

I have thus thrown together a few hasty thoughts, tending rather to prove the existence of the mystery which surrounds the subject of death than to elucidate it. This is a wisdom that dissolution alone can teach us. I have not aimed at establishing positions; and shall therefore draw no conclusions. But I cannot forbear expressing my firm belief, that an unshaken faith in the principles of christianity, appears the most invulnerable shield to interpose at the last awful hour. Happy, a thousand-fold happy, is he who possesses this faith. The wisdom of philosophy, and the pride of reason, are feeble bulwarks compared with it. Let him not, however, despise the man, who has it not. Let him remember that *belief is not an act of the will*,—that "it is not to him that willeth, nor him that runneth;" and that while it is his duty to pity, he should forbear to condemn.

Early Marriages.

It is a lamentable thing that there should exist a state of society, in which men find it expedient to hesitate ere they enter into a condition which nature evidently designed them for. What a monstrous arrangement of circumstances must that be, which makes a man deem it imprudent to follow that law, which, as an animal, seems to have been intended as the chief business of his mundane existence. Is it not a disjointed state of things, when a specious colouring can be given to the theories of those sophists who, as they cannot arrest the progress of death, find a pleasure in the novelty of connecting misery with the propagation of life. Such philosophers, had they the power, would persuade the ocean to subside into a muddy pestiferous lake, because it sometimes by its agitations is the cause of shipwreck. But, I repeat, it is an ill arranged state of society, in which temporary, because unnatural circumstances, give the appearance of solidity to the arguments by which man would be cheated out of the greatest comfort of his existence, the society of a being, so admirably fitted for his companion, and who, generally speaking, is the greatest solace under his unavoidable misfortunes, having her mental constitution so well qualified for her natural station as the friend and participator of his interests, that his very virtues are like the earth-encrusted ore, but little attractive till polished by her delicate manner, and hardly amiable, till softened by her example.

Confining my observations to a consideration of the eligible time for marriage, I am determined my son shall enter into that state the moment he expresses a wish for it, because I should consider him only acting in conformity to the appointed laws of nature and the divine order of the creation. I might be mad enough to endeavour to arrest this. I might apparently succeed ; but at what risk ! Yonder rivulet, that I behold from my window, might be stopped in its course by the power of its owner, but if he do not provide a legitimate and regular channel for its waters, it will become a devastating inundation, accompanied with infectious putridity. Tell me not that my son, from the want of a sufficient income, will have to struggle with accumulated misery, from the demands of

an increasing family, I answer that he cannot commence the struggle at a more favourable age, when the mind is buoyant with hope, when he can exercise all the energy of untamed ardour, when his powers possess that elasticity which prompts to action, and that happy inexperience which sets a high value on distant enjoyments. Montaigne says, and I think very truly, that we bestow those employments which require mental and corporeal exertion, on men of too advanced an age. Youth is the time for action, and nothing can stimulate a young man more strongly, and, at the same time, more virtuously, than the care of providing for the woman he delights in, and the children he loves.

But the icy sophists of the present day say that a man ought not to marry, till he feels himself in a situation to maintain that offspring which may reasonably be expected;—till, after passing through, as it were, the probationary state of a profession, he has fixed his post and rank in society, and feels, by the emoluments of situation, that it is reasonable to suppose that he and his family will have no occasion ever to exact from society, what they cannot give an ample compensation for. But, alas! when will that time arrive, or will it ever arrive? Are not the fortunes and the circumstances of a man at forty-five, in such a commercial, speculating country as this, as liable to be the sport of untoward accidents, as a younger man's of five and twenty? Do we not see a thousand instances of this around us? Those very men who are most influenced by the commercial caprices of fortune, are men above the middle age of life. It is, for the most part, to this period they arrive, ere they can become the victims of unfortunate speculation, as it is then that they feel most immersed in hazardous undertakings. If a man continue unmarried so long, I think it most prudent never to alter his condition. His spring is past, his summer is wasted, what can now be his prospects with a rising family? Marriage at such a time can rarely be happy. He and his mate unite seldom from motives of pure affection; the lawyer is often the chief assistant in the transaction; and can a congeniality of sentiment be expected to take place, where either party is fixed into long established habits, peculiar to each? Age is stealing on, chronic diseases, which have lain dormant in the spring of youth, now begin to shew their horrid forms; that season of life, which ought to be spent with some sort of ease and comfort, is occupied with the care of providing or securing a subsistence for a helpless family.

At a time when the parents ought naturally to be occupied in giving the lessons of experience to an obedient and attentive pupil, they are forced to assist in soothing the wailings of an infant. Hope sickens, and exertion daily loses its solace; for the colouring which imagination gave to distant objects in youth, has now faded away, and experience teaches that it is too late for a man to expect, when past his meridian, any great amelioration of his condition. It is a time when many retrograde, and but few advance. What comfort can such a man have, when he beholds around him, five or six children little removed from the state of infancy, and reflects that he is now beyond the middle of the longest term of human existence, and when, if he should be so fortunate as to have that term protracted thus far, he leaves those children at an age when they have most need of a parent's friendship and counsel? But if, as is much more likely, he should be snatched from them long before they have passed the age of childhood, he leaves a helpless progeny, a certain burthen on that society, which it is the professed design of the enemies of early marriages to exonerate. Such children, had they entered life at an earlier period of their parent's existence, might have been examples of virtue and independence, now they will most probably be the victims of vice, and of hard-hearted, unmeritorious, because extorted benevolence. But how dreadfully acute must be the sufferings of a dying parent, should a numerous family be composed of that softer sex, whose chastity combines in it all the seeds of its future happiness, in times when early marriage is attempted to be ranked as a crime, or an imprudence, equal, if not superior in enormity to the gratification of illicit passion? The prospect is dreadful;—too horrible to be dwelt upon;—embittering the last sigh of existence, and adding renewed poignancy to the pangs of departing nature.

Since writing the above, a friend has pointed out to me the following excellent passage from a letter written by the judicious Dr. Franklin to one of his acquaintance who had been recently married. It is satisfactory to me to find that such an accurate reasoner agrees with me in opinion, and to strengthen my argument, I cannot do better than subjoin his well expressed sentiments.

“Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly make it prudent to delay entering into this state, but in general, when Nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in Nature's favour, that she has not done amiss in making us desire

it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated: "late children," says the Spanish proverb, "early orphans;" a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be. With us, in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon, and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves. I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming an useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life,—the fate of many who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it."

R.

On Old Furniture.

I LOVE old furniture. It revives a thousand agreeable associations, and reminds us of days of ease, comfort and competence. There is an air of substantial solidity about it, that speaks of old English enjoyments; and recalls to the mind those days of hospitality and good cheer, that modern refinement has nearly banished from our hearths. When I see the comely chair, with its tall twisted back, so conveniently constructed to give repose to the human frame, and its extended arms, forming an ample resting-place to the tired elbows, I mourn the capriciousness of taste, which has deprived us of so convenient an article of domestic economy. We sit upon chairs, 'tis true; but how unlike the chairs of our forefathers! No comfortable cushions; no tall, capacious backs; no ample seats, with room to spare. He who should venture a nap on a modern chair, would risk the dislocation of his neck. Good reader; if you are six foot high, (which, thanks to my stars, I am not) often must you have been vexed with these unsocial inconveniences. If you are an old man, perhaps you remember the time when after a hard bout at riding or walking, you have kicked off your travelling boots, snugly invested your feet in your warm

slippers, and throwing yourself in your capacious arm-chair, have reclined your head upon its accommodating back ; then bringing your thumbs in comfortable juxta-position, you have sunk into a doze with as much facility and satisfaction, as if you had been reposing on your pillow. Those hours of enjoyment are passed. You have no chance of such a thing now-a-days. You may indeed manage an apology for a nap, supposing you are a short man, by hitching the hinder part of your head, hook-fashion, upon the back of your chair, protruding your heels, and reclining *in vacuo*, supported only by the edge of the seat ; but this is a perilous situation and the odds are twenty to one, that your worship and the floor become near acquaintance. How Jack Falstaff would have blustered, had the fashion obtained in his day ; and he had been compelled to deposit his ton of tallow on the scanty apology for a chair that modern taste has invented ! How the fat Mr. Bright, or Daniel Lambert, would have sweated with agony, hemmed in among a score at a modern tea-party, on a seat that would scarcely accommodate a third of their goodly proportions. Dr. Johnson could never have sipped his thirty dishes in such a position. 'Tis well for ye, ye fat men of antiquity, that ye have been resolved to your mother earth before such a purgatorial period. If your spirits see what passes on earth, grateful must ye be, that ye have escaped so dire a calamity.

There is one article of old fashioned furniture, whose dismissal I sincerely deplore. I mean the screen. To say nothing of its convenience, for hiding a pretty girl, or concealing you from a dun, it was a vastly comfortable appendage on cold winter nights, to keep the wind from your shoulders. You could collect your snug family party round the fire, and throw an air of social comfort over the circle, truly delightful. Then were the times for "quips and quirks and wreathed smiles;" then the enigma, the rebus, and the conundrum puzzled the young, and amused the old ; the tale and joke and spiced wine went round, and Winter, stripped of all his terrors, laughed merrily, and enjoyed the scene. The screen was also a pleasing vehicle for taste and ingenuity. Its decorations were often of the most splendid and fanciful description : —classical paintings, wreaths and boquets of flowers, or beautiful japanned gold work ; impressing the eye with a sense of elegance and grandeur, as well as convenience ; nor should it be forgotten, that the best comedy writer of our times (Sheridan) has produced

by this useful piece of furniture, a most powerful effect, in the finest scene of the *School for Scandal*; while Fielding has no less successfully employed it in his novel of *Tom Jones*.

The stately marble-piece is also no more. A fig for Count Rumford and his improvements, if to his innovating hand we owe the curtailment of the ample fire-place. When you entered a lofty room of ancient construction, the first object that struck the eye, with its noble and commanding aspect, was the massy carved work that adorned the igneal fane. The ambition of warming the toes, and preserving the complexion, has diminished it to a mere loop-hole; and the effect in a spacious room is truly petty and contemptible. The hand of the sculptor is no longer employed in carving shells and flowers, and groupes of classic figures, that once adorned the chimney-piece. A few quaker-like slabs of undecorated marble are now its only ornaments.

The vanity of self-contemplation has alone preserved the mirror as an article of furniture for the drawing-room. But modern innovation has done its best to strip it of all its ancient splendour. It is no longer inclosed in the curiously carved oaken frame, or the perforated gold one. A barbarous taste has on many occasions even displaced the glass from its old tenure, to invest it in a gew-gaw inclosure of modern invention, while its former companion has either been thrown in the lumber room, or doomed to the ignominious office of lighting the fire. The taste for carved work, which has just gone by, was far worse than the present. The mirror was inclosed in a narrow gilt frame, of slight construction, surrounded with bead-work, and surmounted with nodding flowers, stuck on slender wires, as ridiculous as the tassels on a fool's cap, and as frail as the paste-work ornaments in a confectioner's shop. The looking-glasses of the present day have something like an air of solidity about them, and are so far, at least, superior to their immediate predecessors; while the preference for massy picture frames of ancient construction, and a reviving predilection for chased work in articles of gold and silver, are gratifying indications of a disposition to revert to the correct and dignified taste of our ancestors.

I venerate the collectors of old china. They remind one of the searchers after the organic remains of a former world; and I laud the careful spirit which prompts them to secure from the profane touch of the vulgar, and to shield from the handling of careless

fingers, these relics of the infancy of tea-drinking. A complete antique tea equipage, is a rare sight. It is absolutely refreshing to the eyes of a connoisseur to behold one in an undiminished state of preservation. The queer-shaped tea-pot; the Lilliputian cups and saucers, scarcely one-half the modern size, and whose diminutive appearance, marked the sense of luxury which was formerly attached to the infusion of the Chinese herb; the tall beaker, the canister, and all the delightful et-ceteras which made up the ancient complement of the tea-table;—to behold, I say, in its pristine perfection, without crack or blemish, such a coup-d'œil of oriental elegance, is worth all the exertions of the moderns in this way, with their corrected taste, and the classical *à-la-Grecque* porcelain of the French, into the bargain. There is beauty in the very eccentricity of old china, which modern ingenuity cannot attain. The queer figures, unlike anything “in heaven above or earth beneath;” the sprawling dragons, indefinitely shaped, and with no anatomical marks of distinction, by which to discern the head from the tail; the uncouth ornaments, like the no-meaning pattern of a Turkey carpet; the brilliant colours,—red, blue and gold;—all present a striking combination, which a purer taste in vain attempts to emulate. A visit to that famous dépôt of old china, Hanway Yard, would cure the most inveterate stickler for modern fashions of his silly prejudice. Those were glorious days, when a Chinese dragon grinned at you over the door-way of every retired citizen; when artificial bridges and pagodas decorated the gardens, and ponderous china vases occupied commanding positions in the hall or the curiosity room. Then the virtuoso exhibited his caterpillars and cockleshells in a rich japan cabinet; then our careful housewives, inspired with laudable emulation, displayed to the admiring visitor the rich stores of their china closets; then the sipper of tea could luxuriate in the proud display of equipage, diversely fashioned, and quaintly adorned, marking the taste and consequence of the owner; and then the lover of punch could gaze with glistening eyes at the comely bowls, descending in regular gradations, from the capaciousness of a pail-full to the solitary complement of a single allowance. Who cares a fig for punch now a-days? It went out of fashion with the delightful vessel in which it was compounded.

There is one virtue (I must call it so) attached to old fashioned china. I do not mean the antiquarian spirit which derives

pleasure from the mere possession of that which is ancient ; but it has often formed an heritage, that has descended from family to family, with all the endearing recollections of kindred. Perhaps it has been the wedding gift of some fond parent to a beloved child ; a mother to a daughter, on quitting her maternal bosom for the sheltering arms of an affectionate husband ; presented to the young couple, with tearful and heartfelt wishes that heaven would smile propitious on their union. There is a gratifying feeling of honest family pride in the exhibition of these testimonials of love from those who have long since mingled with the dust, and the memory of whose affection outlives all other recollections. For marriage, a man "leaves father and mother," and the wife of his bosom becomes a second self ; but what power can banish the remembrance of that genuine love, that a mother alone can feel ?

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

was the speech of Coriolanus to Volumnia ; and what deserving son, sprung from virtuous parents, does not feel that *his* mother's prayers were ever the *avant-couriers* of his prosperity ?

What can be more outré than an old fashioned house with modern furniture ? When I cast my eyes towards the ceiling, and observe the rich stucco ornaments, or the paintings *al fresco*, that adorn it, and carry them down to the inconsequential articles of furniture that occupy the floor,—the cabinet piano, with its profusion of silk curtains and gilt-work, the petite chairs, the squab couches, the window hangings, with their varnished rods and tasselled finery, all in the pretty taste of gewgaw and glitter, the contrast between the sober dignity of the room itself, and the pettiness of its ornaments, strikes forcibly upon my mind. There is an incongruity that even habit cannot reconcile. I insensibly revert to the days, when damask curtains of splendid hue, and intrinsic worth, adorned those windows that are now decked out with the valueless gaudery of the linen-drapeer ; when those deserted pannels were covered with fine paintings ; when the place of those slightly fashioned tables that stand between the lofty windows were occupied by slabs of beautifully veined marble, supported by satyr's thighs finely wrought in bronze or gilded brass ; when the chimney-glass was surrounded by a frame of tortoise-shell, beautifully inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and cut glass lustres glittered from gilded

sconces, reflecting in the mirrors the fair forms of ladies rustling in silks and satins, sipping their coffee in antique porcelain, and waited on by an ebony-faced juvenile from Africa, whose sable hue threw an air of romantic enchantment round the circle, as it contrasted with the lovely faces that smiled and prattled as they quaffed the refreshing beverage. Ye lovers of good taste ! revive the fashions of our forefathers, or pull down the memorials of their enjoyments,—their habitations. When I cross the marble hall, ascend the stone staircase, and parade the lofty rooms, in which the beauty and fashion of a past age once assembled, I wish to meet no article of modern construction, to disturb the pleasing association of ideas that is beginning to be formed in my mind ; and I venerate that feeling which prompts some of our noblemen (though content in other respects to indulge the whims of their ladies in their rage for modern luxury) to respect the taste of their ancestors, and to preserve the furniture of their old family seats as sacred as if they were heir-looms, or objects of religious veneration. If it were not for such a regard for these mementos of the past, if that praiseworthy spirit which seeks the preservation of these relics of old times, were extinct, we should have no fond records to dwell upon, no traces left, by which to elicit comparisons between the days that are gone and those which are present. When I contemplate the furniture of our old palaces, Hampton Court or Windsor Castle, and reflect that on those flower-damasked chairs, sat the royal personages whose portraits adorn the walls and who have long since been consigned to the tomb to make way for a new race ; that on those antique beds with their crimson velvet drapery, emblazoned with the arms of royalty, reposed the bodies of those, from whose loins the now reigning family sprung ; nay, that their antiquity can probably be traced upwards through many generations ; I gather a lesson of instruction from these dumb monitors, gifted as they are with an eloquence as powerful as ever proceeded from the lips of wisdom, and envy not the man who can press the seat, once occupied by royalty or greatness, without being conscious of more than ordinary feelings. May no capricious whim of making royal residences of these cherished remembrances of the monarchs of our forefathers, strip their time-honoured walls and floors of those articles of domestic elegance and utility which once administered to the convenience and comfort of British royalty

God bless his majesty! Let him go on multiplying his collection of nick-knacks, and let him make his Brighton Pavillion as gaudy as a puppet-shew with modern toys and playthings. But I should mourn the day, which ejected the venerable and appropriate furniture of Hampton Court or Windsor Castle, to make room for modern finery;—which covered their dry-rubbed floors with Turkey carpets, and displaced the velvet draperies of their beds and windows, for modern damask curtains in the French taste, with their gaudy paraphernalia of rods, cornices, tinsel binding, and ball fringe.

The Secret.

In a fair lady's heart once a secret was lurking,
 It toss'd and it tumbled; it long'd to get out,
 The *Lips* half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
 And *Tongue* was impatient to blab it, no doubt.
 But *Honour* looked gruff on the subject, and gave it
 In charge to the *Teeth* (so enchantingly white,)
 Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it,
 By giving the *Lips* an admonishing bite.

'Twas said, and 'twas settled: *Sir Honour* departed;
 Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel,
 When right to its tip, *Secret* suddenly started,
 And half, in a whisper, escaped from his cell.
 Quoth the *Teeth* in a pet, "We'll be even for this,"
 And they bit very hard above and beneath,
 But the *Lips* in that instant were bribed with a *Kiss*,
 And they popp'd out the secret "in spite of their teeth."

J. G. G.

Literature.

THE STEAM BOAT,

By the Author of Sir Andrew Wylie, &c.

THE Steam-boat is one of rather a curious series of novels from the pen of Mr. Galt. The Provost and Annals of the Parish have little to recommend them but the amusing and apparently unaffected simplicity which ascribes to things of mere local interest, importance enough to attract general attention. Sir Andrew Wylie, however, notwithstanding the gross improbabilities with which it abounds, possesses the rare merit of occupying the reader's mind from first to last. The style is pleasing, and if the work makes no very deep impression, we at least rise from the perusal in good humour, both with ourselves and the author. Of the Airshire Legatees, the least that can be said, is, that the humorous epistles published under that title, were once attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and they certainly do bear a considerable resemblance to Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk. The last mentioned production appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine, as did the Steam-boat, and it is but right to protest against the practice, now growing so common, of making the public pay twice for the same book. It is certainly a trick unworthy of a man of genius, to profit by printing in a monthly miscellany what he afterwards intends publishing in a separate volume. In the dedication of the Steam-boat to Lord Gwyder, Thomas Duffie, who dates from Boyles' Land, Salt Market, Glasgow, begs that illustrious individual to "consider the style and matter of his work, through the green glasses of indulgence, without which," he modestly observes, "the manifold faults are of such a glaring and conspicuous character as may not be easily endured." The introduction, in which is recounted how Mrs. Mac Lecket persuaded him to try the benefit of sea-air in the Steam-boat to Greenock, how he took her advice once, twice, and oftener, being restored in consequence to "a sort of youthfulness that lasted sometimes more than a fortnight; keeping off the hypochonders till he again fell out of order by constant constipation to the shop;" how he reflected on the jaunts and travels that had

made him a "satisfactory man," and determined to preserve them in black and white; how having done so, he read his manuscript to neighbour Sweeties the grocer, and resolved, in gratitude for his encouragement and his landlady's approval, to print it for general edification,—is extremely well got up, and though we cannot help seeing the pen of a ready writer, through the affected uncouthness of Mister Duffle's style, it is in good keeping with the strange olla podrida of mirth and sentiment which it precedes.

The story of the Elderly Gentleman, who stooped a degree forward, and for the most part was disposed to rest his brow upon his staff, called the Russian, is wordy and romantic enough, for the most inveterate reader of novels; but the conclusion is much too abrupt, for when one naturally expects to be "full supt on horrors," we are told that the engine of the boat was stopt, and the narrator landed at Erskine Ferry. The tale of the Decent Woman, alias the Soldier's Mother, is infinitely better, she is described with amusing particularity. "She was of a sedate countenance, and clad in the plain apparel of a bien west-kintra wife, wearing a red cloak trimmed with gray and white fur, the cloth of which was of the best sort—on her head she had a black silk cap, gawsey, and none hampered either in the magnitude or the ribbons; and in her hand a bundle, tied in a mourning shawl, that was seemingly some four or five years old in the fashion, but not greatly damaged by wear or tear. The decent woman, it seems, was a widow, and having had her 'winsome Willy' killed at Waterloo, conceived a wish to visit the last field of her gallant boy; she arrives at that sternly debated ground, and discovers by the heft of a knife projecting from the turf, the last home of her child;" the passage that follows is excellent. "The last place he took me to was a strong field of wheat: 'there,' said he, 'it was that the Scotch Greys suffered most. Their brave blood has fattened the sod, that the corn springs here so greenly.' I looked around with the tear in my e'e, but I could see no hillock to mark where the buried lay, and my heart filled fu', and I sat down on the ground and Macdonald beside me, and he said nothing, but continued for a time silent, till I had poured out my sorrow.—As we were sitting communing with the dead and gone, he happened to notice a bit of a soldier's coat, and, pulling it out of the gird, drew with it an old rusty gully knife. 'This,' said Macdonald' as he lifted it, 'has belonged to some brave fellow.' But think

what I felt, when in that same identical knife, I beheld a proof and testimony that my poor Willy could no be far from the spot where we then were. It was a knife that his father bought, and I knew it by the letters of his name, burnt out upon the horn of the hilt. I seized upon it in the hands of the corporal, as if it had been a precious relic of great price, and I have it now in my bundle." This is the language of feeling and nature, the heart decides upon its excellence without any assistance from the judgment, and the critic, beguiled of his oracular animadversions, is silent. Some portions of the Hurricane are powerfully written, but as a whole it is much inferior to the foregoing. Indeed, this writer seems to succeed best when he is content to dwell on the humble interests and affections of life,—if he attempts to rise into grandeur or sublimity, he presently discovers his weakness, and is always less successful when he labours to produce the greatest effect. After perils, and hair-breadth escapes innumerable, Master Duffle arrived at Greenock, and among much curious and edifying matter we have the following passage. "After the Edinburgh Musical Festival, nothing less would serve the aspiring people of Greenock, than an oratorio, for which purpose they made a wonderful collection of precentors, melodious weavers, and tuneful cordwainers, together with sackbuts and psalteries, and various other sorts of musical implements of sound; and that nothing fitting might be wanting, as to place, they borrowed the oldest kirk in the town, the cold in which prevented some of the flute-players, it is thought, from properly crooking their mouths, while the damp made the fiddle-strings as soft as pudding-strings; so that when the work begun, there was nothing but din for music, and for quavers a chattering of teeth." The Dumbies' Son, though a mere sketch, is perhaps the best thing in the volume; there is a deep vein of pathos running through the whole, and his feelings are scarcely to be envied, who can peruse it without emotion. A being is described whose parents were both deaf and dumb from their births; for the first seven years of his existence "no vocal effusions of soul had sounded in his hearing." Few situations can be imagined more awful in loneliness, more harrowing in hopeless solitude than these: "when I was about six years old, my mother died. I knew not then what death was, but I have since acquired the painful knowledge. I saw her weak and moaning, and my father sitting by her pillow, and constantly hovering over her bed. His tears fell fast as he

looked at her ; at last, she gave a faint struggle, and from that moment she moved no more. About a week after this event, an old man came and took me by the hand, and conducted me to a house where a great number of the country folks were assembled, and when they saw us, they brought out two large black chests from the house, and having placed them on their shoulders, they all mutely followed."—They arrive at the church, they enter the burial ground, but the Dumbies' son knows not where they lead him, nor for what purpose. "But the two black chests were placed in the green enclosure, and the old man who led me by the hand, performed a strange ceremony over them. I know not its purport, his lips moved. I heard a sound, but it only made my spirit hungry while it chilled it with an indescribable dread. Close to the wall I saw a deep hole trenched out, into this the two black boxes were slowly lowered, and a little earth was thrown upon them. How dreadful to me was the rattle of that little earth on those mysterious arks ! I had heard the summer-thunder answered by all the echoes of the mountains, but it was not so dreadful as the sound of that shovel-full of earth." These extracts will abundantly prove the writer's skill in raising emotions of tenderness and pity ; his efforts at humour, though not absolute failures, are very inferior. Duffle's account of the coronation is clever, but the public has been dosed to nausea with particulars of that raree show, and might well complain were they to be again sentenced to the somnifying detail. Mr. Galt is unquestionably a highly talented author, but till he can divest himself of an idle desire to be original on all occasions, he must not expect to obtain more than an ephemeral reputation. Eccentricity will make the million stare, but it will excite the smile of the judicious ; and nothing short of unwearying assiduity in the widely extended fields of literature, can ensure, even to the gifted aspirant after fame, the applause and reverence of posterity.

H.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS, with other Poems,

By Harry Stoe Van Dyk.

WE are tempted to notice this little volume, because, though evidently the production of a young writer, it presents some indications of genius, which, when properly matured, may be capable of

better things. His portraits however, are rather flattering than faithful; and our good friends the players, have little reason to complain of the harshness of the features. It must not however be forgotten that eulogy is not criticism; and that the sincerity of a writer is in danger of being suspected, if he deals only in compliments. With the exception of his sketch of Jones, and four lines on the "careless mein" of C. Kemble, his whole gallery is little more than a succession of panegyrics. That many of them are deserved, we are not disposed to deny; and we agree in a general sense with the feeling which seems to have prompted their exhibition,—a wish to rescue the profession of an actor from the approbrium attached to it by ignorant and illiberal prejudice. We assent to his reasoning, that they are blinded

" Who scorn the Drama's page,
And deem that vice and lewdness guide the stage;
For hearts unprejudic'd can gather thence
Knowledge and truth, morality and sense ;"

yet, his opinion of the *professional* merits of the subjects he has selected, differs very widely from our own. We neither think that pretty piece of insipidity, Miss Brunton, equal to the delineation of such characters as Rosalind or Lady Teazle; nor can we recognise Miss Copeland as a fit actress in the legitimate drama, till she has got rid of a great portion of her obtrusive self-possession and chamber-maid vulgarity. It is possible too for an actor to excite our mirth, and yet offend our judgement. There is a sympathy in laughter, which rarely stops to investigate, and thus, though Mr. Harley may be

" The merriest knave that ever
With cheerful ease, bade man and sorrow sever ;"

we cannot recognise him as a correct and natural actor. We hardly know which is the worse defect in a comedian, his imitation of the style of acting of another, or constantly presenting you with doubles of himself. Mr. Harley is the same being in every thing. So is Mr. Jones; so is Mr. Liston; so is Mr. Wilkinson; but so was not that judicious actor, Emery. It is recorded as one of the great merits of Garrick's performances, that he gave no general points of resemblance either in voice or manner, by which to recognise him. This is the highest perfection of which the art is capable. The sudden recognition of an actor in a new character,

is the strongest proof that he is not a master of his art. "That is so-and-so," is whispered round, the instant he makes his appearance. Why is this? Nothing can be more opposite than the range of characters presented by the drama. All the passions, weaknesses and foibles of human nature are embraced in its capacious circle; and the most opposite contrarieties are frequently represented by the same man. What a blemish then is that mark of identity, which runs through the whole of his performances; and which, in all the variety of characters he personates, never for a moment cheats you into an idea of their reality. The great fault of modern acting, and doubtless the remark might apply to every era of the drama, is, that it is artificial. Let us be understood. We know that acting is but the imitation of nature, and that all imitations are deficient in the spirit of the original. But the actor speaks in a different tone, has a different gait, and a different air from what he assumes in ordinary life. The stage seems to form a microcosm of its own, whose manners appear perfectly ridiculous when introduced into real life. The player puts on a character like a dress, and wears it with an awkwardness which proves it not to be his own; he does not transfuse himself into the original, and act as if the sentiments he delivers were the effusions of his own mind, but he seems the mere mouth-piece of another's thoughts. That it is difficult to step beyond this,—that we have scarcely a living exception to this objection we admit; but there is a distinct difference between that point of perfection which changes fiction into comparative reality, and that dearth of true genius, that utter absence of just conception, which gives no marks of distinction, let the actor assume what character he may.

Our author's portrait of Mathews is spirited and amusing:

What shall we call thee, thou amusing elf,
Who hast a host of beings in thyself;
Who canst variety in all infuse,
And changest like th' expiring dolphin's hues,
Or skies in April? Say what term would be
Appropriate, thou world's epitome!
Thou ambulating rainbow! Fitful hope!
Thou earthly moon! Thou live kaleidoscope!
Thou twenty voices! Antidote to woe!
Thou one plurality! Thou single Co.!

There is so much unequal writing, however, throughout the volume, that we are almost induced to suspect, that it is not all the production of one hand. The portrait of Miss Taylor and a poem called *My Uncle*, are in the worst style of a very vulgar taste, and form a striking contrast to the general merit of the work. Of the best portions, we would select *Twilight's Invitation to Cupid*; the *Songs*; the *Knight and the Page*; and *Absence*. Our readers will probably agree with us in deeming the following lines possessed of very considerable merit:

There is a thought that must impress

On lovers when they're parted,

A dull, cold sense of loneliness

Which leaves them broken hearted.

It rises—when the morning flings

Her light upon the gay lark's wings;

It rises—when the ev'ning throws

Her vivid glances on the rose;

And when Latona's fair-eyed daughter

Bends from her throne in silent bliss,

To gaze upon the rippling water,

Still glowing with the twilight's kiss.

It is the thought that one, whom we

Have worshipp'd with idolatry,

(As heathens kneel to Phœbus's rays)

Is absent from our ardent gaze.

Then, what are morning's charms to those

Who 'neath her smile *alone* must rove?

Or what can twilight's tents disclose

To soothe the pangs of sever'd love?

Can summer nights—(tho' moonlight hues

On all be glancing brightly,

Tho' on the violets bent with dew,

The southern breeze steal lightly,

As if it fear'd to wake each rose

Upon whose breast their blue eyes close;)

Can these give rapture to the breast,

Which cherishes a hallowed guest,

But feels that it is far remov'd

From all it mus'd on,—all it lov'd?

LORD THURLOW'S *Translation of Anacreon.*

THAT Edward Hovel Thurlow, Lord Thurlow, (such is the portentous name of this titled bard) who can certainly string bungling rhymes with considerable facility, should, after mangling Chaucer, and mimicking Shakespear, attempt a poetical translation of Anacreon, is a lamentable proof of the false estimate he has formed of his own powers, and of the almost incredible vanity of would-be-poets. Our rhyme-struck peer first displayed his passion for the Muses in Mister Urban's venerable miscellany, by giving lame versions from the Psalter, and breathing pretty lady-like love ditties as gentle as a "sucking-dove." Then came sundry composing volumes of occasional poems, interspersed with loyal odes to the Prince Regent and those whom he delighted to honour; the modernizing of Chaucer and the Rape of Proteus followed;—these were great doings, and surely might have contented any scribbler under the degree of an earl. His Lordship of Thurlow thought differently, and the ethereal scintillations of the Greek enthusiast's lyre were to be forced into his leaden moulds for the production of "English measure," notwithstanding the unquestioned success of our British Anacreon, Moore, in the same field. Truly nothing but a most comfortable opinion of his own superior endowments could have induced even a Right Hon. author to enter the lists against such fearful odds. But real genius is seldom overweening, a writer of acknowledged talent rarely tries to do better what another has confessedly done well, and it is only a shallow self-sufficient witling, whose irrepressible egotism is continually active, that will feel inclined to interfere with the triumph of a more highly gifted spirit, by his impotent attempts at rivalry for, to use the language of Pope,

"Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She sends in large recruits of needful pride,
Pride, when Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Lord Thurlow has generally succeeded in giving a tolerable correct paraphrase of his author's text; he has given us the letter, but not the spirit of Anacreon; he has done what a me

Tyro from Merchant Taylors' or St. Paul's School, would have done as well. But of the warmth, the glow, the passion, which constantly pervade all the productions of the Bard of Teos, he conveys no idea; and what *Paradise Lost* would have been, sobered down into prose by the worthy Puritan, who thought all poetry an abomination, the Odes of Anacreon, are, as Englished by his Lordship. Making allowance, here and there, for some glorious burst of mind, of which the peer could never be guilty, we might fairly guess the smart volume before us proceeded from the same manufactory of dull verses, which inflicted the Rape of Proteus on the public. If it were possible for Anacreon to see a copy of this strange work, what would be his feelings at having such lines as the following attributed to him?

What needs it then the stone t'anoint?

Special, if here you disappoint

Our greedy thirst; or on the earth

To pour down the goblet's worth?

Me rather, while I live, with oil

Anoint, and with the roses' spoil

Adorn my head: for life is short:

And call me now a maid to court.

THURLOW'S ANACREON, p. 8.

This is English measure with a vengeance. Almost every Ode affords similar examples, and though such halt, unharmonious couplets might serve well enough as the vehicles of fulsome compliments to kings and courtiers, they are miserably unsuitable to give a just impression of that inspired lyrist, to whose effusions the polished Greeks listened with rapture, and whose golden remains have found an equal or loftier genius to translate them. It is almost an insult to the writer of *Lalla Rookh* to compare anything of his, with the milk-and-water verses of the coroneted rhymester under review, but that our animadversions may be supported by evidence, we request attention to the subjoined parallel passages:

See the young, the rosy Spring,

Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;

While virgin Graces, warm with May,

Fling roses o'er her dewy way!

The murmuring billows of the deep

Have languish'd into silent sleep!

And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave

Their plumes in the reflecting wave;

While cranes from hoary winter fly

To flutter in a kinder sky.

MOORE'S ANACREON.

Behold, how on approaching Spring,

The Graces lovely roses fling;

Behold, how Ocean's wave doth lie

In gentle fair serenity;

Behold, how floats the duck; *behold*

How the wise crane her flight doth *hold*.

THURLOW'S ANACREON.

Fly not thus my brow of snow,

Lovely wanton! fly not so.

Though the wane of age is mine,

Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,

Blest, if thou could'st sigh for me!

See, in yonder flowery braid,

Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,

How the rose of orient glow

Mingles with the lily's snow;

Mark, how sweet their tints agree,

Just, my girl, like thee and me!

MOORE'S ANACREON.

Fly me not, because you see

That my hair is white, nor be

Therefore adverse to my suit:

Why should we scorn the autumnal fruit?

Or is it fit your tender years,

In which the flow'r of youth appears,

Should my consort so disdain?

You may see in garlands plain,

With what grace the lilies shine,

When with roses they entwine.

THURLOW'S ANACREON.

The Ode numbered LVII in Moore's Translation is a most glorious description of a picture of Venus on a Discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. The author of the Irish Melodies has of course done abundant justice to his original, but Lord Thurlow, who numbers the Ode II, has marred it terribly,—for instance, Moore begins thus

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's red?

Which my Lord improves as follows:

Who, then, here hath graved the sea?
What art, that soars to heaven free,
In madness, of a sacred mood,
Has poured upon this disk the flood?

But it would be folly to carry our examination of the relative merits of the two translators any further, since every page of Lord Thurlow's Version betrays a poverty of style, and a ruggedness of rhythm, which would disgrace the most unsuccessful manufacturer of nonsense verses, while Moore's Anacreon is decidedly the finest translation in the English language. What will Edward Hovel Thurlow, Lord Thurlow, set about next? He has not translated Homer or Virgil yet,—Dryden and Pope have made them their own, but that is of little consequence to his Lordship, who may truly say with Richard,

"I am myself alone."

H.

The Retrospect.

FAREWELL to the rosy-lipp'd cherub, Delight,
Farewell to Hope's beautiful ray,
Farewell to the pleasures reveal'd to my sight
In the sunshine of life's early day.

For the visions have flown, the dreams have pass'd o'er
That once did with transport inspire ;
Fancy's harp is unstrung, and 'twill vibrate no more
To bid sorrow and sadness retire.

Say, where, O! ye years mix'd with ages gone by,
Are the feelings which youth could impart,
When no tear stain'd the cheek, and no anguish-born sigh
Disturb'd the repose of the heart?

Approach, ye dim shadows, ye ghosts of the past,
To the eye of remembrance return ;
Let memory remove the pall fate has cast
O'er oblivion's visionless urn.

For methinks 'tis an extacy mournfully sweet,
While the phantoms of pleasure glide by,
With tears each illusory transport to greet,
And remember what was with a sigh.

In summer how modestly sweet the moss rose,
But alas ! 'tis the child of an hour,
Ere the beautiful bud has time to disclose,
A canker destroys the fair flower.

And such the enjoyments we doat on below,
They flourish and fade in a day ;
When we value them most, comes the canker of woe,
And they droop and they wither away.

How proudly young Fancy each enterprise fram'd,
She sought with the eagle to rise ;
The evergreen chaplets of glory she claim'd,
And her palace was built in the skies,

The ambition of youth knew nor limit nor bound,
Past, present, and future it join'd,
New worlds for its conquests ideal it found,
The uncircumscrib'd worlds of the mind.

Say what is existence? a few hasty hours,
In care, vice, or folly employ'd,
For too often, alas! all our nobler pow'rs
By sorrow or guilt are destroy'd,

The pilgrim-man when the first light of life
Salutes him, new woke from the womb,
Sheds the tear of affliction, his years pass in strife,
Pass like dreams, and he sinks to the tomb.

But the pleasures of life than life are more frail,
Ev'n man may his pleasures survive,
And tho' soon to die too, may the blessings bewail,
Whence life did its value derive.

Authority, glory, and wealth may unite
The brow of the worldling to crown,
But riches have wings, pow'r will hatred excite,
And envy may breathe on renown.

Dost thou grudge to the rich man his glitt'ring ore?
For silver or gold dost thou pine?
Consider that he must depart from his store
And all the lov'd treasure resign.

Dost thou mourn for the laurels, or wisdom-won bays
By fame to her fav'rites supplied?
O! bethink thee how transient the echoes of praise,
And remember how Chatterton died.

H.

The Freebooter,

A SKETCH.

[Continued from p. 216.]

" Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

THE TEMPEST.

A NIGHT of cloudless beauty succeeded, such as in the variable month of March sometimes precedes or follows the most tempestuous day. A light breeze filled the sails, the ship glided along with a scarcely perceptible motion, the sea slept in unruffled tranquillity; and, far as the eye could reach, the moon threw its long line of quivering radiance over the blue expanse. Mr. Darnton and the waiting-maid had respectively retired to rest; and the captain, Cicely and myself closed round the cabin-stove, when Gilbert Foster, the mate, came down for something deposited in his chest. From the period of our arrival on board, this man had excited our peculiar attention; tall, and as far as the loose dress of a seaman permitted me to judge, of a finely proportioned figure, with, at intervals, a superiority of carriage and demeanour, strangely at variance with his situation, he appeared to me one who had at some period or other known kinder fortunes; his features, too, were of that bold yet regularly handsome cast which nature seldom bestows upon the mere vulgar, yet their expression was not decided or unmixed, but combined at once the proud and the artful, and upon the whole, displayed the most remarkable union of the sinister and the commanding I ever remember to have beheld. It soon became evident to me that the captain (for whom indeed I had at first mistaken Foster) was an object both of contempt and aversion to the crew, while the mate commanded the good-will of almost every individual. There was a sort of studied frankness and rough urbanity in his deportment towards them, which appeared rather the disguised medium of some wished-for and calculated result, than the natural overflowings of a kind heart. What now peculiarly struck me was the facility with which he rose from the dead level of his brother seamen's vulgarity, when in the presence of Miss Darnton and myself; the immediate change of manner, and

ready assumption of superior style in conversation, whenever his descent into the cabin presented an opportunity of addressing us. So much, in fact, did the conduct and appearance of this man challenge exemption from the usual indifference with which we estimate character by situation, that I could not repress a certain degree of uneasiness when at various times he fixed his deep dark eyes upon Cicely.

To you, Frederick, who have been long familiar with the rough sons of Neptune, and doat to very enthusiasm upon the nautical passages in Roderick Random, nothing, I am well aware, can render this narration more acceptable than an attempt at such embellishment on my part; and therefore I have not scrupled, as far as an active memory serves me, to indulge in those technicalities of phrase which seemed calculated to give somewhat of zest and interest to my description. Do not smile, if in the same spirit I now and then attempt a literal transcript of the rude colloquies which, as we proceed, may bear reference to the incidents of my story, and "weave themselves perforce into its web."

The captain addresses his subordinate:

"Gillie."

"Sir."

"Keep her well in with the land; if the breeze freshens we'll see Farm Island light before ten."

"Hardly, Sir, hardly."

"You be d——d for a dull reckoner. I say yes, and drop anchor as Berwick-bells cry twelve. You'll like that, Miss Darnton, eh? Ah! there's no horse like a wooden horse—never stops to bait."

"If we see Berwick," rejoined Foster, with a peculiar tone of voice, the sinister expression of countenance I have before alluded to, deepening as he spoke, "if we see Berwick by to-night, or to-morrow's noon, or the night of the day after, I'll go ashore on the sheet-anchor."

"You're superstitious, Gillie, but how's the wind now?"

"Coming round to the S. W., Sir."

"Bear a hand then, in all studding sails, and brace all sharp up, fore and aft, we'll soon try for't; and hark ye, let me know when you make the Coquet."

"Aye, aye, Sir," and the respondent, wrapping the object of his search under his watch-coat, re-ascended the companion ladder.

"Gillie's as good a sailor," resumed the captain, "as ever put

foot on shroud, but a deep fellow I promise you, he looks as black to night as a Nor' Easter—all's not right." A suspicion which was alarmingly confirmed by a cry of mingled rage and terror above, followed by shouts for help, and a heavy splash in the sea under the ship's lee quarter.

"Avast there, shipmates!" cried the master with surprise, and followed by myself immediately rushed upon deck; they were the last words the unfortunate man ever uttered, for a pistol-shot stretched him at my feet, ere I had well quitted the companion! "Fling him to the sharks!" vociferated the ruffian Foster, who at the head of five or six of the crew, advanced furiously towards us—his teeth set, his eyes flashing with desperation, and the instrument of death yet smoking in his grasp.

"Villain!" I exclaimed, "you have murdered him!"

"Another word," he answered, "and your own fate is as certain!"

They seized upon their fallen victim, and hurried him towards the quarter, the groaning wretch writhing in mortal agonies, and fixing on his murderers a look of such unutterable horror, that even yet it haunts me in my dreams! Precipitated by the merciless wretches over the quarter-rail, his dying pangs were transient. I saw him plunge into the deep, and the disturbed wave foam and sparkle over him as he sank. Then, too, the cause of the first tumult became apparent: a seaman was clinging to the rudder, and might have battled longer with death, but one of the conspirators striking him with a boat-hook, he relinquished his grasp, and perished with his unfortunate employer.

Horror-struck at the atrocious scene passing before me, confused with a thousand apprehensions for my own and my fellow passengers' lives, and resolved to be no longer a witness of the dreadful deed it was not permitted me to resist, I descended to the cabin, just as another victim was dragged up the half-deck hatchway, to exchange the short and troubled slumbers from which they had aroused him, for an eternal sleep in the depths of ocean.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Miss Darnton, as I entered, "what can this tumult mean?"

I endeavoured to compose and re-assure her, but a conviction that the work of horror was not yet finished, pressed upon me, and finding a cutlass in the state-room, I prepared to defend her to

the last extremity; an indication of approaching violence told all our danger ere a word of explanation escaped me.

"They will murder my father!" she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled anguish and terror, and threw her arms round the old man, who now raised himself in bed, and as if incapable of further hope or fear, or driven to insanity by intense reflection on his losses, fixed upon her a look of ghastly calmness, frightfully contrasted with the distracted workings of her own mind. The servant, who lay opposite, drew close the sliding pannels of her bed, and lay in the silence of mere exhaustion and helplessness, worn out with sickness and agitation.

I reflected that the most desperate effort of a single arm could avail little against determined numbers; that if my death was determined upon, the utmost in my power would be retribution on the foremost assailant, and even *that* the opposition of fire-arms might render impossible. Tormented with these thoughts, I looked at the unhappy girl, whose life might in a few minutes lie at the mercy of ruffians, and perhaps my feelings towards her may be estimated by the assertion that, even in that terrible moment, to part with her appeared the bitterest drop in my cup of death, and to die with her esteem its only lenitive. "Is there no help, no hope?" she faltered, turning towards me.

"For you," I replied, "for you, Miss Darnton, much, and I trust for your aged father, but I have witnessed that above which decides my own fate: let me but hope you will sometimes remember one who protected you till death, and....."

Shouts of agony and a third plunge in the waves chilled me into silence, another unfortunate was perishing, and I listened with shuddering horror to his expiring cries, choked by the gushing element, and which his murderers, as the consummation of their plot, hailed with three savage cheers! The next minute presented Foster and four of his partisans at the cabin entrance, all armed and flushed with the success of their design.

"Throw down your weapon, Sir!" exclaimed the chief homicide, "and if ever you would tread on the green turf again, keep a quiet tongue in your head while I am captain of this ship,—throw down your weapon, I say!"

"Aye!" cried another, "hand here that carving knife, or...." he swore a dreadful oath, and as I did not evince an immediate disposition to obey, attempted to enforce the command by levelling

a pistol in my face, I struck the barrel up as he gave fire, and the ball shattered a looking-glass suspended at the after part of the cabin. A shriek from Cicely followed the explosion, while roused by such a sanguinary attempt upon my life, I aimed a stroke at the assassin, which had not a beam in the roof intercepted, would have dispatched the spirit of one murderer to its audit.

"Avast there, Halliard," cried Foster, "who told you to top the officer over the youngster? Spring your luff and set the grog afloat, I'll manage this affair handsomely. Come, Sir," he added, turning to me, "clear the scud from your brow, and make the best of a bad bargain."

"This, Sir," I replied, "is neither a time nor a place to question your motives for what is already done, but I will at least reserve the means of defence till I see more clearly what you have yet to do."

"I'll tell you, young man, what *you* have to do, and that speedily, unless you'd like to be sewed in your hammock before morning; swear by the God that made you, never to breathe a syllable touching the hot work you saw above!"

"Whatever crimes," I answered, "you and yours may perpetrate in defiance of that awful Being, whose eyes are at this moment upon us, I will be guilty of no profanation."

"Don't preach!" exclaimed one of the gang, "swear! There's a Bible in old Lubberscull's locker, lug it out, Jack!"

"Oh d——n him," replied the wretch, he's gone to Davy Jones, with the key in his pocket,"—At which horrid jest all but Foster laughed.

"Come, Sir," resumed the latter, "think better of it, swear heartily, and the worst that'll happen to you will be a trip to the Continent; as for your goods in the hold yonder, we'll find a market for them, and never trouble you to make an entry in the cash-book; at the same time you sha'nt want a handful to carry you back to old England, and that's fair play and cutter's law, all the world over. Think well of it, Sir, I advise you. But where's the lady? Where's Miss Darnton? Come my fair passenger, fear nothing from me, you shall be queen of the cabin, and I'll warrant your birth a pleasant one,—what! you're a stout sailor, and the worst of the matter will be a peep at the mynheers perhaps, or a jaunt up the Baltic."

He approached the terrified girl, who, on the discharge of the

pistol, had thrown herself as far within the recess or crib, appropriated to her father's bed, as its narrow dimensions permitted, —she returned no answer, and he attempted to raise her, a freedom which sent the blood boiling to my brow; "surely" I exclaimed, withdrawing his arm, "you will not add to the atrocity of what is past, by making the first exercise of your power an insult to a helpless female!"

He turned upon me and said with a dark look, "You, my friend, will do well to exercise your prudence, in saying little of what is past, and meddling less with what has to come; take a turn upon deck and cool your young blood, or I promise you things may have a worse look before all's over. Step above, my master, and let me hear no more of your touching *what's past*."

"There is a little necessity for that injunction," I replied, "the subject is too horrible to bear even reflection, but with respect to this lady I will be free to tell you your attentions are not demanded; I have been the instrument of her preservation from one extremity, and in her present fortunes will not forego the title it has given me to continue her protector."

"Protector!" he repeated with a sneer, "you forget that two words of mine may give you a swing at the yard arm; you forget there are no Bow Street runners on the blue waves, and when we are next in soundings it may be in the Elba or Texel, or a thousand miles from the piers of Berwick."

"At least," I rejoined, kindling at the ruffian's insolence, "I have not forgot, nor shall your threats *teach* me to forget, the duty which as a man I owe to this lady, thrown, as unfortunately she is, where *you* have authority; the plunder of my property I cannot resist, but it has made me desperate, and you shall find that I have not only courage to struggle hard for life in my own cause, but to risque it freely in the cause of others. For the desperate course you are now running, pursue it, and be the consequences upon your own head; but as a matter of prudence as well as principle, let neither my fellow-passengers nor myself be made the unwilling witnesses of what you have yet to achieve; let me, in short, request that you will land us somewhere on the coast we now appear to be quitting, no matter how barren or unfrequented the spot, or how unseasonable the hour."

While I uttered this, he threw himself into a chair and regarded me with a look of mingled surprise and resentment, his countenance changing at every sentence.

"Look you, my fine fellow," he replied at last, "I don't want to have more blood at my finger's ends than occasion requires, but a tongue like your's would make a shark of a star-fish, so the sooner you luff up and shift your helm the better: as for putting you ashore here or any where on British ground, I'm not such a venturesome fool; think yourself well off to make a landing on any coast in Europe, and as a necessary step, bring your mind this very night to swear as I proposed to you. You call yourself a desperate man because the half dozen bales and boxes down yonder must swell the sum-total of your yearly loss in trade, but were it necessary I should recount to you the wrongs and miseries which have goaded me to desperation; the catalogue would put you to shame for ranting about trifles; as it is, a bold heart and a ready hand ask a quiet tongue: if you can make the best of the worst, and suit your looks and words to the time, heave a head, and drop anchor in grog-bay with the rest of us!"

Thus saying he turned from me to his associates, one of whom (apparently the second in command and rank, according to the new posture of affairs,) had prepared a large bowl of spirits. They shook hands as if in ratification of their horrid compact, and commenced their festivity rather with the congratulatory air of successful adventurers than men fresh from the perpetration of the blackest crime our evil natures suggest, denounced and proscribed alike by the laws of God and their fellow-creatures. There was one, and one only exception from this monstrous recklessness; a man of the middle age, low in stature but athletic and strongly built, with features of a stern and yet irresolute cast, indicating by their convulsive workings that remorse, or a feeling of horror allied to it, was rankling in the bosom of their possessor. His fellows saw, and endeavoured to rally him into their own desperate gaiety, but in vain: while Foster, as if apprehensive of the gloomy influence extending to others, seized a full glass and exclaimed, "Now my tars, I'll give you a toast worth a Spanish galleon homeward bound! Here's freedom and a home on the blue sea for ever! War with all the world and success to the black flag! huzza!"

"Huzza!" shouted the whole gang in answer, and the ominous toast was pledged with a frantic enthusiasm.

"A new life is before us," continued the chief of these lawless resolute, "and blow high or blow low, we'll through it like hearts of oak! No laws but our own, and every man king of himself! A

thousand leagues of sea-room and no taxes! Freedom and grog while two planks are afloat! A jolly life and no psalm-singing! A quick death and a grave in the shark's guts! A tight ship, and all the world to play at long bowls with Mynheer, Mounseer, Johnny Bull, or Jack Spaniard!"

The desperadoes again replied to the eloquence of their captain by a loud shout, and the terrors of Cicely, to whom I hastened upon the moment, appeared redoubled. Even Darnton himself startled from his lethargy by the tumult, questioned me with an anxious and timid earnestness upon the event and its supposed result. To calm their apprehensions was impossible; but assuming an air of confidence, I spoke of our release as a measure determined upon by the Freebooters, and which I doubted not would speedily be adopted.

J. G. G.

Bishop-Wearmouth.

(To be Continued.)

The Storm.

THE wind roar'd loud, high roll'd the deep,
And fiercely glared the lightning blue,
When Emma starting from her sleep,
For refuge to my bosom flew.

Her blushing cheek against it press'd,
Her swimming eyes upon me roll'd,
High beat her heart within her breast,
Half hidden by her locks of gold.

Now louder rag'd the angry storm
And closer clung the frightened fair,
I press'd to mine her yielding form,
Nor heeded aught the lightning's glare.

But soon the tempest ceased to rave,
Too soon by far I thought it past,
And O! such joys that tempest gave
I wish'd it might for ever last.

S. R. J

Can I Forget.

CAN I forget, can'st thou forget
The hours of pleasure we have known,
Or will thy heart with mine regret
That they so soon from us have flown?

Wilt thou with me one wish bestow,
When mem'ry's sigh thy bosom heaves,
Or wilt thou feel with me the glow
That bliss like ours behind it leaves?

Thou wilt! why need I doubt thy heart?
It e'er has been sincere to me,
Oh! be it still, till life depart, |
The same as mine shall be to thee.

Alike our feelings e'er have been,
Alike our thoughts, our wishes were,
Alike our hearts, our minds were seen,
Alike our joy, alike our care.

And well thou know'st how false the breast
Where sordid int'rest lights the flame,
'Twill never stand affection's test—
They love alone, who feel the same.

Unchanged by time they constant prove,
From every mean impression free,
Life may be quench'd, but never love,
Its fire will burn eternally.

S. R. J.





JAMES MONTGOMERIE, ESQ.

James Montgomerie, Esq. 1785.

On the Genius of Montgomery.

NOTHING can be more unequal or more unjust, than the common distribution of fame, in the literary world. On a few fortunate and unquestionably highly gifted votaries of the muse, the public have bestowed their applauses, with unsparing prodigality; while individuals, whose genius entitles them to, at least, an equal share of approbation, are left, from accident or prejudice, to pine in neglect and obscurity. Lord Byron, whose exalted endowments, were they judiciously employed, would certainly place him above all our living bards, is at present, notwithstanding the gross perversion of his wonderful powers, the Dagon of popular idolatry. The coroneted poet, though he rails at his admirers in "good set terms," and assures them that he despises them with all his heart, and after having outraged every pious and benevolent affection of our nature, in that abominable tissue of absurdity and immorality, *Don Juan*; as well as in that more recent sin against every good and time-hallowed principle, *Cain*,—still continues to sail with wind and tide on the mutable stream of public opinion. Montgomery, on the contrary, who, as far as it relates to the ultimate purpose of his productions, has never written

"One line, which dying, he would wish to blot,"

has been suffered to remain comparatively unknown and unapplauded. Every sapient reviewer, who could count twenty, warned by the chastisement of the Northern Quintillian, very soon discovered that, though Childe Harold was a monstrously repulsive personage, he could spout exceedingly fine verses; and their impiety and presumption were passed over with the gentlest reproof possible. But the Wanderer of Switzerland had well nigh dropt still-born from the press, and, but for some courteous observations in the Quarterly Review, it would, in all probability, have reposed unnoticed in the lumber-room of literature at this moment. Something like justice, however, though tardily and unwillingly, has been awarded to this author, and few critics are now to be found, bold enough to deny to Montgomery his dues as a priest of the Nine. Yet there are many who have still to contend with the disadvantages he has surmounted; prejudice and caprice are still busy to chill and repress

the ardour of youthful aspirants after fame, and while the million readily unite to swell the triumph of a Byron, a Moore, or a Scott, simply because their judgment would be called in question should they remain silent, they refuse their plaudits to a Millman or a Croly, or are content to "damn with faint praise," from a foolish fear of selling their "sweet voices" too cheap, or from the dread of hazarding opinion in opposition to the monthly and three-monthly arbiters of taste, whose critical scalpel has been fatal to many a luckless bard,

" Whom fate ordained in spite,
And cruel parents taught to read and write."

Some of my earliest perceptions of beauty and harmony in literary compositions were derived from the poems of Montgomery; and the matured judgment of riper years has scarcely lessened the pleasure experienced in my boyhood from those chaste and elegant effusions of a cultivated mind and a benevolent heart. It seems but yesterday, though the changeful year has often "fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf," since I perused, for the first time, that beautiful production, the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, and felt, as I read, some of the generous enthusiasm of its author. Ah! how my young bosom thrilled with the love of country, with the adoration of virtue and liberty! In those delicious moments, the inspirations of the muse, like the lightnings of heaven, irradiated the darkness of my spirit with a new day-spring, and I wished, yet feared to lay my hand on the harp, awaken its wildest strains, and emulate, though at an humble distance, the passion-kindling minstrel, whose unfettered, yet melodious numbers excited my admiration. Older and more fastidious, many of these primitive feelings still warm my bosom; and though the daring poetical Titans of the age, whose thoughts wander in the starry galaxy, and dip the pencil of imagination in the colours of heaven, deserve much of the applause they have obtained—the mind still reverts with delight to the calm, unassuming, unostentatious, yet deeply affecting and powerful poetry of Montgomery. The glory, the light, the living beauty, which the sun diffuses over the face of nature, is sublimely fascinating, but we soon tire of the garish day and its intense splendours; while we gaze on the serene tranquility of a prospect illuminated by the quiet moon, with ever springing transport. So it is with our literary taste. We cannot always listen with complacency to the thunder of Homer, the gentle ma-

jesty of him of Mantua will sometimes charm us more ; and when we grow heart-sick of Giaours and Pirates and moralizing misanthropes, our souls may repose with unaffected rapture on the noiseless, untroubled expansion of that clear serene of genius, which reflects no image, from which the transparent cheek of innocence need turn away in blushes. We have enough, it may be more than enough, of those morbidly sensitive minds, who can perceive nothing but deformity and crime in God's fair creation, and transmute with unprofitable alchemy, the fine gold of peace and happiness, into the vile dross of remorse and despair ; surely we shall do well to cherish with our warmest encomiums those kindlier spirits, who would vindicate to man the ways of his Maker, and extract, in every possible case, good from evil ; who would wean us from the feverish pursuits of sense, and allure us to partake of those intellectual and pure enjoyments which offer attractions in all the conditions and circumstances of life.

Imagination and feeling are absolutely essential to genuine poetry ; without these there may be smooth versification and elegant phraseology, but there can be nothing which might not have been as well expressed in plain prose. Hence, education cannot make a poet, though it may make many a learned dunce, perfect in every possible form of metrical composition ; a tyro at one of those hotbeds of learning, our public schools, may soon be taught to build iambics and pentameters, sapphics and hexameters, the latter as adroitly as Mister Southey ; but unless the hand of Nature has touched his lips with the live coal of inspiration, he may rival the Pyes and the Blackmores, but he will never write a line worth preservation. Montgomery is peculiarly the poet of feeling and imagination ; the energies of his mind are suffered to flow in their natural channels, he obeys his best impulses, his warmest affections, his most ennobling passions, and embodies in his verse the eloquence of a tenderly sensitive heart. Affliction has often broke the chords of his lyre, yet its tones, though plaintive, are not desponding ; their melancholy sweetness soothes the irritation of the troubled bosom ; and though it may not charm the woes of memory to forgetfulness, it gives them a less agonizing character, and imparts a sentiment of confidence in the wisdom and goodness of the great Arbiter of our destinies, which must ever prove an effectual panacea for all the ills of life. Crabbe has excelled all his contemporaries in the truth and force of his delineations from

the world as it is. His anatomy of the human heart is fearfully correct; he has laid open the deepest recesses of our nature, and depicted man, that mystery of the creation, in every alternation of sin and sorrow and suffering. But his views of life and manners seem to have been taken in a November day; there is no sunshine in his pictures; storm and darkness, remorse and guilt are the constituents of his descriptions, and we rise from a perusal of his works to mourn over the fallen state of our frail brother mortals. But Montgomery, though the tempest has descended on his own head, and marred his brightest vision of earthly happiness, appears in his contemplations of man and his history, to have looked through a sunbeam; for his darkest sketches have a redeeming light thrown around them, which enables the eye and the heart to regard them without pain. The folly, guilt, and consequent misery of the world, make, of course, a part of his theme; but, having marked the more gloomy points of the intellectual prospect, he is not satisfied till he has directed the attention to those "green spots" in the arid desert of time, which render existence endurable, and encourage us to anticipate a higher and happier state of being, when our enlarged and perfected faculties shall comprehend all the mysteries of Providence,—and, purged from all that is "of the earth, earthy," be fitted to participate in unmixed felicity.

If Montgomery depicts the anguish and heart-brokenness of

"Some friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by;"

he does not leave him without consolation; though the pharasaical in spirit cast him off, there is still some philanthropic Samaritan found to save him from the bitterness of despair, and alleviate the anguish of those aching recollections,

"To which, life nothing darker or brighter can bring
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting."

Or, if the misery of those who water the dust of death with their tears, and are hopeless as far as respects this life, be his theme, though he forgets not the out-pourings of widowed love or bereaved maternal affection, he arrays the angel of the tomb with a robe of glory, and deprives the grave of its terrors, by making it the portal of eternity. Urania, the divine promptress of his inspirations, extracts from our ordinary troubles an argument in favour of that cheerful piety, which, instead of brooding

over the griefs it feels in common with all the sons and daughters of Adam, looks with the rapture-kindling eye of faith, through the dim vista of years, in tranquil hope, that

"The clouds of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all."

In this age, when so many competitors for renown throng the literary arena, and none but talents of the highest order are likely to excite more than momentary attention, the constantly increasing fame of Montgomery is a sufficient proof, that his genius has been employed, not for the faint and invidious applauses of a day, but for the admiration of his countrymen, as long as England is a nation. One or two of those master spirits, who have swept the harp-chords with fingers of fire, and are at present, perhaps justly, the idols of that many-headed monster, the public, may have evinced greater daring in their poetical flights, and a more profound knowledge of the mysteries of human nature, than the subject of these remarks; some, too, who are infinitely below him in all the loftier requisites of the art, may have excelled him in the mere mechanical part of poetry; their rhymes may be smoother, and the harmony of their verses more perfect, so that a critic, who should merely employ his ears and fingers, would shrewdly pronounce them his superiors. But in chaste, yet glowing imagery, purity of thought, and intensity of feeling; in those overwhelming appeals to the affections, those felicitous, though unstudied bursts of pathos, which thaw the ice of indifference at our hearts, and warm them with all the tender enthusiasm of youth, and in a sincere, unaffectedly ardent love of truth, pervading and animating all his productions, few have equalled, and none can exceed Montgomery.

To attempt any minute examination of the numerous poems of this favourite of the muse, would be ridiculous; for few lovers of genius can be unacquainted with their exquisite beauties, and we write not to those, who, having no perception of poetical excellence, would laugh at our endeavours to kindle their dormant faculties. Yet a cursory glance at some of his best works, may be useful, and can hardly be tedious, since it will afford an opportunity to introduce some brilliant specimens of his powers, which may serve to enliven this prosing essay. *The West Indies*, a poem which had for its original object the promotion of a plan for the abolition of the Slave Trade, has of course lost much of the interest

which attached to it in the first instance. Yet the vehement strain of indignant eloquence, in which he denounced that abominable traffic in human blood, will long be remembered with delight, though the occasion which called it forth exists no longer. This piece is exceedingly irregular in its structure: in strictness, it is nothing more than a series of impassioned rhapsodies, connected by the slightest possible linking of imagination. These, however, are eminently beautiful: to give an instance or two:

“ There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation’s tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While in his soften’d looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flow’rs the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
‘ Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O! thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps roam,
That *land thy country*, and that *spot thy home*.”

These lines are equal to some of Goldsmith’s in the Traveller, on a similar subject, without being, in the slightest degree, an imitation:—the excellence of such poetry is immediately appreciated by the dullest reader, and must find a response in the most callous bosom. The following passage, introductory to a spirited description of England’s guardian Genius giving freedom to enslaved Africa, is very fine, and has a glow and power about it not often met with.

“ High on her rock, in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate;
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill thro’ her frame forboding tremors crept;
The mother thought upon her sons, and wept:
—She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o’er the main;

In glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While victory bound the laurel on his head ;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name :
—She thought of Pitt, heart-broken, on his bier;
And ' Oh ! my country ! ' echoed in her ear :
—She thought of Fox ; —she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek ;
His dying accents trembled into air ;
' Spare injured Africa ! the Negro spare ! '

The Lyrical Poems, at the end of this volume, are admirable ; but most of them would be injured by quotation :—the fugitive productions of a man of real talent, are, generally speaking, eminently successful, for, being conceived and executed in the same enthusiastic mood, they betray none of that languor, which is frequently observable in more extended productions. Cowper's best poetry is to be found in his most extemporaneous efforts ; in his longer and therefore more laboured poems, an evident exhaustion may be noticed, and Montgomery has seldom been happier than in the short lyrical effusions of which the subjoined is a part :

" My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond affection dearly loves ;
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

LYRICAL POEMS.

The Wanderer of Switzerland is perhaps the most uniformly excellent of the author's efforts, it is finely done throughout ; the enthusiasm of the bard never flags, the fire of his genius blazes and burns from the first stanza to the last. The mountains of the freeborn Swiss rise in all their hoary grandeur, and stand before us in all the distinctness of reality, while the voice of poetic inspiration echoes in our ears, like the sound of a trumpet. It has been objected to this poem, that it is diffuse and declamatory to a fault ; but its diffuseness is the out-pouring of a noble spirit, glowing with an irrepressible fondness for liberty ; and disdaining the shackles of bondage, though composed of gold ; its declamation

is the breathing of high-souled independence, and self-devoted patriotism. The square and rule judges of literature, who consider a violation of the canons of Aristotle more unpardonable than the seven deadly sins, and who never take into account, that Hesiod and Homer sung long before the great master of criticism promulgated his judicious precepts, will of course condemn this poem and the noble eccentricity of which it is an example. But those who expect something more, in a literary work, than the absence of positive faults, and who are not satisfied with a poet, merely because he has chosen a classical model, will not think the merit of the author diminished, who, finding every advantageous position in the regions of classic lore already occupied, has bravely ventured to cast off the trammels of authority, has given the excursive wing of his genius "verge and room enough," and exulted in the consciousness of intellectual strength, while he saw the muse

" From ancient rules with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

The World before the Flood is the grandest conception of its author; and if, like Milton, he has failed to embody all his mighty ideas successfully, it is no small praise, even to have attempted so glorious a theme. But there are many passages in this composition, the excellence of which is so striking, that the most splenetic literary inquisitor must speak of them in laudatory terms. There are very few long poems, which preserve an equal degree of energy and beauty throughout; in that divine production, *Paradise Lost*, there are many nodding places, and the closing books are lamentable fallings-off, when compared with the commencement. Who does not occasionally tire of the perpetual fighting in the *Iliad*? And the warmest admirer of Virgil must acknowledge, that his great work is frequently heavy and laboured. It is indeed only a necessary consequence of long continued mental exertion, that the vigour of the intellect should be impaired from exhaustion; the imagination cannot be equally active at all times, nor the judgment remain constantly at its post without rest; even the memory, the most incessantly tasked of all our faculties, will grow languid and confused, when the severity of its duties is increased, and its ordinary repose is interrupted. Hence it is not remarkable, that he who dared to tread in the steps of the most gifted prophets of the Nine, and who beheld in the glorious frenzy of his imagination,

"Of a departed world
The mighty shadow,"

should, after pouring forth a stream of glowing harmony, intense feeling, and awful sublimity, sink exhausted to the tone of everyday composition. Besides, he had various difficulties to contend with, in the execution of his plan, the truths of our religion were not to be controverted, nor the almost super-human efforts of Milton imitated. A poem of considerable length was to be produced, the characters of which are supposed to have flourished during the darkest period in the history of mankind; localities were to be imagined, for scenes which were laid in a world, over which a shoreless sea rolled its troubled waters; events were to be detailed, of which not the slightest record remains, and to which "dumb oblivion" is the sole depository. Montgomery, however, maugre all these impediments, has succeeded in producing a work, "which posterity will not willingly let die;" for the World before the Flood is the finest poem on a scriptural subject, always excepting *Paradise Lost*, in the English language. This may appear a bold assertion; it will be best supported by quotations: Montgomery shall be his own advocate; the description of the "three beautiful rivers," which, before the fall of man, "adorned the earthly Paradise of God," is extremely fine.

"Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed,
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools cross'd,
In hoary foam, and surging mist were lost;
Thence like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dash'd below;
There in tumultuous billows broken wide;
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide,
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent sea."

The account of Javan's return to the habitation of Zillah, and the descriptive particulars given of that favoured spot will bear comparison with anything in modern poetry.

"Now, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd:

And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
 Clung to his heart, and would not let him go,
 Sweet was the scene ! apart the cedars stood,
 A sunny islet open'd in the wood ;
 With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
 For here the desert flourish'd as the rose ;
 From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
 Gay lights and shadows twinkl'd on the ground ;
 Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
 To hang their silver blossoms in the sun ;
 Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
 Where trodden flow'rs their richest odours breathe ;
 O'er all the bees with murmuring music flew
 From bell to bell, to sip the treasur'd dew ;
 While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
 Glanc'd to and fro, like intermingling beams ;
 So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
 It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
 And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
 To morning songs, or moonlight serenades."

The interview between Javan and Zillah, which follows, is given in a tone of bewitching tenderness, and satisfactorily proves that the poet is intimately acquainted with all the heart-stirring mysteries of love, which often betrays itself in a momentary glance, or by the apparently accidental modulation of the voice, while the tongue disclaims any such feeling. The last sickness and death of Adam, as narrated in the fourth canto, is deeply impressive and interesting ; even, at this remote period, we naturally feel a lively sympathy in the sufferings and fate of the first man, the common parent of the sons of men. The History of the Giant King is peculiarly happy ; it unites all the elements of epic grandeur ; and while we execrate, it is impossible not to admire. We are aware that he is a being, distinct from the powerless race of reasoning atoms to which we belong, yet find so much in his character and actions to rivet attention, that he is an object of intense interest to the termination of the poem. The opening of the eighth canto is peculiarly spirited.

" There is a living spirit in the lyre,
 A breath of music, and a soul of fire ;

It speaks a language, to the world unknown,
 It speaks that language to the bard alone ;
 While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
 That spirit's voice in every tone he hears ;
 'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
 To utter oracles in glowing verse,
 Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
 And make the dead in nature, live in song."

Javan's noble defence of his conduct in leaving the camp of the Giant King, his resolution to devote himself at the altar of his God, and the burst of passionate tenderness from the gentle Zillah, on hearing the condemnation of her lover, would add lustre to the noblest name in our circle of poets. But passing these over, we would more particularly notice the felicitous paraphrase of a most sublime portion of the prophecy of Isaiah, which occurs in the last canto.

" The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
 Start from their thrones at thy descending tread ;
 They ask in scorn :—' Destroyer! is it thus ?
 Art thou—thou too,—become like one of us ;
 Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
 The worm thy covering, and thy couch the earth :
 How art thou fall'n from thine ethereal height,
 Son of the morning ! sunk in endless night :
 How art thou fall'n, who saidst, in pride of soul,
 I will ascend above the starry pole,
 Thence rule the adoring nations with my rod,
 And set my throne above the Mount of God.
 Spilt in the dust thy blood pollutes the ground ;
 Sought by the eyes that fear'd thee, yet not found,
 Thy chieftain's pause, they turn thy relics o'er,
 Then pass thee by,—for thou art known no more."

But to close these desultory remarks on a production, which might justify a far more elaborate examination, instances enough have been adduced to convince those to whom it is yet a novelty, that it deserves their attention. Those to whom its beauties are already familiar, and they comprise, for the honour of our national taste, it is hoped, a large proportion of the reading public,

will not be offended to have their recollections revived, for there are few pleasures more pure than those we experience, in watching the triumphant march of intellect, and awarding its due praise to successful genius.

The poem of Greenland, although it certainly contains much fine writing, must be considered a failure; indeed, the author himself seems to think so, and acknowledges in his preface, that the work is incomplete, and his original plan only partially executed. The chief object of the poet appears to be the recommendation of Christian missions, and, in prosecuting this endeavour, he evinces a most amiable spirit of philanthropy, and breathes a pious eloquence, which even, where it fails to convince, will leave a deep impression in favour of the writer. The poem, however, is so desultory and unconnected, so entirely without a governing point of interest, so destitute of narrative and character, that few readers can be expected to derive much gratification from its perusal as a whole, though in detached passages, it may deserve the most unqualified praise. Montgomery's latest production, *Songs of Zion*, in every respect merits unmixed approbation; the volume is a beautiful specimen of pure devotion and unassuming piety. The enthusiastic hymns of thanksgiving and adoration, which it contains, while they offer the incense of a grateful heart, at the throne of the Most High, evince most unequivocally the sincerest love for man, and the warmest zeal for the promotion of his best interests. The writer is evidently a zealous believer in the awful truths of Christianity; but he is no fanatic, and if reason failed, he would not seek to make converts with sword and faggot. In conclusion, after having given a summary of what I conceive to be the chief excellencies of Montgomery as a poet, and, glancing occasionally at his most prominent faults, I repeat, that his exalted talents give him a fair claim to rank with the first spirits of the age, and that the mode in which his genius has been employed, entitles him, not only to our admiration, but to our love and gratitude. Other poets, as Scott and Moore, have written merely to amuse; and one, I need not name him, has done all in his power to facilitate the progress of vice and infidelity: but Montgomery has gloried in being the bard of truth and religion, has delighted to blend instruction with amusement, and stands proudly eminent amongst his compeers, as a fine poet, a virtuous man, and a sincere Christian.

H.

Eccentricities.

THE affectation of singularity is a mark of weakness. It is the fool alone who seeks distinction, by differing from the rest of the world. A wise man avoids notice; a silly one courts it. The various modes by which the lack-brained majority aim at notoriety are laughable enough. One shall court attention by the thickness of his whiskers; a second by the length of his mustachios, and a third by the cut of his coat. Approbation or censure, admiration or ridicule, are alike indifferent, provided they gain the acme of their ambition,—

Digito monstrari, et dicier hic est :

The pointed finger, and "There goes the man!"

Fame, in the estimation of these gentry, is the chief good; and they calculate (with some truth) that the means of acquiring it are of little consequence, provided they do acquire it. There seem little odds whether it be achieved by gaining a victory, or eating for a wager; and they consider the shouts of popular applause as valuable, and as likely to be gained, by hopping for an hour on one leg, as by defending the cause of justice at the bar, or of liberty in the senate. Considering the precariousness of popularity, there would seem some justice in their reasoning; and, certainly, it is a mighty pleasant thing, to acquire so cheaply what has cost many men the labour of their whole lives, with their health and happiness into the bargain. "The bubble, reputation," which has lured the soldier to the "cannon's mouth," which has "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" the philosopher's visage, and urged the civilian to waste his vigour o'er the midnight lamp, is held by the same frail tenure as the fame of him, who beats the champion of England at a bout of fisticuffs, or walks a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

Eccentricity assumes a variety of shapes. Some affect a singularity in their food, and entertain a hundred whimsical antipathies. They abhor toasted cheese, sicken at the appearance of roast beef, and faint at the sight of a lobster; a roasted goose fills them with horror, and they shudder at beholding a turkey. Having adopted the precaution of taking a previous dinner, they derive infinite gratification from the chagrin of their host, who is full of regrets at having unfortunately provided what is so ungrateful to their palates;

and they are much amused at sitting with unsullied plates, eyed ever and anon with looks of sympathy by the less singular majority who are feasting around them. But of eating eccentrics, the most numerous are those who adopt strange modes of cooking their viands, and out-of-the-way accompaniments to the dishes of which they partake. Of this class are those who profess to admire boiled ducks with oyster sauce; roasted turbot garnished with parsnips; stewed partridges, and fricassed cauliflowers. They eat mustard and vinegar with plum-pudding, sugar with peas, and pepper with custards, and declare the finest dish in the world to be a boiled pig, with turnip sauce.

The eccentrics in dress are a no less numerous class, but theirs is an easier road to fame. They are exempt from the disagreeables occasionally experienced by their brethren of the palate, who in eating their way to notoriety, occasionally undergo very painful afflictions from natural aversion. The eccentrics in dress have little trouble. Some arrive at the satisfaction of being pointed at by reversing the seasons. They are furred to the throat in summer, wear angola gloves, and muffatees; and occasionally, when the weather is unusually warm, exhibit a Bath box coat, with a dozen capes. You shall see them in winter, light and airy as the gossamer, with a smart summer's coat, white waistcoat and nankeen trowsers, and their pericranium covered with a leghorn hat. But their ambition for singularity does not blind them to the evident consequences of their imprudence. A snug waistcoat and drawers of fleecy hosiery save them from all these, while no one suspects the antidote, which preserves them from catching cold. These gentry wear light coloured clothes during a general mourning, and always go to a wedding or a christening in black. When a friend remonstrates, they tell him they despise public opinion, and that every man should think for himself. They reverse general fashions in the minutest points. Are long-skirted coats the rage? Theirs scarcely cover their hips. If the contrary, they almost reach the ground. Is it the rage to wear large buttons? Theirs are no bigger than peas; if small, they are as large as crown pieces.

Some folks affect a singularity in their hours of rising and going to bed. While others are asleep, they are up and about. They rise at ten o'clock at night, and breakfast at eleven, dine at three in the morning, take tea at five, sup at six, and go to bed at seven. It is well for these oddities that their circumstances exempt them from de-

pendance ; or this is the most difficult species of eccentricity than can be practised. No anchorite could devise a better plan for shutting himself out from social intercourse. They completely reverse the order of time. *Their* last night is other folks' yesterday ; and they have little need of the sun, as the greatest part of their existence is spent at candle-light. In truth, it would be a very dull sort of life, if it were not occasionally cheered by the consoling communications of those whom their money has bribed into a conformity with their whims, and who every now and then retail to them the astonishment of the world, and the remarks of folks what a very strange man their master is, who is always up when everybody is asleep, and always asleep when everybody is up.

There are minor eccentricities, that cost little trouble ; such as always looking serious, and never being found guilty of laughing : never carrying an umbrella or wearing a great coat, and preferring a soaking in a shower, to standing up under shelter. Some gain a reputation for singularity because they have never been known to give a direct answer to a question. A French author relates an anecdote of one of these species of humourists. A wager was laid that he should be made to answer yes or no. He was followed to church, and just as he had arrived at the porch, he was accosted with " You are going to the church, sir, are you not ?"—" This is the way," was the reply.

There is a second-hand species of eccentricity, which indeed scarcely deserves the name ;—it is, in sooth, a very sorry sort of singularity : I mean the aping the peculiarities of others. It would seem (and indeed it is hardly to be doubted) that there is a sympathy among fools. No fashion is too ridiculous ; no whim too absurd, to lack admirers. Even the personal deformity of a great man is not repulsive enough to want imitators. I think it was William the Conqueror, whose portly belly led the fashion among the foot-licking nobles of his court ; and in compliment to his majesty they all appeared with ventrical protuberances. Some cunning optician, aware no doubt of the prevalence of this imitative feeling, has discovered that purple spectacles are good for the eyesight ; and accordingly, we meet some score of eccentrics, who parade the streets, with their optics shut up in these new-fashioned mediums of vision. It was pleasant enough, when green goggles were in vogue. A Cockney might walk London, under the full conviction that he was luxuriating in green fields ; but the effect

of purple preservers on the imagination I am at a loss to conceive. Everything must assume a sulphureous aspect, and remind the wearer of the infernal regions. There must be a kind of "darkness visible," at noon day, and when one got into the alleys of Billingsgate, it would seem we were in the vales of Tartarus, and near the river Styx. If the trade of this same purple spectacle maker depended on the patronage of those who were really afflicted with a weak-eye sight, it would be a very sorry sort of affair. But thanks to the liberality of eccentrics, this is a matter of perfect indifference.

Some cunning elves make the public pay for their eccentricities, and derive a good living from setting themselves up as marks for general observation. Martin-van-Butchell, with his painted horse, little round hat, and long beard, extracted more money from the purse of John Bull, than the most consummate skill and the most extensive experience could have effected, unconnected with these powerful auxiliaries. He acquired more patients by his "must come to me, for I go to none," and his quaint advertisements, than he would have gained had he been the author of the profoundest treatise on the medical art that had ever been penned. Miss Mc. Avoy, who saw by the tips of her fingers,—Ann Moore, the fasting woman of Tetbury, and the whole tribe of impostors, who have drawn so largely on the bank of public credulity, may be ranked in the same class; indeed, the *facilité à croire*, and the disposition to admit the pretensions of those who affect a distinction from the multitude, are so universal, that the greater wonder is we have not more candidates for notoriety. A reputation for superior wisdom is gained by a nod, a wink, a sagacious shake of the head, looking profound, and saying nothing; for sanctity, by a rigid observation of the externals of devotion; for patriotism, by dealing in set phrases about liberty, and reform, and bawling loudest at public dinners; for loyalty, by declaiming vehemently about the illustrious Brunswick line, and the glorious constitution; and for charity, by the indulgence of the most selfish feeling of the human breast,—ostentatious benevolence.

But there are amiable eccentricities, which exalt those who practise them far above the level of the multitude from whom they differ. The vindication of the absent from the aspersions of slander; sympathy for neglected worth; and an active interest in promoting the welfare of mankind. How noble is that eccentricity which

directs all its energies to the common good ; which is busily employed in ameliorating the condition of man, and embraces in its comprehensive benevolence, the advantage of the present generation and of that which is to follow ! How few, like Howard, would stand forth from their fellow-men, and devote their lives to the succour of that misery, which till then had scarcely excited a spark of sympathy, or an atom of regard. How few would labour in the senate for their country's glory ; or, like Earl Stanhope, descend from the height of elevated rank to confer those practical benefits on society, in which all are interested, and which produce more permanently advantageous results than were ever known to proceed from the eloquence of the patriot or the speculations of the politician ! Yet the warrior's tomb shall be adorned with the trophies of a nation's regard ; the heroes of warfare and bloodshed shall be honoured with sculptured monuments, and eulogies graven on marble ; and the erring statesman shall have his deeds blazoned forth in the language of praise on enduring brass ; while the real benefactor of his country,—excites by his death a merely momentary regret, and his worth lives only in the memory of the few, who were the personal witnesses of his virtues.

Chisbe.

AND why is she there, in that lonely bower,
 Ere the sun hath arisen, and the sun-waking flower
 Hath opened its golden-haired lids to the light ?—
 She left for that dark, silent nook her high tower,
 And there she hath watched out the hours of night.
 The bat, and night-beetle, and light-loathing bird,
 Were her only companions ; and all that she heard
 Was their cries discordant. Her couch was the sword

Green, dewy, and damp ;
 And the glow-worm's pale light was her brightest lamp ;
 For sleep would not rest upon sorrow's hard bed ;
 So she rose from her couch, and she past by her maid,
 Who fast by her side slept an unbroken sleep.
 She gazed on her face, and she could not but weep,
 To see her tranquillity, breathless and deep ;
 For her very heart slept, as if death had just hush'd it,
 But life liv'd in her cheek, and its rosy hue flush'd it.

* * * * *

A thought, which had no power, no tongue to speak,
 Rush'd to her bursting heart ; and then a tear,
 Sad as e'er fell on lifeless Virtue's bier,
 Dropt from her eye upon her handmaid's cheek,
 That never yet was wet with sorrow of its own ;
 And there it trembling hung awhile, and shone

A diamond drop of brightness, as the ray
 Of the near taper gleamed on it ; but she,
 Her wretched mistress, with light hand tenderly
 From her unconscious cheek wiped it away.

Then with as light a step as she could tread,
 (For grief hath leaden feet) sad Thisbe sped
 From that still place, like chamber of the dead,
 And reached a secret wicket,—through it went,
 And soon stood under the wide-arching firmament.
 The night was over-still. The stars looked through
 The dark and hazy heavens faintly ; and the dew
 Fell like cold melting ice. Her tearful heart
 Felt chilled and heavy, as if life did part
 Without a struggle from that ark of sorrow ;
 Her inward eyes looked clearly on that morrow
 That soon would break, but saw no hope in it.
 Visions of many fearful things fast flit
 Before her troubled mind.....

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C. W.

What is Courage ?

PERHAPS there is no one quality which men are capable of possessing, held in more general esteem than courage ; and if our ideas were correct as to what it consists in,—did we never err in conferring our applause, the estimate would be just : for no endowment can tend more to exalt and ennoble humanity, than that steady, temperate valour, which is ever seen to the greatest advantage, when brought in contact with the greatest danger : a steady unwavering fortitude of soul, which the troubles of life cannot influence ; a vital energy of mind, which only becomes more conspicuous when surrounded with difficulties. We may safely consider him a great man, of whom it can be said justly, “ he fears none but his God ! ” The misfortune is, that our notions of courage being extremely erroneous, we often bestow praise on the undeserving, while the truly meritorious are left without commendation. Hence then it is of importance that we should have a clear idea of what constitutes true courage. As a preliminary to the attainment of this object, we must divest ourselves of that childish fondness for mere externals, which is so often manifested ; we must lay aside all regard for ostentation, and judge solely by the moral grandeur of the things under review.

There is no class of men whose pretensions to courage run higher, than duellists : it may be useful to examine their claims. What degree of bravery does that man exhibit, who rushes from the table of a gaming-house into what is falsely called the field of honour ? What is the end he aims at ? Generally speaking, it is the gratification of mean or criminal passions,—and what is there praiseworthy in the frantic ebullitions of revenge or despair ? When a human being, driven to madness by the loss of fortune or reputation, grasps in his hand the instrument of death, does he discover any thing like great-mindedness, anything that deserves to be called courage ? Is it indeed so hard a task, to risk a life equally irksome to oneself and contemptible to others ? Yet on such insufficient grounds as these does the duellist rest his pretensions. Unfortunately for mankind, they have not only been heard but allowed ; and thus the violaters of public peace, and the spoilers of private happiness, have often received that meed of applause

which ought only to be given to the lover of his species, the sage or the philanthropist. Many who pass for brave in the estimation of the world, are yet cowardly enough to commit base actions. What else can be said of those, who possessing strength of mind and vigour of body, employ their faculties to oppress the weak and ignorant? It is an easy matter to assume the semblance of fortitude and resolution; but few, very few, are the individuals who really possess those noble qualities. Courage does not consist in that indiscreet rashness which spurns the controul of reason and justice; nor in the bravado of rushing on unnecessary danger. It is not the part of valour to despise reproaches founded in truth, nor to commit crimes, and triumph in the consciousness of security. He alone is a truly brave man, who being powerful, thinks it disgraceful to insult the feeble; who being wise, thinks it his duty to assist the uninformed with his counsel; who, when guilty of a fault, is humble enough to acknowledge it; who, if surrounded with difficulties, endeavours in the first place to extricate himself, by such means as prudence and experience suggest, and that proving impossible, struggles manfully to the last, falling like a hero, exhausted but not conquered. Others, to whom this description cannot apply, may wear the external attributes of courage; and strut in their lion's hide, with the port of Mars; but when viewed with the eye of reason they shrink into their native nothingness, as the fallen Archangel of Milton displayed his infernal nature when touched by the spear of Ithuriel. Those masquerading men of straw, whose vapourings disturb the every-day world; those ostentatious dreamers, who substitute "sound and fury" for quiet dignity and self-esteem, soon fall into insignificance and contempt, when exposed to the fiery ordeal of trial and temptation; but those who have paid the price of honourable distinction in true coin, sustain the test without shrinking. In the day of trouble and difficulty, their souls, unsubdued by affliction, put on the full effulgence of strength and beauty, and go forth, "conquering and to conquer," in all the majesty of fortitude. When we consider the nominal claimants to courage, we may be pleased with the exterior, as the wellpolished pillars and lofty windows of an empty house may delight on a casual inspection; but when we look within, when the doors are thrown open, we behold unadorned vacancy, and find that what pleased us, was the mere outline of an unfinished plan; a form without substance. On the contrary, when we contemplate the intellectually brave, whose

courage is more than mere "limbs and thews," we find all plain, but all solid; all simple, but all real. The building may be homely and without ornament; but when we enter, it will be found to need none. True courage is of so grand and majestic a nature, that the glory which accompanies it, as the shadow follows the body, is sufficient distinction, nor does it need foreign or adventitious adornment, since it appears "when unadorned adorned the most."

True courage is that steadiness of mind, which enables us to meet unexpected dangers without fear, and to provide wisely against expected ones. The poor but virtuous man, who feels this quality vivifying his bosom, can behold with calmness and equanimity the scorn, which purse-proud wealth casts on his humble fortune; the arrows of slander and malice fall disappointed; for he is superior to idle terrors, and has no cause for shame. Such an one, whether his home be a cottage or a palace; whether he slumber on a bed of down or a pallet of straw, is still a dignified character. As Diogenes the Cynic once walked through the streets of Corinth, in extremely mean apparel, several persons began to ridicule and laugh at his poverty: upon this, one of the philosopher's friends stepped up to him and exclaimed, "look how they deride you." "But I am not derided," was the answer of Diogenes; evincing in that simple reply, a greatness of spirit, which exalted him infinitely above all the sceptered tyrants and wholesale murderers of his age! Courage places other endowments in a more distinguished attitude, and it frequently gives animation to germs of excellence, which in a timid, vacillating mind would have remained useless, or undeveloped. When our imaginations form any vast design, it is instantly checked by the spectral intrusion of ten thousand apparently insurmountable obstacles; but fortitude nerves the mind to examine these fancied impediments, and we soon become convinced that to encounter is to subdue them.

For they can conquer who believe they can.

The thick cloud which obscured the fairy prospect is dispelled, and hope is matured to fruition. Inspired by this quickening impulse, we forget the length and intricacies of our journey; we see nothing but the bright object which stimulated us to undertake it, and when the course of exertion has commenced, it is this feeling which supports and buoys up the overtaken faculties, and present suffering is forgotten, or rendered inoperative, while we anticipate future enjoyment. The ruggedness of our earthly path is felt no longer; the

thorns of pain and disappointment are covered with amaranthine flowers. The evils of life cease to afflict, for we remember the shortness of their duration. The loss of friends is endured; we think of the time that will reunite us; disease and death are encountered with resignation and triumph, while we contemplate the immortality that follows them. This intrepidity of soul rendered Leonidas, and his gallant, self-devoted band, infinitely more glorious than the great king and his millions; for can we doubt which is most noble, the Asian monarch surrounded by eunuchs and concubines; or the Spartan hero expiring in the pass of Thermopylæ on a hecatomb of slaughtered barbarians? The answer of Dithyrambus to the Persian who told him, that his master's army was so numerous that it darkened the sun, "Then we shall fight in the shade," expresses in the strongest manner the dauntless character of the patriot few, who made themselves a willing sacrifice for the freedom of their country; cold and insensible is the man who can read their history, without the warmest admiration. Death is perhaps the most awful form in which danger can appear: it is then, that we are separated from all the sweet ties of nature and friendship; it is then, that all our schemes of earthly happiness are dissipated, while the body prepares for its couch of dust, and the soul for its unknown habitation. But at the solemn hour of death, true courage remains unchanged, and enables the mind to contemplate with calmness the illimitable regions of eternity, while the breeze of hope, impregnated with the fragrance of an heavenly paradise, revives the fainting senses, and cheers the departing spirit. These feelings, however, are for the virtuous only; the vicious have neither "part nor lot in the matter." A little before the illustrious Addison breathed his last, he enquired for his pupil, the young Earl of Warwick; the youth approached his bed, when fervently grasping his hand, and looking on him with eyes that emanated the brightness of a better world, the dying philosopher exclaimed, "see, my lord, how a Christian can die." This was true courage! Our bodies are liable to an infinite multiplicity of evils, which neither courage, foresight nor activity can avert. So unexpectedly do many of the most important occurrences of life happen, that little or no time is allowed to provide remedies or means of amelioration for the trials we must endure. The rich frequently become poor; the powerful and renowned weak and despised, and the healthy diseased without any previous warnings. The pleasures of existence flee away from

their possessors, like the visionary delights of sleep ; we scarcely believe them gone till convinced by bitter experience of the reverse. Against those sudden changes, no wisdom can protect, since " man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Who is there that has not felt severely the mutability of human affairs? Wealth vanishes ; penury with all its concomitant sorrows is at hand ; and with affluence many comforts are lost, which, though not indispensable, contribute materially to happiness. When we sink from a state of comparative independence to the thralldom which want imposes, when the hand that was wont to bestow charity, is compelled to receive it, many must be the heart-aches, many the bitter regrets, which torment the unfortunate. When disease deprives us of the sinews of strength ; when the rose fades from the cheek of beauty, and the ruby lips wear an ashy paleness ; do not our joys attend the departing steps of health, when the smile of morning, and the mild breeze of evening are sweet no more, and life becomes as weary as a twice-told tale? For afflictions like these, art can supply no remedy ; yet there is a panacea, which, if rightly employed, will render innoxious the privations of want, the fetters of slavery, and the pangs of disease. Methinks I behold thousands of my suffering fellow-creatures—the poor, the dependent and the sick, stretch out their imploring hands, and enquire with all the pathos of woe, where this " balm of heart's wound," may be obtained. I would answer, we must seek it in our own breasts ; for a resignedly courageous soul is the best, the only defence against " the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to," and many of the distresses which result from the cruelty and injustice of our species. When want succeeds to opulence ; when the cup that used to overflow with the oil of gladness is exhausted or replenished with wormwood ; when the lofty mansion is exchanged for the mud-walled hovel ; and the absolute necessities of life, the cravings of hunger and thirst, are barely supplied ;—the mind where fortitude erects its throne, even under these afflictive circumstances, appears with unshorn beams ; none of its pristine excellencies are lost or diminished. It is as it was in the season of prosperity, or rather, it shines with increased splendour, for if adversity had not frowned, adversity could not have been conquered, and no opportunity would have been afforded for the display of those sublime virtues, which it is the peculiar province of a well-ordered mind to practise in difficulty and affliction. As the rough hand of labour extracts the

diamond from the mine, and polishes it into beauty; so trials and sorrows elicit faculties and qualities, till then undeveloped, and place virtue in a more illustrious and commanding attitude.

Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Beats yet a precious jewel in the head.

As for slavery, who does not feel that it is impossible to make a captive of the soul; the body may be weighed down with fetters; our corporeal eyes may be shut from that blessed light of heaven, but

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

Our immortal essence, the unconquerable mind, smiles at all the malice of ingenious tyranny, while secure in the exercise of intellectual liberty, and animated with the consciousness of never ending existence. When Sir Walter Raleigh, the victim of the self-named British Solomon, James the First, was condemned to hide in a prison those glorious faculties, which had so long reflected honour on his country; did he succumb to the thralldom imposed by jealous and revengeful power? Did he lose in the solitude of his cell, the vigour of intellect which had distinguished him in the bustle of the world? Far from it. The tedium of confinement lost in his case its usual influence; and he, who had so often conquered with the sword in the lustihood of youth, and the strength of manhood, was able in the decline of life, though imprisoned and fettered, to achieve a more glorious conquest with the pen. The infinite variety of diseases common to the human frame; the severe and long protracted pains which they inflict, are far more difficult to be endured, than the mere loss of locomotion. It is not strange that we complain when all our prospects fade and die away in the languor of sickness; it is not strange that we long to partake in common with our fellow mortals, the budding verdure of spring, and the intense brightness of summer. There is nothing surprising in our impatience, while we number the unprofitable hours spent in forced inaptitude and indolence. Yet poignant as these afflictions certainly are, the weakest constitution of body baffles their repeated attacks, and ultimately triumphs over them when supported by the unshrinking courage of soul which accounts all temporal discomforts as nothing, in the blissful anticipation of eternal beatitude. Then, the eye of the mind, ceasing to regard the

lonesome chamber, on whose walls hang the dews of contagion ; ceasing to regard the hour-glass, whose hasty sands admonish of moments lost for ever, pierces the dim obscure of futurity, and revels amidst the unspeakable transports, which " eye hath not seen, nor the heart of man conceived." Inspired by such animating prospects, the bed of languishing, the restless night, and the delightless day, become minor considerations, because of their short duration, because of the happiness in which they terminate. Then it is that we are insensible to all our miseries, then do we quit earth's dim horizon, and expatiate in the cloudless climes of eternity ; then we can exclaim with the old Athenian philosopher, " Pain ! pain ! notwithstanding all thy troublesome twitches, I will never own thee to be an evil." Many, saddened by the anxieties and inquietudes incident to their situations, have ventured to anticipate the angel of the tomb, and rush uncalled into the presence of their Maker, as if there were nothing beyond this life but the dreary gulf of annihilation ; as if death were nothing but a long sleep. Suicide, however, must be, in all cases, an act of gross cowardice :

For when all the blandishments of earth are gone,
The timid creep to death, the brave live on.

And though, when frenzy prompts the hand which lifts the deadly steel or the fatal tube, we are bound to drop the veil of mercy over the infirmities of our nature ; we cannot but despise that man's weakness, who, shunning the inevitable evils of his lot, confesses himself conquered, and seeks to hide his frailty in the dust. Seneca tells us, that there is not a sublimer spectacle even in the estimation of the gods, than

A brave man struggling with the storms of fate ;

and if the mind of an heathen sage could conceive a sentiment like this, surely we, who live in a more enlightened age, and are blessed with a code of morals far surpassing in its purity any thing known to the ancients, must exalt above all other conquerors the individual who has subdued his own evil passions, and obtained a victory over the perverse inclinations of his nature. When I see such a being, (whether rich or poor, is immaterial) meeting, with a serene untroubled countenance, sickness, sorrow and dissolution, firmly trusting in a retributive Providence, though his best actions have been followed by the most disastrous consequences, and though the vicious are flourishing around, " like green bay trees," I behold, in fancy, a fairer

wreath on his brow, than ever shadowed the temples of the imperial Cæsar, who shed the blood of millions to ensure the recollections of posterity. Grasping at the most illusory of all shadows, fame, he became the butcher of his species, and paved his way to notoriety with human hearts. Miserable ambition! how little worthy of an immortal soul. On the contrary, the moral hero I have imagined, though his name, in all probability, never excited the echoes of renown, nor floated on

"The fickle reek of popular applause,"

was a mighty victor in fields undeformed by the guilty stain of blood; and by the exercise of that most rare endowment, true courage, maintained, through all the devious and perplexed paths of existence, the firm step of conscious rectitude; neither feeling the fond elation so often attendant on prosperity, nor giving way to the degrading prostration of mind which too frequently marks out the victims of adversity.

H.

Sonnet,

TO HAMPSTEAD.

FAIR scene! when art thou fairest, loveliest?
 The streaming moonlight all about thee swims
 Like a light veil on the white delicate limbs
 Of Venus, loosely floating; she, undrest,
 In lone green haunt, outsleeping night's still hours.
 Thy breath flows wave-like on with noiseless motion,
 And falls among the grass, which beds all flowers
 That sleep o' nights, like wave of some meek ocean,
 Rippling along in silence; and thy face
 Looks like a virgin girl's, who, in fond dreams,
 Smiles graciously on sleep, that doth embrace
 Her with a lover's fondness; and it seems
 As angels watched thee with unwearying care,
 And lulled thee with some sweet Æolian air.

C. W.

ON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF

Authors.

Books are the only medium through which we can ensure to ourselves a perpetuity of existence. The works of the painter and sculptor, however beautiful, are not lasting. In a few years the most intellectual and glowing tints that ever the hand of Genius communicated to the canvas, lose their brilliancy; and in a period of time, more extended certainly, yet comparatively short, the elegantly formed marble to which the fingers of an Angelo or a Chantrey imparted beauty and symmetry, crumbles into dust. What are become of the master-pieces of antiquity? Fame, indeed, tells us how wonderful they were, but to us they are nothing but splendid dreams. Those exquisite statues, which charmed the eyes of classic Greece, are mixed with ignoble ruins; we look for the august monuments of heroes and demi-gods, but our search is vain; oblivion flaps its broad wings over them, and the emulation of youth can be kindled no more, while it beholds the glory of Phidias and Pericles. But it is very different with regard to the works of imagination; they are unaffected by the inclement sky, the raging wind, or the consuming lightning; in them the spirit of the sage or the bard lives and breathes and triumphs, thousands of years after their mortal bodies have mingled with unconscious matter. Homer "flourishes in immortal youth," though the place of his nativity is unknown, though his country has become desolate. The stars of literature shine unimpaired amidst the revolutions of ages; cities and empires rise and fall around them, yet they still burn unquenched in the horizon of fame, to enlighten and instruct mankind. When we contemplate these eternal lamps, what an immense, what a delightful prospect opens upon us! We are led by an invisible hand, through the haunts of ancient glory; we are made acquainted with the illustrious spirits of past days; we tread the streets of a free Athens, of a warlike Sparta, of a conquering Rome; we converse with her Ciceros and Catos; we sit in her senate-house, and behold the universe paying homage to the queen of the seven hills; and in this pleasing intercourse with the buried world, we reap advantage as well as satisfaction; for when the enthusiasm of the poet, or the eloquence of the orator, fixes us in mute admiration, while he descants on the perfection of virtue, and the deformity of vice, are we not led to emulate the one, and avoid the other? When the flowing majesty of

Homer irradiates the darkness of early ages ; when he sings of their manners and laws ; when he delineates the frugal warrior and the unostentatious monarch, do we not long to range in the beautiful gardens of Alcinous, and inhale their pure breezes ? Or when, on the contrary, darker scenes fill the inspired page, when war desolates the verdant realms of peace, and all the pride of genius and virtue wither before him, do not the tears of compassion moisten the doomed walls of Troy, and bemoan the sorrows of the venerable Priam ? Books may be justly called the soul's mirrors ; for as we become imbued with the wisdom or the science which they contain, we learn to form a just estimate of our own powers, and to employ them in the most advantageous manner. By these mental reflectors, we endeavour to adjust the complexion of our minds ; our intellectual vision dwells on them as stedfastly as the enamoured eye of beauty on the glass which mimicks its perfections ; with this difference,—that one has a temporary and fading splendour in view, while the other employs its care for the attainment of excellence equally substantial and perpetual. The voice of genius is heard from the tomb ; posterity are as much benefited by the talents of an author as his contemporaries. Hence it is of the last importance, that a writer should be a good as well as a learned and talented man. The power which the triumphs of intellectual superiority possess is unlimited ; the ideas they present, the pursuits they offer, all sink deep into the mind, which is softened and formed beneath their influence like a sheet of wax. When imagination transports us “ beyond this visible diurnal sphere,” an exquisite pleasure steals over our senses ; we are led by a viewless guide through an Elysium of enchantment, where all the riches of art and nature meet together. If we look up, there is an unclouded sky ; and beneath our feet, creation's green mantle enamelled with the flowers of Paradise ; and thus led captives in a golden chain, we forget to examine the real character of the fairy gifts presented to our excited fancy ; we allow the favoured author to wind into the recesses of our hearts ; in a word, we surrender up our judgments. It is not enough then, that a man possess the most exalted talents ; it is not enough that his fervid conceptions teem with the noblest ideas, and the most convincing arguments ; to be the instructor of his fellow mortals, he should be as eminent in virtue as in genius. When an author sits down to write, he should remember that he addresses himself, not to a party nor a nation, nor an age only ; but to the united community of human beings, to a

world, and even to worlds unborn. This, of course, can apply only to those highly gifted beings, "whose words are sparks of immortality." It would be idle to dignify with the name of author, the victim of that most incurable of maladies, Scriblomania. But he whose specious eloquence covers vice with an attractive veil, dresses absurdity with all the graces of chaste and elegant diction; or who, in the calm tone of philosophy, endeavours to reason the unwary out of their best hopes and affections, is like the snake who seeks a covert among flowers, that he may more effectually sting the unsuspecting traveller. Such an author's productions are concealed poisons; costly wines drugged with death, pleasant to the taste, but not the less deadly because palatable. This relates not to the puerile efforts of little minds, bubbles that float on the convulsed stream of faction and temporary interest. Such writers, at the worst, are but wasps without stings, and the vast mass of incoherent words, the ephemeral abortions of crazed imaginations, must soon be lost in the silent waters of forgetfulness. But to those, whose minds have wings, and who are capable of colouring the dullest and most unpromising subject into beauty and interest, these remarks are applied; and which, it may be asked, has the best right to their services, vice or virtue? Can we believe that vice offers more of the sublime and captivating to the fancy than virtue? Is there any earthly object more lovely than unaffected piety? Is there any thing more sublime in the range of every day life than unostentatious benevolence? If we expatiate on the charms of virtue, judgment and imagination may be brought into exercise, and truth will furnish us with more rapturous visions than fiction can delineate with her airy pencil. If virtue be our theme, we shall need no flimsy arguments, no glaring metaphors, no sounding embellishments of rhetoric; nothing but the language of reason, and the unadorned periods of truth. And if fame be an author's object, surely there are no paths to it so pleasing as those of rectitude; for is it not a delightful, a sweetly soothing thought, that when our bones are mouldering into dust, posterity will shed its grateful tears, not on our senseless tombs, but on the never-dying volumes we have bequeathed to our country and the world. Exquisite gratification! To remember, that the ideas which once charmed our own minds, and relieved them of corroding doubts and aching sorrows, shall still, even from the grave, have the same salutary influence; rectify the aberrations of the intellect, restrain the wanderings of morbid fancy, bind up the broken heart, and call down unfeigned blessings on our memory.

H.

Epistle

FROM POINS IN THE SHADES

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

MY LAD O' METAL!—We are all in confusion in the Shades; and thou art the cause on't. The correspondence you have managed to establish between the upper and the lower regions has set half the worthies of Elysium by the ears. Jack Falstaff's Epistle to thee has been the occasion of all the uproar. He would have fain denied it; but the evidence is too strong, and Jack too valiant to eat his own words. He has libelled half the great folks in the nether world. Pluto and Rhadamanthus vowed to clap him into durance, and they have been as good as their words. He was let out the other night, and we had a bout on't; the fat knight, Justice Shallow (by-the-bye, they are sworn friends again) Bardolph, Peto, Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Parson Evans, Master Slender and myself; and we heard the cock crow without budging. Just as we were in the height of our jollity, who should come blustering in upon us but bully Pistol, with the Speculum in one hand, and his drawn rapier in the other. We knew him for a rank coward, so we all kept our seats. He looked around with eyes of flaming coal, and thus began:

“Darkness and daggers! where's the caitiff knight?
The tallow minion, that with slanders base
Has damn'd my fame, and scandals vile also,
Have we no Cæsars here? and are toledos nothing?”

Honest Jack never answered him a word, but tossed off his sack in amazing contentedness, while Pistol went on:

“Thou knight pauciloquous, and fat also,
Answer thy peer and ancient Pistol bold,
Am I a water jack, and Charon's knave;
A boatman's bully, cheating Stygian ghosts
With double fare, and palming coinage base?
Thou recreant knight, surrender, just amends;
Or by the stars I'll gore thy carcase vile,
And crows shall fatten on thy mount of flesh.
Speak you no par lance? Have we Falstaff here?”

Up rose the knight. "Ha ha! who calls on valiant Jack? What! Bully Pistol? Case thy maiden steel, or by the gods, I'll pepper you. Com'st thou to vaunt at me, thou pilchard?—Fetch me my sword and buckler, and let me pay the knave." Seeing the knight's choler rising, we begged him to be pacified; and Justice Shallow demanded of Pistol the cause of the outrage. "Nay, goodman Pistol, prythee rest thee quiet. How hath the worthy knight umbraged thy valour? Expound, good master Pistol, expound. Where is the cause of thy clamour?"

"Here, in my gripe, in damning black and white.

Go, dance with crocodiles and Africs base,

Let pole meet pole, and drown the fiery stars!

Blow out the sun, and jostle down the moon!

Shall valiant Pistol stoop to herd with curs

And lowlings vile, offscourings o' the earth?

Gorge us, ye gods!—Let chaos swallow all,

The Fates go mad, and Furies twine their snakes."

"Look you, bully-rock," replied the knight, "provoke my choler, and, by my valour, I'll carve you for the kites. Avoid! or by my grandfather's beard, I'll drill your doublet as full of holes as a cullender. Com'st thou here to make mouths at me, thy valiant master, and liege captain? Abscond! or an I don't carbonado you, I'm not true man. I'll doff your lion's skin, or I'm the veriest coward that ever ran away upon legs. Avaunt, I say!"—But the bully stood firm:

"What! shall we quiver? shall we shrink from steel?

Die me a second death! Come, Gorgons dire,

And Nox and Erebus, tenebrous gods,

And plunge me deep in black Tartarean gulphs!

Have we no valour? Is our manhood gone?

Whip me, Cerberean curs! Are cowards here?"

"Away! you filthy knave," cries Doll Tearsheet, who is as little inclined to hold her tongue in the lower as she was in the upper world. "Away! you scurvy Jack; Away! you pick-purse!"

"Ha! ha! thou rampant slattern quean!

Call'st thou me pick-purse? Say'st thou me so,

My becafico,—drabbish, doxy Doll?

The vultures gnaw thee, base Corinthian witch!"

"Out! you rascal! Didn't you rob Master Slender here of seven groats! and didn't you steal a new coif and kerchief from dame Quickly?" "That I'll vouch on my verity," cried the dame; "Troth, Mistress Tearsheet, (added Slender), and thou sayst truly: as to mine own particular loss, in good faith, it is even so. I fear me he's a sorry knave."

"How now! paulissimo! Slip thee in my pouch,
Corpuscule mean, and hide thee from my wrath!
Terrific! am I when rage me warms.
Shun Lucifer, and fierce Hyrcanian fires."

"Here's 'ery goot 'orks! (cries Doctor Evans) Coot folk, let me exhort you to be pacific. It is petter, look you, to have peace and quiet. Coot gentleman, goot master Pistol, pe ruled; pe governed by discretions; I beseech you, shew me your complainings." Here Pistol threw the book before him, and as he read the obnoxious passage, twirled his whiskers, knit his eyebrows, and looked as fierce as Hercules.

"Deliver out the slanderous matter base,
And let them hear the knight's traducement vile.
Furies and wounds! But courage, keep thou firm."

"Look you, gentlemen, (quoth Evans)—and; good master Pistol, pe pacified; and, 'oman, pe quiet, Peradventures Justice Shallow, his goot 'orship here, will arbitrations the matter. We'll have no prabblings nor swaggerings, look you; but goot discretions. I'll be judgment py his 'orship."

"Verily, (quoth Justice Shallow) a good decision; a mainly good decision. I am of the peace. Hand me the book. Good Sir Knight, wax not wroth, I'll order the matter trimly, I warrant you."

"Proceed, proceed, (replied Falstaff) I'm gaping for your worship's wisdom, like an over-spent oyster."

"In good sooth, then, (returned Shallow) it doth appear, you here do tax Ancient Pistol with being a head bully and water-jack to hell's boatman. Very hard words, Sir John."

"Very hard 'orts; very hard 'orts, indeed," echoed the Doctor.
"And can he deny it?" cries Falstaff.

"Deny it!—yea! thou base Tartarean Greek!
Jack in thy teeth! Shall justice eat her sword?
Thou slave obese! Have we not Pluto here?
And Rhadamanth, and Minos, Judge also."

"Trundle him down," quoth Doll, "the swaggering knave. He knows he's a bully, and a water-jack. Did'nt he cheat the last new ghost of a groat, and filch his purse into the bargain?"

"Hence, Babylonian quean! Hence, scullion vile!"

"Upon my faith, (interrupted Justice Shallow) there is no denying what Sir John asserts; but alack-a-day, we must be ruled by modern laws; and truth's a libel, gentles; truth's a libel."

"Look ye, Master Justice Shallow, (cried Sir John) and you, Doctor Hugh Evans,—a pair of old apple-women, both of ye. A fig for your law and your judgments. And as to bully Pistol;—by the mother that bore me! an he don't evaporate on the instant, I'll make him a sop for Cerberus." So saying, he tossed off his cup of sack, armed himself with his sword and buckler, and advanced to Pistol, like a true lad of war. But he knew his man. Pistol drew back, and his rapier trembled in his grasp. Up rose the goodly company. The woman screamed; the bully roared, and Falstaff blustered. In the midst of the uproar, in came the watch, and carried us all off to the round-house. Next morning we were had up before Justice Minos, who ordered us a month in Bridewell. Your modern inventions travel to us with amazing celerity. We have a treading mill in our penitentiary; and how you would have laughed, had you seen Jack Falstaff going up stairs all day and never coming down again! The mill wants not for grease when he's at work, and many a hearty curse has he bestowed on the inventor. He swears he has lost more fat in a fortnight than he shall gain in a year. Justice Minos has moved for an injunction against the Spec. in Pluto's High Court of Chancery. But Jack vows he'll smuggle it over. He says the Coterie are lads of metal, and he'll stick by them.

Thine ever,

POINS.

Enconstancy.

.....I'd rather make
My bower on some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love as false as thine!

MOORE.

I saw that blush upon thy cheek,
That could so warm a love display ;
I saw thine eyes affection speak,
And turn'd in grief my own away.
I saw the heart, that once was mine,
To one less warm, less passion'd given ;
I sigh'd to think such heart was thine,
And felt my own for ever riven!
And thou couldst be deceiving !—Thou,
Whose vows of faith are heard above.
There's nothing written on thy brow
But tenderness and truth and love :
But, oh ! those feelings are decay'd,
Thy hour of faithfulness is past :
All, all who trust thee are betray'd—
And thou shalt be betray'd at last!
For when that beam hath pass'd away,
That gives thine eyes their tyrant power ;
And when that heart so lightly gay,
Shall see all griefs around it lower ;
Then shalt thou find *his* love depart,
Who vowed but unto beauty's shrine,
And vainly wish *thy* faithless heart
Had loved as warm—as true as mine.

EDWARD REGINALD.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING

No Heart.

.....To say we end

The heart ache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to.

SHAKESPEARE.

AN ingenious writer, in a contemporary publication, has endeavoured to prove, that the head is an useless appendage to the human frame, and no doubt many have repented the possession of the troublesome excrescence. But seriously speaking, should we not derive much greater advantages, and escape a world of anxiety, could we rub through life without that officious and often unwelcome companion, a heart? Those who have been tricked by it out of all their possessions; who have yielded to its impulses, till they are bankrupts in all but that warmth of feeling which has robbed them of every thing else, can testify the scrapes it has led them into, and the privations it has inflicted. It forms a stumbling block in the way of preferment; and is so inimical to worldly advantage, that I feel convinced a man's existing without one is by no means a visionary idea. How else can men fill stations, for which, it is evident, if they had hearts, they would be totally unqualified? Could the lawyer or barrister hope for practice, if they were troubled with this superfluity? What would become of their quirks and quibbles;—their writs and judgments;—their fieri facias;—their rejoinders, replications and demurs;—the bondage of him that lost, and the ruin of him that gained a suit? Such things could never be. That men are originally born with hearts, I admit; but the professions in which they are engaged affect its growth and its influence. There are some walks of life so inimical to its existence, that in a few years it withers to a pin's head, and ends in utter extinction; while others are so favorable to its expansion, that it often becomes too big for the body, and bursts with excess of feeling. Such are those who die for love; whose kindly nature cannot survive the loss of friendship or reputation; and who sicken at the ingratitude of the world. Unnoticed genius, pining in the shade of obscurity, and gentle benevolence, stunted in its means of philanthropy, and heart-stricken

at beholding the calamities of others. Who could preside at the bench, with this intruder in his bosom? Justice would be bribed by feeling, and the milky impulses of our nature overflow the bounds of equity. The hangman's cord would be weak as smoking flax; the executioner's axe become blunted; the gaoler resign his office; politicians refuse a bribe; and doctors a fee. In brief, had all men hearts, the elements of society would become disorganized; a new order of things would arise. The creation would be at a stand still. We should have no butchers to kill our meat; no soldiers to fight our battles; no lawyers, no men of business, no active churchwardens, no vigilant overseers of the poor, and neither lawyers, bailiffs, nor pawnbrokers. "Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished," could a man make his own election, and part with this troublesome inmate of the breast. I have been calculating the advantages he would gain, could he achieve this desideratum.

He would become a free man, and might indulge unrestrainedly in all his desires. Is he ambitious? He skips over the impediments, that the possession of a heart would throw in his way. He marches on triumphant; and smiles while he tramples over the hearts of others. He meets no obstacle in his progress; and when he arrives at the goal, he looks around exultingly, as unannoyed by reflections on the means, as if he had drunk of the waters of Lethe. Does he covet wealth? He is sure to attain the object of his wishes. What are the tears of the widow and the fatherless to him? The cries of the orphan; the reproaches of those he has wronged and ruined, affect him not. He has a mental deafness, that shuts out sympathy. What has he to do with conscience, who has no heart to upbraid him with his actions? The retrospect of the past gives him no pain, and he can have no apprehensions of the future.

We have seen that by getting rid of his heart he becomes qualified for all the lucrative professions. All those distinctions in society, which excite the ambition of men, lie open to him on level ground; he has no rugged heights to climb, and no restraints to drag him back. He revels in all that is enviable in life, and his sympathies are only excited by its *agrémens*. He holds nothing in common with its sombre feelings. What are sorrow, vexation, and anxiety to him? He is physically shut out from all congeniality with any thing in the shape of grief. The catalogue of ills incidental to humanity he has no concern in. His enjoyments are not annoyed by reflections on the miseries of others, because, though he may have a

head to think, he has not a heart to feel. Are his children sick? His wife dying? His house on fire? His fame and fortune ruined? He heeds them not. The sorrows of life "pass him as the idle wind, which he respects not:" Is his friend a villain, and his wife faithless? What cares he? He can supply their places without a pang.

Reflect on the miseries of love, and observe his advantage in being exempted from the influence of this passion. He can please his fancy in the selection of his wife, or he can marry her for her wealth. Let her prove what she may, she cannot plague his heart. He is impregnable to every thing in the shape of vexation. She has not the power to give him an uneasy moment. Is she a fond and faithful companion? It is well. The loss of her inflicts no agony; and he is a dry-eyed spectator of her interment. He looks around, when decency's prescribed period is past, and makes another election, with as much nonchalance as if his first choice had never existed. He is secure from dying for love; nor is there any probability that he would steep poison in his own cup. Ropes and razors, arsenic and laudanum, are dead letters in the vocabulary of his temptations; he has no wish for prematurely exchanging this world for a better; not he. He is content where he is, and when he leaves it, he'll leave it snugly, unannoyed either by regret for its pleasures or repentance for his actions.

A man without a heart is likewise exempt from many corporeal ills, to which others are unavoidably exposed. He cannot have the heart-burn nor the heart-ache; and if he fight a duel, which is not likely, his antagonist, though he may run him through the body, or pop off a limb, has no chance of ending his business by drilling a hole through his heart.

Our no-hearted man, I confess, has nothing to do with courage; but this is often found to be an awkward companion, and rather to be shunned than courted. Having no heart for dangerous enterprises, he is not likely to risk his safety by getting into harm's way; and thus, though his head may be hot enough to prompt him to rash actions, he has no heart to put its suggestions into practice. He is little likely too, it would seem, to acquire the reputation of a jovial fellow. A man cannot shake him by the hand, with "how are you, my hearty buck?" But what he wants in heart, he can make up by head; as we find that those who are deficient in one sense, are gifted with an extra portion of capability in another. He can delight the social board with the flights of his fancy, and revel in the fairy

regions of the imagination, and this amounts to the same thing as the world goes, when reality and fiction are confounded together, and sincerity and hypocrisy mistaken for each other. I even doubt whether he is not likely to be a more welcome guest than one of your scrupulous men of heart. Who so lively as he in detailing the faults of others? Where will you find a more amusing retailer of scandal? His satires lose none of their poignancy by a regard for the feelings, and his caustic wit flings its arrows, regardless of the death of reputations with which they are winged. He scatters his fiery darts about him, like the fool in the Proverbs, and cries, "I am only in sport." And so he is, for he cannot feel.

Who so qualified as he for a minister of state, or a great military commander?—He surmounts the petty scruples that influence ordinary minds, and achieves the glory of his country without regarding the minor considerations of pity or generosity. The still small voice of humanity appeals to a deaf ear. Has the monarch he serves received an affront, or does he wish to gratify the ambition of his soul by invading the territory of a neighbouring power? Our no-hearted minister prepares the sinews of war, and levies contributions on the people, regardless of the privations he inflicts, or the miseries he destines them to endure. Is a town to be sacked, and its inhabitants delivered to the flames? Is venerable old age to feel the murderer's sword? Are lovely females to be sacrificed to brutality, and innocent children to be savagely butchered? The order is issued with a calmness that a no-hearted general alone could command. What are the groans of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, the wretchedness of the captive, to him, who could scarcely feel for his own sufferings, were he doomed to a similar fate?

By parting from our heart, we part from all our troubles. We can laugh and sing and be merry, without a heart. We can eat a good dinner, crack a good joke, and enjoy the jollities of life with no need of such a superfluity. We can sit down to a cabinet dinner or a city feast, and emulate Heliogabalus in gluttony, and Cleopatra in extravagance, unannoyed by a thought of the misery of the starving thousands by whom we are surrounded. We can discourse most eloquently of soups, consommés, patés, haricots, curries, fricassées and all the provocatives of a depraved appetite, without a single reflection that the cost of the viands on which we are gorging to repletion, would administer comfort to hundreds of perishing wretches. While we are swallowing gelées d'Ananas, crème de Marischipo,

chartreuse d'abricots, &c. &c. and drinking liquid gold in the shape of champagne and burgundy and imperial tokay, every mouthful of which would purchase a meal, their flavour would not be embittered by any pangs of conscience at the depravity of our luxury, or by the remembrance of the tears we might dry and the hearts we might cheer, by imparting the value of even a tithe part of our revelry.

In brief, view the no-hearted man in all the varieties of existence, and he is an object of envy. He foots it lightly down the dance of life, the gayest of the gay. He sheds no tears, he heaves no sighs. Sorrow sits not on his brow, care blanches not his cheek; and while it is the fate of other men to bend beneath the pressure of affliction, he stands impregnable to all the assaults of adversity.

*

Song.

THY lute is silent, lovely maid,
A tear is in thine eye,
On thy pale cheek the roses fade,
They wither and they die.

Alas! some secret sorrow fills
Thy heart with agony;
'Tis sorrow's icy hand that stills
Thy lute's soft harmony.

Patient in grief art thou, thy woes
Not tongue have ever found.
O! that returning peace would close
Each tentless mental wound.

For tho' complaint be never thine,
Care on thy soul doth prey,
I see the light of youth decline,
Grow dim and pass away.

And if the sun of hope shine not
On thy desponding heart,
Soon wilt thou be in death forgot,
And to the grave depart.

H.

Sonnet.

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Now that my high ambition's sun of pride
 Is sunk and set, the sober twilight lent
 Shews me those friends who came with pleasure's tide,
 And went with it—true to their false intent.
 One after one they fell away from me,
 As blossoms fall when bowers are tempest-torn—
 As leaves desert a winter-withering tree;
 And I, who had their smiles, now have their scorn.
 Thus it hath ever been, and thus will be!
 This world is but a stage, where some awhile
 Play studied parts in its mere mimicry,
 Acting the thing they are not, to beguile
 Those better hearts that guilelessly look on,—
 Themselves all truth, who trust, and are undone.

C. W

ON THE HOMAGE PAID TO WEALTH AND POWER, BY

Men of Genius.

It strikes me, that if there really is such a thing as true nobility of mind, it would manifest itself in all places and under all circumstances, and would never be influenced by mere external considerations. The man, who is philosopher enough to feel that the distinctions of rank, and the paraphernalia of greatness are merely adventitious, and that it is only by their connexion with high mental or moral qualities, that they are entitled to respect, would be little likely to fall into the error of the multitude, to attach worth to glitter, or to feel veneration for mere human dignity. That would indeed seem a narrow soul, which could not soar beyond the splendour of a pageant, and seek a nobler object for its regard than the effect produced upon the senses by the mere skill of the artisan. It would appear

that the gifted mind, relying on a sense of its own greatness; on the consciousness of that superiority, which power cannot command, nor riches purchase, might stand unabashed in the presence of royalty, might look around unmoved upon the dazzling lustre of a court, and feel that self-possession which arises from a conviction of the emptiness of mere external grandeur. When I read of men whose writings have given a new impulse to the operations of the mind, and who have shone forth as lights of the world; when I read of such men being admitted to the audience even of kings, I cannot think the wisdom they have acquired would so suddenly desert them, as to let them feel for a moment that they are less than the beings before whom they kneel with the reverence of a subject, or that they are inferior to the favoured children of chance, in whose hands the capriciousness of fortune has invested power, wealth, and worldly consequence. I can readily subscribe to the respect which every man should pay to the chief magistrate of a nation; and to the regard which is due even to rank alone. No sensible man would quarrel with an acquiescence in the formulæ of etiquette due to those who hold elevated stations in society. Towards his sovereign, he would mingle a portion of becoming loyalty; but he would never lose sight of his own dignity, or imagine an inferiority on his own part from the mere inequality of rank. The observances of ceremony passed, which prefaced his introduction, and a conversation on general topics commenced between them, he would at least feel himself on a level with the monarch. The collision of mind would exclude all exterior regards. He could not embark on the free current of thought, with the ever present reflection that he was conversing with a king. There must be a portion of mutual independence, a freedom from restraint, before the energies of intellect could be unfolded; and it is the privilege of literature and philosophy that mental superiority is the only title to distinction.

Let us imagine a moderately talented prince, who has heard of the fame of some great writer; and as a matter of curiosity, or for the mere sake of the novelty, he causes him to be introduced to his court. He has invited him (observe) that he may see how this man shines in real life, whose portrait was so flattering upon paper. To unlock the storehouse of his brain, he must go another way to work than exhibiting him as a raree-show to his courtiers; and he therefore invites him to a conversational tête-a-tête, remote

from intruders. Had he been merely presented in the ordinary way, as "Mr. So-and-So, with a copy of his work on such a subject," a gracious smile, and a few words of compliment might have been sufficient; but he has been specially invited, and it is therefore meet that he be admitted to a closer conference. Well, then, this writer, who has given proof of the superiority and vigour of his mind, sufficient to place him at a mighty distance from ordinary men, will, if he have the slightest sense of that superiority, and supposing his physical energies are not impaired, feel a becoming confidence in the presence of his sovereign; and this confidence must gather strength as the mental inequality between them becomes more apparent. It would not require an extraordinary stretch of egotism in him to perceive, unless he were blinded by his timidity to all perception of his own merit, that he is superior to the monarch with whom he is conversing; that the Deity, who has thought fit to invest the prince with the dignities of the world, has imparted a more exalted gift to *him* in the capacious mind which soars beyond the mere advantages of fortune; and that while the dross alone falls to the share of the monarch, he possesses the pure gold, unalloyed, "imperishable, and that fadeth not away."

Such, probably, are obvious reflections, on an abstract view of the subject. Yet how few minds, however highly constituted, have been able to resist the commanding influence of superior rank! How many have bowed down before the idol power, and surrendered up their own nobler qualities, to the dominion of those, whose only distinction has been that the mother who bore them was of the titled of the earth; and who have acquired their elevation in society, as the beggar does his poverty, because it was their patrimony! I can well imagine, and account for the existence of this humiliating sentiment among the vulgar. I am not surprised that in a country like England, where it would seem that gold could purchase every thing, the mass should respect the possessor of wealth, and the inheritor of rank; because it is certain that wealth and rank command every tangible enjoyment, and these are the only enjoyments for which they have imbibed any relish; but I am surprised, when I find this feeling obtain an influence over those, who, having studied the nature of man, and surmounted vulgar prejudices, are enabled to form a correct estimate of human nature, and must know how valueless in the eye of reason is the mere possession of property and worldly consequence.

unaided by any other quality to entitle it to respect. Doubtless there is something gratifying in being the subject of royal regard; but surely not merely because it is royal. There is, one would suspect, in all such cases, a lurking hope, that the scale of intellect and the scale of rank would be found to rise in relative proportions, and that a king would prove more highly endowed than his subjects. That this is a delusion, it requires only a momentary consideration to convince us; but how else can we conceive a superior mind to anticipate pleasure, or imagine it could receive honour from a mere conference with royalty? The more obvious feeling would be a painful one; and it appears more natural to imagine, that a man of genius would consider himself, under such circumstances, as a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and that he was called on to exhibit himself, that he might administer to that love of the marvellous, from which even monarchs are not exempted.

It is related of some author that a certain Duke had a desire to see him, and he accordingly received an invitation. The expected honour set the poet to work to prepare a suitable speech in return for his grace's kindness. He knocked at the door, announced his name, and was ushered into the anti-chamber. In a few minutes, a well-dressed personage made his appearance. Supposing it to be his grace, he exhausted his pre-digested budget of compliments, and when he had finished, he had the mortification of finding that he was throwing his pearls before the butler. This so confused the bard, that when the duke really appeared, he was struck mute, and was unable to utter a word. Now we can imagine all this of an ordinary mind; but, in the first place, why prepare a speech at all? Would it not have been more natural to have relied upon his own resources, as circumstances might have called them into action? And, secondly, where is the reason why he should have felt embarrassed, merely because he was in the presence of a peer? He wanted the confidence grounded on a sense of his own merit; and this is a confidence which every man of talent ought to feel. While he paid the exterior respect due to rank, he should not have forgotten the respect that was due to himself. "I once (said a quaker) conversed with a High Mightiness, and a Grace. His High Mightiness was just four feet six, and his Grace was the most graceless man I ever knew." Let us, I repeat, pay the proper reverence due to elevated station; but let us not carry along with it a debasement of mind; and necessarily connect mental with adventitious superiority.

*

Blighted Hope.

'Tis come to this—'tis come to this!

Even in my life's young morn,
My first, my sweetest rose of bliss,
Is withered to a thorn.

And darker is my own despair
Because it yesterday was fair!

How sweetly could the floweret bless,
A life of strife and storm,
Till the chill wind of fickleness
Came blighting o'er its form;
And then it droop'd—it wither'd—died!
And life has no such flower beside.

But words are vain!—the thoughts that rise
Are known but to the soul;
Yet passion breathes itself in sighs
In spite of my controul;
The tale those sighs had wished to tell
Now ends in one last sad—farewell!

EDWARD REGINALD.

Song.

APRIL flowers are fair to sight,
But they wither while they please,
Frosty winds their beauties blight,
And they fade by swift degrees.

I have found them in the morn,
Breathing delicate perfume,
But at eve on my return
I beheld them on their tomb.

Youth's the April day of life,
Beauty is an April flow'r,
Blighted soon by want or grief,
Or by the rude spoiler's pow'r.

Time, inexorable Time,
Loveth not the fair and young,
Soon he deems those charms a crime
Which at longest last not long.
And the nymph we all admir'd,
A few yesterdays ago,
Whose bright eyes each heart inspir'd,
With Hope's pleasurable glow ;
When a few short years have fled,
Will have faded on our view,
For the flowers will all be dead,
Which no spring can ere renew.

H.

Duelling.

THE practice of duelling, if intended as a means of recovering lost honour, or healing wounded reputation, appears to me the most barbarous and stupid of all the customs we have retained of our Gothic semi-cultivated ancestors. If a villain seduce my wife or debauch my child, what can be more absurd than my seeking to give him an opportunity of increasing and consummating his delinquency, by standing at a certain distance, that he should have the chance of blowing out my brains? This, however, is the real state of the case; for those who are most punctilious in the laws of honour, disclaim the most distant idea of wishing for the destruction of their antagonist. They enter the field to shew the world, that because they have had the misfortune of being cuckolds, they are not cowards; that because a knave has abused their confidence, they forsooth are careless of their own lives, or that because a man broadly hints he cannot believe all they say, they have nerves strong enough to stand before the muzzle of a loaded pistol. The quality of courage in all these instances has as little relation to the cause of quarrel as the throw of a dice to a sullied reputation. If the world absurdly enough attach infamy to the misfortune of a man who has been the dupe of a villain, surely a leaden bullet in its passage through the body cannot remove the stain. If a man feels that he ought not

to believe what I say, surely the chance of rendering the children of both of us fatherless, and our wives widows, cannot establish my veracity. The only things that the duellist can establish, are his carelessness or his courage ; the one shews his strength of nerve, the other his folly ; and both, in their utmost degree, do not in the least imply that he may not be a liar and a villain. If a fool bribe the waiter of the coffee-house I frequent, to paste up a paper accusing me of refusing to risk the loss of my life, or my limbs, because he very justly perhaps puts no value on either, -am I to deprive my family, my friends, and my country, of whatever services I can render them ? As easily might he convince me, that if he choose to commit suicide, I ought to follow his example. A fear of bodily injury, and a shunning of death when it can be of no advantage to society, do not imply the absence of generous and noble and honorable sentiments. Insensibility to danger is often owing to thoughtlessness, often to constitutional obtuseness of nerve, and has nothing to do, or at least but in a remote degree, with a man's genius or moral excellence. Women are more cowardly than men, though I think in general they are more virtuous ; they are more apprehensive and timid, only because they are more delicate.

After all, I believe that every duellist enters the field with the hope that it may be his good fortune to get out of the affair snugly and comfortably ; that he may enjoy the false reputation of being careless of existence, of setting no value on God's first gift, of being tasteless enough to consent to risk the shutting of his eyes for ever on the glories of earth, sea, and sky ; of being undeterred by the idea of his wife in widow's sable weeds, surrounded with hardly a sympathizing eye but those of her orphan children—I say the duellist hopes to have the mighty reputation of being careless of all these, safely and soundly. Each of the combatants in many cases, could their real sentiments be known, hopes that the ill directed pistol, the ambiguous apology, the humanity of seconds, the cowardice of their antagonist, or the well-timed interposition of the thief-takers of Bow Street, may convince the world that they were perfectly ready to brave the laws of God and their country, to rush into an awful because unknown state of being, murdering and murdered ; that they were perfectly ready to force their wife perhaps to seek for shelter in the bosom of another, whose prudence might longer preserve it, while their children might be fortunate in calling that other by the endearing appellation of father ; I say, when the world

is perfectly convinced of all this, and yet the duellist sleeps in a whole skin, and lays on a dainty couch instead of being in a leaden coffin, he has attained his greatest ambition. He has gained all the glory, such as it is, without the damage. He may be said to be perfectly happy, if he can quiet his conscience with regard to the wickedness of his intention, or the disastrous influence of his example.

I am determined never to fight a duel. To obtain a reparation for great injuries I shall apply to the laws; for petty insults, my own arm shall do me justice. Whoever uses me with indecency or rudeness shall know what a cane, a stick, and a bold heart can do. My want of strength shall be made up by the toughness of my weapon; but I cannot murder. Whilst I preserve my senses, the most irreparable injury, the most cruel injustice shall not induce me voluntarily to risk taking the life of another, and losing my own. The man, who unprovokedly and intentionally insults me, cannot be a gentleman. He has voluntarily placed himself beneath me, and can no longer expect to be used by me on the footing of an equal. To meet such a man in what is called the field of honour, is recognizing his claim, and placing him in a rank which he has forfeited. I should as soon think of joining in combat with the dog that barks at me. A cane or a horse-whip are the only weapons he is worthy of.

On the other hand, if ever I do heedlessly offend any one, I am eager to make an apology; if ever I should act so meanly as to make use of unprovoked insult, I am certain the consciousness of self-debasement, which would follow, would render me incapable of defending myself from merited punishment. Until I made a sufficient reparation, I should consider honour as lost, and with it, I am afraid, courage and spirit. Nothing makes a greater coward of a man, than the loss of self-esteem, and that loss must be felt in some degree by every one who commits an unworthy action. On such occasions,

"Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires."

This, like all Shakesperian painting, is in keeping with nature. The brave and honorable soldier had been guilty of cruelty to the woman that loved him; then, and only then, he felt his arm impotent; he knew he had acted basely, and therefore he fancied himself a coward.

If I have hitherto expressed my horror at the practice of duelling, even when it can plead in excuse the provocation of in-

juries, at which the heart sickens; of deprivations which carry with them all the ingredients of our earthly happiness, how much more would I declaim, were it in my power, against that affected nicety of honour, which wishes to persuade the world it is wounded by the most trifling occurrences. The refusal to drink a particular toast, the insolence or heedlessness of a servant, or even a quarrel betwixt the dogs of the parties, is reckoned a sufficient reason for committing a crime, at which nature shudders. I well remember a duel which took place in consequence of a long disputed argument, concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of America. The *friends* of the parties decided that the matter could not be accommodated, and the affair terminated fatally. From my knowledge of the parties, I am warranted in saying, that

Happier in my mind was he that died,
For many deaths has the survivor suffered;

That survivor was in the warm bloom of youth. He whom he slew had been his friend, and such was the effect of the circumstance on the sorrowing victor, that he renounced all the visions of hope, all the ardent emotions of high enterprize, to bury his youth, his genius, and his acquirements, in a solitude, from which he intends never to emerge.

I am well aware, and have often regretted, that the officers of the army and navy are, by the ideas vulgarly entertained of their profession, in a manner compelled to stifle the voice of conscience, and risk or sacrifice that life in the pettiest private quarrel, which they had dedicated to the service of their country. As in the articles of war there is an express prohibition against duelling, it follows that an officer must either commit a military offence, or if his bravery has not been already very conspicuous, be stigmatized as a coward. He is betwixt Scylla and Charibdis, without the power of avoiding both; I am of opinion, however, that the soldier who voluntarily loses, or even risks his life in his own personal concerns, is by such an act defrauding his country, which had bargained for and calculated upon his services. He is in the situation of a man who has engaged to hold himself in readiness for a particular purpose, but who violates the contract by going about a business of his own. I grant that in compliance with vulgar prejudice he is obliged to act thus inconsistently with his duty, and I cannot help admiring the pleasing manner in which a brave officer of the navy contrived to get out of the dilemma. Being appointed to a ship, in which almost all the

officers were young hot-headed Irishmen, who were fond of the slightest occasion for duelling, he once for all informed them, that he was perfectly ready to fight any of them, for whatever reason they might think proper, or for no reason at all, but that the meeting should take place immediately after breakfast, and on a condition which none but a coward would refuse, that was, that previously to firing, each of the parties should place the muzzle of his pistol in the other's mouth. It is almost needless to add, that he never received a challenge; no one, in his sober moments, relishing the certainty of this mode of deciding the controversy.

He who is forced by the prejudice of custom, and against his better reason, to go forth armed against the life of another, if he have a really humane and sensitive mind, must be in a pitiable situation; to be conquered or conquering must be to him almost a matter of indifference. Should his hand be stained with blood, the plaudits of a thousand fools can never bring peace to his bosom. The following anecdote will shew what effect even the involuntary destruction of an enemy had upon a mind imbued with the principles of christian charity, forbearance, and peace.

Sir Simeon Baling, a respectable merchant, at one of our first commercial sea ports, had, from beginning with a very small capital, amassed considerable property. Death having deprived him of a wife he tenderly loved, he retired at about the age of fifty, from the bustle of the counting-house, to a small villa he had purchased. Here, having little taste for the active amusements of the country, and being naturally of a lusty habit of body, his infirmities in a few years increased so much, that he found it an unpleasant exertion to walk across his garden. At last, his only means of enjoying the fresh air, were from his window, or in fine weather when drawn across the lawn, in a wheeled machine, by his two amiable daughters, now blooming in the sweetness of youth and beauty. The easy good nature, and unassuming unostentatious philanthropy of Sir Simeon, and the angelic forms and dispositions of his two lovely girls, formed a society recalling to the mind the happy era of Eden; a bliss which saints might delight to behold, and fiends might envy. Alas! how soon was the sweet serenity of his abode to be disturbed by the frenzy of ungovernable licentious passion. A villain, with the name though not with the honour of a British officer, beheld the youngest of Sir Simeon's daughters at church. Her innocence

and her loveliness stimulated his lascivious appetite ; and he dared to offer her his hand, whilst he was already the husband of another. His criminality was detected, and Sir Simeon fully exposed his character, in a letter addressed to the commanding officer of the regiment to which the wretch belonged. This was all the revenge that the meek disposition of Sir Simeon ever designed to take. "Leave him to heaven," said he, as he kissed off the tear from the cheek of his insulted daughter, "he is a villain and must be miserable ; thank God we detected him in time."

It was a fine autumnal evening ; the sun, on his downward course, emitted a stream of yellow radiance on the brown ripened leaf. The balmy stillness of the air was uninterrupted but by the warbling from the trees, and day seemed sinking serene and calm, like the last moments of a well spent existence. Sir Simeon, as he sat at the termination of one of the walks on his wheeled vehicle, which had been drawn thither by his daughters, felt his heart more than ordinarily in unison with the placid sweetness of the hour. He was an admirer of the peaceful scenes of nature, and he requested to be left alone, that he might indulge in meditation. The mind, which is rendered ardent by the energy of passion, finds its feelings assimilated to the war of the elements ; the meek, the guiltless, and the unaspiring, find delight in their repose.

Sir Simeon was aroused from his reverie by a rustling noise at the wall behind him, and some one dropped from the top. Immediately a figure stood before him, with all the wild and haggard looks of rage and intoxication. "I have now found you, Sir Simeon," exclaimed he, in a voice which seemed the screaming howl of a demon, "you have traduced my character, you have ruined me in the opinion of my commanding officer—my honour is injured,"—"Honour!" interrupted Sir Simeon, "does such a wretch talk of honour ? You, who would have seduced my child, who would have loaded an innocent female with infamy?" "All this may be very true," returned the other, "but by all that's sacred, none shall impeach my honour, and go unpunished. Here are two pistols ; take your choice." "Not for the world," replied Sir Simeon. "Madman ! could I presume to send thee to thy Maker, with all thy load of guilt unexpiated by repentance ? Pray heaven for mercy ; God may yet forgive thee." "Stale cowardice," replied his furious intruder, "I came here not to pray, but to fight. Take your pistol, or by my injured

honour, I shall this moment terminate your existence." Sir Simeon seemed struck with horror, while his fingers unconsciously grasped the pistol. His violent adversary staggered a few paces backward, and fired. Almost at the same moment was heard the report of the pistol held by Sir Simeon. The smoke from the discharges had not yet dissipated, ere the long domesticated nurse of the young ladies rushed forwards. She had hitherto been rendered torpid, by being a terrified, though distant spectator of the scene. Her outcries alarmed the lovely daughters of her master, and in a moment they were on the spot. They flew to their father, and encircled him in their arms. "I am not hurt, my dears," said he; "the ball aimed at my life has passed by me harmless. Obtain assistance to secure that madman from further mischief." "Secure whom—where!" said the females, looking fearfully around. In a moment they uttered a wild scream of terror. Sir Simeon directed his eye to the ground before him: there lay the inanimate body of his assailant, bathed in blood. For an instant, its involuntary destroyer raised a supplicatory look to heaven; again he cast his eye to the spectacle of horror before him, but quickly covered them with his hands. By this time almost all the servants had arrived. They crowded around their master, who yet altered not his position. "Speak to us, dear father," said his daughters, "this silence has something horrible in it. Oh! speak to us." With the anxiety of undefined terror, they gently moved his unresisting hands—a livid tint overspread the countenance, and the fixed unconscious eye proclaimed the awful change which had taken place. The throbbings of a heart of mild and generous sympathy, had ceased for ever, and his soul was wafted to heaven on sighs of regret for the involuntary punishment of his persecutor.

R.

Adela.

ON Ben Lomond's heights, the sun was declining,
 And the heav'ns were bright with its farewell ray,
 The moon, in her orbit, was faintly shining,
 The mild star of eve, told the close of day ;
 When Adela wander'd abroad with her lover,
 In his converse the feast of souls to share ;
 For a friendly angel did round them hover,
 And charm'd with hope's roses, the thorns of care.

Her raven locks rose on the breeze of the mountain,
 Her dark eye was bright, and it shone thro' a tear,
 But her love kiss'd that tear from its crystal fountain,
 And the voice of Affection saluted her ear.

" E'en summer skies, love, must sometimes be clouded ;
 Affliction will oft blight the blossoms of bliss ;
 But when Adela's eye is with sorrow's dew shrouded,
 Her Henry shall banish the tear with a kiss."

H.

Sonnets.

HOPE.

FAIRER than spring, when its gay world of flowers
 Receives the aromatic breath of May,
 And youthful lovers meet, in myrtle bowers,
 In glances speak, and sigh their souls away,
 Art thou, blest Hope, bright daughter of the sky,
 For paradise is in thy presence found,
 For pain and sadness from thy dwelling fly,
 And where thou art, joys ever young abound :
 Thy voice is music, heaven is in thy smile,
 Sorrow doth cease to weep when thou art by ;
 Thy blissful dreams the aching heart beguile,
 And gladness to the fainting soul supply !
 Yea, all our miseries, as things forgotten, flee,
 When the mind's horizon is beam'd upon by thee.

DESPAIR.

GRIEF sometimes is an extacy refin'd,
For which with vulgar mirth, we well may part ;
But despair is the winter of the mind ;
It kills the last joy ling'ring in the heart :
The wretch who feels its baneful influence
To life's best blessings still is cold and dead ;
To him there is no heaven, no providence,
The glooms of Hades circumsfuse his head ;
And tho' the summer, and the spring combine,
Imagination's cloud to dissipate,
At nature's carnival he doth repine,
There is no sun to cheer his hopeless fate,
And none can e'er his solitary woe console,
Alas ! 'tis evermore December in his soul !

LOVE.

If happiness to mortals ere is given,
And if true joy is ever tasted here,
It is when kindred souls have found their heaven
In the sweet amity of love sincere ;
Happiness is not to be won with gold.
Nor does it wear the purple robe of state,
The kingly sceptre it did never hold,
And seldom is it found among the great :
But it abides with innocence and youth
In solitude, in noiseless rural bowers ;
There, in communion high, with heav'n born truth,
The virtues, dignify the fleeting hours :
And Nature's awful Sire, from his eternal throne,
Doth on the children of his love well pleas'd look down.

H.

The Coliseum.

WITHIN the Coliseum's mighty wall,
At once the shame and glory of old Rome,
The people were assembled, one vast mass,
Patrician and Plebeian, high born dames,
And damsels beautiful to look upon.
With beating hearts and anxious eyes, that wait
The coming of the Gladiator, counting,
In hot anticipation, the few moments
That fate allows him in the strife to toil.
Oh ! 'tis a glorious sight for mortal eye ;
Could but the heart divest itself of thought
Of what hath thus assembled such an host.

Ten thousand plumes are nodding on the brows
Of noble dames and warriors ; on the air
The breathings of thrice thirty thousand rise ;
Hark ! the low trumpet's long and mournful note,
It heralds the unhappy. Lo ! they come,
A stern variety of Mis'ry's sons,
Asian and European, Greek and Turk.
Afric's dark children, and the sons of Spain,
Danube's fair offspring, and the painted Celt,
Studded with suns and stars,—the red hair'd Dane ;
Captives of every nation, o'er whose soil
The victor eagle spread his blood-stain'd wing.
With melancholy step they pace the stage,
Scarce looking on the throng for whose delight
They are selected ; on their brawny arms,
Glitters the targe, and from their sun-bronz'd necks
The short-strait blade of death suspended hangs.
'Tis silence ! Not a breath is heard : all eyes
Are fix'd upon the victims !—'tis a silence,
Awful as that short stillness which precedes
The soul's departure, when upon the lips
It pausing floats, ere the fierce struggle comes,
The dreadful struggle with the power it feels

Bitterly feels, will be the conqueror.
Listen!—'tis broken! Eager voices now
Are heard, and lips that erst were closely fix'd,
Now trembling with impatience, quickly move.
Some loud in admiration of the forms,
The god-proportion'd forms, which they behold;
Some staking gold on power of arm and limb,
As their deep judgment in such matters leads.

High on his throne of elephant and gold,
For which the farthest sands of Hindostan
And Africa, with Rome's best blood were fatt'ned,
Sat their proud monarch, calm and statue-like;
His marble brow and full dark eye unmoved,
Calm as the lake upon a summer's eve,
When winds are far;—but what was felt within,
Who could interpret. Hark! another sound
Is heard, the voices of the multitude,
Rising in hoarse, and hollow murmurings,
Like to the rushing wind, among the shrouds
Of some vast navy. Hark! the trumpet's note
Gives forth the signal for the work of blood.
Forth steps a son of Britain, and of Spain.
Now every eye is bent upon the pair,
Doom'd to the combat. Foot to foot they stand,
And eye, and hand, and heart, are firm—they smite
And guard, and smite, and smite, and guard again,
Shift, and regain, charge, parry, thrust, and then
For breathing pause—Heavily down their brows
The briny drops descend—again they join
In conflict; downward falls the massy blade
Of the fierce savage on the Spaniard's brow,—
His crashing head upon his shoulder sinks,—
His soul escapes in blood, death seals his eyes;
Ten thousand shouts of horrible applause
Ring thro' the amphitheatre; on high
Ten thousand white arms wave. Hush! they have ceas'd;
The sounds have died away on the far breeze
That wantons 'mid the hills. Grim expectation
Again sits on each brow:—another pair
Come forth to perish. Long and bloodily

They strive ;—they fall together, lock'd in death.
 Another, and another pair succeed,
 Until the heart grows madd'ned at the sight,
 And half rebels against the power that bids
 Such blood be spilt to amuse his moody hours.
 Half rising to the lip the angry voice
 Murmurs what fain the spirit would send forth :
 Why smite you not your tyrants in their pride ?
 Oh ! for the soul of him, whose mighty arm,
 Bursting its chains against the oppressor, rose,
 And bent to earth the haughty of his time.
 The Gladiator, Spartacus, who shew'd
 What a brave spirit when resolv'd can do.
 But ye are tame, bow'd down by suffering,
 Hard toil, and long confinement, and sharp want,
 Which have borne hard upon ye. Hark ! that sound !
 It is the trumpet's mournful voice again ;
 It heralds ye to death, yet why should death
 Be yours ? Why should ye bleed ? Why suffer
 Merely to soothe the infernal deities ?
 When (did the spirit of that Spartacus
 But dwell within ye) ye might proudly tread
 Their Via Sacra, built with human blood,
 And Arcus Triumphales, with a step
 As firm and free, as do your murd'ers now.
 But oh ! ye have it not,—Listen ! again
 The fell death-summons rings within your ears ;
 Ye die. Now silence comes again, and all
 Are breathless with anxiety ; the scene
 Is changing ; men no more with men contend,
 But with the captive monarchs of the wood.
 Fierce from his dungeon, to the glaring light
 Of the bright day, and the hot scorching sun,
 Rushes the tiger. Wild he looks around,
 And catching of his foe one fatal glance,
 Crouches, preparing for the deadly spring.
 Desperately firm the Grecian stands, his eye
 Fix'd on the front of his fell adversary ;
 Close his full lip, and firmly bent his brow,
 His weapon trembling in his tight'ning grasp.

List ! to that shout of loud applause, the beast
Has sprung, and has been foil'd ; the ready blade
Of his too nimble foe has pierc'd his heart ;
And the wild clapping of ten thousand hands
Is the poor meed for all his suffering,
Anxiety and dread, if dread were felt,
And pain, and want, and loss of liberty.
Crown'd, from the spot amid their shouts he's borne.
Another fills his place : oppos'd to him,
The Nubian^{and}ion stalks from out his den
Slowly and proud and fearlessly ; his eyes
Bent on his foe ; his firm and sinewy frame
By hunger tortur'd, now dilates with rage.
As in the Arena, he snuffs the blood
Of those who lately fell, with one wild roar
He springs upon his heedless adversary ;
He rends him, yet is slain. The steel, more firm,
Than was its wearer's heart, has enter'd his ;
They die amid the shouts of multitudes,
And smiles, and waving of fair women's hands.
Women, with soft and dimpled cheeks, and eyes,
Mild as the heavens, but hearts,—oh ! call them not
By such a name,—hearts that can beat serene,
Nay, beat with pleasure at the waste of blood,
Deserve not men's esteem. Another scene
Approaches ! 'Tis the last of one whose mind
Has dar'd to differ from his fellow men,
In worshipping that Power who made us all,
And whom all nations, tho' in various ways,
Adore, yet how few imitate : he comes !
With count'nance calm, and melancholy brow,
And heart where firm determination dwells ;
His cheek is pale, but his full eye is bright ;
The fierce applause has into silence sunk,
And the dead calm, that has succeeded it,
Is like the sullen quiet of the ocean,
When the rude winds are laid. The headsman's block,
And the limb-torturing rack are standing there,
With all the grim array that bigotry

And superstition use to scare those hearts
That scorn their shackles. The proud priest of him,
Men call'd the Thunderer, with iron brow
And eye of horn, is gazing on his victim.
Less merciful than the fell forest king's
Is the cold heart that beats within his bosom.

Now comes the proud procession ! Beauteous boys
And fair hair'd girls, with sacred garlands deck'd,
And solemn visag'd priest, an holy band,
Their victim in the midst, onward proceeds
To the high Thunderer's fane ; the question's put,
The bitter test of faith ; bitter alone
To falterers in the cause : 'tis answer'd, and
Bound on the rack th' unhappy Christian lies ;
Stretch'd to its utmost, the fell engine groans
Beneath the strain ; the sufferer's joints unlock'd,
Start from their beds, but not a groan escapes ;
Or if a word has pass'd his lips, 'tis but
To beg a blessing on his persecutors,
And that the sacred Power whom he adores,
Will shew them the true light to happiness.
Hark ! to the voice that thro' the area rings !
Enough of suffering has been his ; the block,
The block is loud demanded, feeling pity
At so much firmness in an unbeliever ;
For so they deem'd him, having not the eyes
To see that he believ'd ; *blinded with faith,*
And yet refusing others to enjoy
The faith they feel the true one. Loud they ask
For death to the refractory, and death
Comes at their call, welcome to them, to him,
Their tortured victim patiently he lies ;
Till the fell steel, swift as the falcon's flight
From his high station, 'mid the clouds of heaven,
Down to the earth, where cowers the timid bird,
On his bare neck descends ; the sever'd head
Dropping black gore, flies far ; the quiv'ring trunk
A moment feels convuls'd, then silent drops,
One shout rings thro' the amphitheatre.

Then all is silent, silent as the corpse
Of him they murder'd there—the crowd are gone,
The victors and their victim. Slow the shades
Of night come over the proud Coliseum,
And darkness hides from all the scene of blood.

S. R. J.

Literary Scraps.

To the Editor of the Literary Speculum.

SIR,—Although your work appears to be entirely devoted to original subjects, you may probably think it worth while to give place to the following extracts from the common-place book of a reading man, as they are of a literary nature, and not likely to be generally known. Should these meet a favorable reception, I shall be induced to fill another spare corner, at a future opportunity.

Your's, respectfully

Q.

Perseverance.—The Rev. William Cary, curate of Lastleigh, in Devonshire, completed, in the year 1809, a work entitled “A System of Divinity,” which extends to twenty-six volumes. He first attempted to publish it by subscription, but not succeeding, he formed the singular resolution of printing it by his own hand labour. To effect this, he purchased as many worn out and cast-off types of a country printer, as were sufficient to set up two pages, and made a press for himself. With these materials he went to work in 1795, performing every operation himself, and working off page by page. He struck off forty copies of the first three hundred pages, twenty-six of which he distributed among the universities, the bishops, the Royal Society, and the reviews. Disappointed at not receiving the encouragement he expected from this proceeding, he resolved to spare himself any further expense of paper upon those before whom he had thrown pearls in vain; and as he had only reserved fourteen copies of the forty with which he had commenced, fourteen only he continued to print, and at the end of

twelve years of unremitting toil, he finished the whole twenty-six volumes; a rare morceau for the bibliomaniacs of the next century!

A parallel to the above is to be found in Fransham, the Norwich Pagan, who died in 1811. He one day made this remark: "Every man has some great object which he wishes to accomplish, and why should not I have mine? I will choose such an one as no mortal being ever yet chose, and which no one less than the gods would ever think of attempting. I will get a cup and ball, and I will catch the ball on the spiked end six hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty six times." And this he actually accomplished!

Typographical Correctness.—In the printing-house of Henry Stevens, every person spoke Latin, from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old maid who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised a louis d'or to any person that should discover an error in it.

The Tree of Life.—In that part of the Romance of Lancelot du Lake which relates to the Sainet Graal, there is a curious account of the Tree of Life, which is more likely to be the traditionary belief of that age, than the invention of the mystical romancer who added these wild and incongruous fictions to the story.

"When Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, Eve still carried in her hand, unconsciously, the fatal branch which she had plucked from the forbidden tree; and casting her eyes upon it, and calling to mind all the evil of which it had been the occasion, she resolved that she would keep it for ever, as a memorial of her great misadventure. But then she recollected that she had neither coffer nor hutch to keep it in, for in those times it was not yet the custom to have such things, so she planted it upright in the earth, and by the will of the Lord it struck root, and became a great tree. Now the trunk and the branches and the leaves of this tree, were all as white as a peeled nut, that it might be a type of virginity, and by reason that she who planted it was yet a virgin. One day while they were lamenting their fall under this tree, a voice came forth from it and comforted them, so that thenceforth they took great joy

in beholding it, and called it the Tree of Life, and planted many slips from it, all of which grew, and were white like their parent stock.

“ But when, by the command of the Lord, Adam knew Eve his wife and she conceived of Abel under that tree, then the whole tree became green, and then it began to flower and produce fruit, which it had not done till then, and all the young trees which proceeded from it after that time, partook of the same nature, but those which had grown before continued white, after its former nature. And when Abel and his brother Cain grew up, and Cain killed Abel under that tree, upon the very place where he was begotten, then the tree became of the colour of blood, and from that day forth it never put forth fruit or flower, neither could any young tree be raised from it, but it continued just as it was, neither bettering nor worsening. Nevertheless, the trees which sprang from it, retained each its own nature, according to the nature of the stock at the time they were set off. And they continued thus till the time of the flood, and the waters of the flood, which destroyed all other things, did nothing harm these trees, and thus they continued till the age of Solomon.”

Number of Letters in Voltaire's Works.—In a number of the *Journal de la Librairie*, published at Paris in 1817, a new and complete edition of Voltaire's Works is announced, in 12 vols. octavo. The bookseller apprizes the public, that each volume will contain a thousand pages, each page fifty lines, and each line fifty-five letters. By a little simple calculation it will be found that the literature, poetry, philosophy and history of Voltaire, are comprised in thirty-three millions of letters!

Short Words!—In 1661, a book of natural history was published, at Oxford, by Robert Lovell, under this comprehensive title, *Panzooligicominalogia*: and the author signed himself, in Greek characters, *Philotheologia tronmos!*

Ballad.

MORGAN-AP-RAND.

MORGAN-AP-RAND is come down in the vale
With the foam on his steed and the rust on his mail,
He rides not with target, he rides not with lance,
But his heart is as strong and as piercing his glance ;
O where is the peasant on Cambria's land
Who shakes not to hear of bold Morgan-ap-Rand ?

Morgan-ap-Rand has no page at his call,
For his slumbers no couch, for his courser no stall ;
He prances afar with no store for his lack,
No purse at his saddle, no squire at his back ;
Yet the haughtiest noble that sways in our land
Would bend his proud crest to bold Morgan-ap-Rand.

Though the trumpet of war hath forgotten to speak,
There are spots on his blade, there are scars on his cheek,
There are shrieks in the valley and groans on the hill,
And curses on Morgan are echoing still.

Yet the boldest and bravest of knights in our land,
Would shake to avenge them on Morgan-ap-Rand.

The proud Lord of Denbigh his vengeance averred,
And forty bold vassals rode forth at his word,
But the sharp spur of Morgan was dashed in his steed,
Like light'ning his eye, and like light'ning his speed ;
He scaled the high turrets, and red was the brand,
Ere morning appeared, of bold Morgan-ap-Rand.

The chieftain of Denbigh is reeking in blood,
And a ruinous mass where his proud turrets stood,
The savage avenger hath fled from the plain,
And the vassals of Denbigh may sorrow in vain,
Oh ! swift is the courser and sharp is the brand,
And dreadful the vengeance of Morgan-ap-Rand

J. G. G.

The Port Folio.

(Inserted in the Port-folio of a Lady.)

I SING the gay Port-folio : meeter far
For theme heroic than the Frogs and Mice
In Homer's strain immortalized of yore ;
Or heel disparted of a ploughman's shoe,
Clumsy and coarse, by gent's Cowper sung ;
Or, " splendid shilling ;" or the wat'ry fate
Of mischievous Grimalkin, sous'd in tub
Of glittering fish, with bootless plunge and mew,
By classic Gray eternalized in song.

Sweet are the farewell-tones of tedious friends,
Receding footsteps of a clamorous dun,
Or miser's death-bell to his longing heir ;
Sweet to the poet is his evening hour
Of conversazione with the " blues,"
When forth the sonnet comes, and smiles and smirks
Give threefold zest to muffins and Bohea ;
But sweeter far, when savage winter reigns,
In elbowed and well-cushioned chair to lounge
At ease, with foot on fender or warm stool,
And rummage the Port-folio of the fair.

Perchance the splendid cover marbled o'er
With many hues, and round the edge extreme
With gay morocco, blue, or scarlet bound,
Awhile attracts the eye ; but sated soon
With superficial and exterior grace,
We twitch with tremblingly impatient hand
Apart the trusted bows of ribband green
That lock its varied treasures from the gaze ;
Treasures indeed ! uphoarded from the date
Of sweet fifteen ; trophies of conquests past
O'er hearts as youthful ; there may ye espy
The earliest *Valentine*, with darts and flames,
Garlanded altars, doves and wedded hearts,

Roses, and love-lorn emblems crowded o'er.
 There, monuments at once of pride and taste,
 Innumerable *patterns* rest, antique perchance
 A few, and but for oddities preserved.
 Of flowery border to mamma's first flounce,
 Or grand-aunt's boddice on her bridal day;
 Of caps, and sleeves, and reticules and fans,
 And cushion for the stool of favoured pug.
 Next, various efforts of the Muses twin
 Of poetry and painting, catch the eye.
 Cascades and cottages and sun-burnt swains
 Dancing in rural mirth the May-pole round;
 Distracted milk-maid and her fallen pail;
 Cupid with poulticed finger stung by bee;
 Beasts, heroes, flow'rs, and mariners wooden-legged.
 Sonnets from all her lovers mingle there
 In crow-quill softness delicately penned,
 To butterfly upon her lip that perched,
 Or ringlet with audacious scizzars clipt,
 Her eyes, or lap-dog, ear-ring, or canary.
 There, doubt ye not, extracted with her own
 White hand, are Moore's delicious Lyrics stored;
 Sweet scraps of "Little" and Anacreon mixed,
 By frequent admiration thumb'd and creased.
 All else, in wild confusion, mingled lies,
 Acrostics endless, rebusses, charades,
 Riddles and deep enigmas never solved.
 And haply, like the Dean's,* ne'er meant to be.
 Interpretations of remembered dreams,
 Prescriptions, dances, tunes, and recipes!

Such, and so laden, gentles, is the stored
 Port-folio of a lady; worthless some,
 And some invaluable;—at the least I know
 One blest with more than ordinary grace—
 'Tis honored with this matchless verse of mine.

J. G. G.

* Dean Swift once published a number of enigmas, charades, &c. and after hundreds had tortured their brains, to no purpose, for the solutions, declared they had none.

Toad Eaters.

Hamlet.—Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius.—By the mass! and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet.—Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius.—It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet.—Or like a whale?

Polonius.—Very like a whale.

SHAKESPEARE.

“ If this is blunt honesty,” says Vortex in the play, “ give me a little smooth-tongued roguery;” and so say half the world, who can purchase the appearance of attachment, without the repulsive condition of being always obliged to listen to the truth. Flattery is a quality so grateful to the human heart, that it is difficult to resist its influence, even when convinced of the insincerity of the person who offers it. We are cajoled by the reflection that we deserve praise, and it is a matter of indifference from whom we receive it. Few reflect, that

Sought from cowards and the lying mouth
Praise is reproach ;

and they accept it, not as a matter of courtesy, but an act of justice. Hence has arisen that numerous tribe of persons, called Toad Eaters. There are so many situations of life, in which Toad Eating becomes a profitable profession; it gains its object so easily, and requires so few qualifications, that we have little reason to be surprised at the numbers who embrace it. The requisites for a Toad Eater are rather of a negative than a positive description. A large share of self-denial and patience, and the power of suppressing one's feelings, are almost all that is required. To some minds these would appear insuperable difficulties. There are few who can philosophize away their passions, and suppress the emotions of resentment and chagrin; there are few who can smile under the lash of satire, and become the passive instruments of another's caprices, and indeed if a man were not naturally divested of feeling, or had not previously reasoned away all sensitiveness, by placing before his view the powerful stimulus of interest, and the advantages he should ultimately gain, it would be difficult to fill the office with sa-

tisfaction to his patron or advantage to himself. But parasites are not cast in the ordinary mould of men. With them interest is the absorbing principle, that swallows up all other feelings, and they laugh in their sleeve at the credulity which can attach sincerity to their professions.

Toad Eaters are of both sexes, and to be found in all the grades of society. The females generally attach themselves to unmarried ladies of fortunes,—rich spinsters without incumbrance, on the wrong side of forty, who have flirted away their summer days, and exchanged the suavity of youth for the petulance of age. Heaven help those who have to administer to the whims of these vinegar-tempered virgins, whose nervous temperament imparts an additional acidity to the natural sourness of their dispositions. They are “of all humours that have shewn themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam,” with all which the unfortunate toad-eaters must sympathize. They are required to unite the most contradictory qualities: to say and unsay; to talk and be silent; to laugh and weep; to rejoice and be sad; to pity and condemn; and in brief, to travel with their protectors round the whole circle of contrarieties. Like other actors, they sometimes forget their parts, or mistake the meaning of their patroness, and instead of strengthening her arguments, they by some unlucky inadvertancy, throw all the force of their reasoning into the opposite scale; but they have an infallible resource in such cases, and an extra dose of flattery generally heals the wound.

Old bachelors without heirs, and whose frequent visits to the Bank have induced a belief that they are warm, attract a host of Toad-Eaters around them, who are ready to submit to any degradation, for the chance of a corner in their will. Their peculiarities are studied, their opinions subscribed to, and their peevishness humoured; in short all that is grateful to one party, and degrading to the other is put into practice, for the remote prospect of a legacy which they may never receive; or in the hope of profiting by that friendship, which they may never secure. It is amusing to observe the attentions they pay to the crabbed Cæsus, when they have the good-fortune to have him under their roofs. His predilections and antipathies are carefully studied; and they lay wait beforehand for every expression that may enlighten them on the subject of his likings and aversions. On that day, the children are under a temporary banishment, lest their prattle should disturb the

comfort of their guest, who has been heard to remark how much he hated the squalling of brats. The snug arm-chair is placed by the fire with an extra cushion and a footstool; and he is listened to as a Sir Oracle, with a gravity and a deference, that would provoke the risibility of a Stoic. Let it not be supposed that these preparations for his comfort are regarded with the complacency they would seem to deserve. It is not in his nature to be satisfied. "Ha! a turkey.—Humph! Can't say I like turkey. Never liked it, since Alderman Greedy helped me to a tough drumstick, because he knew I was partial to the breast. You've got no soles. Ha! I'm fond of soles. Never touch salmon, and I hate turbot."—"Really, I'm very sorry that...."—"Dare say you are. Can't help my aversions, you know. Never mind, I'll try next course. Ducks! Ha, I never eat ducks. Too strong for me. I'll try your beef. Must trouble you again. Always eat it under-done. Woud'nt give a fig for it without the gravy. Take peas, did you say? Can't bear peas: don't agree with me. 'Sparagus? No: I hate 'sparagus. You may help me to a potatoe. Very watery though. Marrow pudding? No: too rich. Plain pudding? No: not rich enough. Don't distress yourself. Make a good dinner yet. I'll wait for the cheese. Can manage a fill-up with bread and cheese. You've got no Stilton, I see. Ha! I love Stilton."—"I'm sure if I'd known".... "Oh, never mind: I'll take a bit of your Cheshire. Too new though; and t'other's too old."—"Dear me!" exclaims the hostess, "I am very sorry you've made such an indifferent dinner. And, really, I flattered myself I had hit your palate to a nicety."—"Dare say you did, madam. Can't help these things, you know. Generally make a good dinner at home, though." We'll suppose the cloth cleared, and the wine and dessert on the table. These are honoured with as few encomiums; but by the time he has swallowed a bottle, his ruggedness softens into a complacent egotism. "Suppose you've been at the Bank, to-day, Sir," says mine host, with a simper. "You monied gentlemen are always at the Bank."—"Oh yes; done a trifle this morning; made a few hundreds. Like a little exercise that way, just to keep one from rusting. It's a bit of amusement for me, and helps to pass away time."—"Very pretty pastime, Sir, I think." "Ha! ha!—you're right. You're right. Come, I'll give you the good old lady of Threadneedle Street. I'll drink her in a bumper, though I can't say much for your port. Come, fill, fill."—"With all my heart, Sir. Here's

the good old lady of Threadneedle Street. I wish I were in her good graces."—"Time enough yet; time enough yet. Got a snug corner for you in a certain bit of paper."—"Much obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure. Don't expect such a thing I assure you. Hope you may live many years to enjoy your wealth."—"Hope I may. Dare say I shall. Not very old, you know. Only sixty-eight. Hearty as a buck. No wife to perplex me, no children to vex me. Free as air. Can't fret, you know. Care for nothing, so as I can keep a bit in the Bank, and take a glass with a friend. Friends are better than relations. Thank the lord, I've none to trouble me; and when I die—"Pray heaven it be many, many years first," adds the Toad-Eater, with a sympathizing snivel.—"When I die, I say, those I most respected shall be most rewarded. I don't forget kindness."—"Nay, I'm sure you don't. Come, Sir, fill. This is a gloomy subject. The idea of your death makes me quite melancholy."—"And me too, I'm sure," adds his spouse; lifting her handkerchief to her eyes,

And if there's nothing there,
She wipes that nothing thence.

Thus, deceiving and deceived, the man of wealth and his parasite cajole each other; and when death at last carries him off, and his will is examined, the chances are a hundred to one, that he has either forgotten his Toad-Eater entirely, or left him five pounds for a mourning ring, as a testimony of his regard.

Who has more toad-eaters than a minister of state? They meet him at every turn, and bow down before the idol of circumstance with a reverence that was never paid to worth. In the senate and at the levee, the insects, who flutter in the sunshine of power, buzz the incense of flattery in his ears; for the sake of his patronage, they will cast at his feet their independence of mind, and every sentiment of honest virtue; and even prostitute the gifts of genius, for a courtier's smile. There's that wily politician, Decimus Duplex, who has sold himself to all parties for the last twenty years; talk to him of the disgracefulness of political prostitution, and what a pity it is that he should pervert the brilliant talents of which he is possessed, to serve a statesman's ends, and "my gentleman turns round upon you with the most civil triumph imaginable."—"My dear fellow, you never were more mistaken in your life: I am not his dupe; he is mine. Ha! ha! I laugh in my sleeve all the while." And thus he goes on, bartering his integrity, and debasing his

talents, for the "pride of place" and the crumbs of office, losing his own esteem, and gaining the contempt of mankind.

Your man of business has his Toad-Eaters ; and mournful is the reflection to what a depth of degradation the human mind will stoop for the sake of the paltry pittance that administers to subsistence. Observe the purse-proud merchant, surrounded by his clerks and dependants, and mark the deference with which they listen to him, and the cringing humility with which they address him. Does he deign to exchange a few words with his satellites? Every ear is open, every tongue on the alert, to coincide in his sentiments ; and if the great man is disposed to be jocular, every eye is lighted up with smiles ; while delight, expressed in all the gradations of laughter, from the suppressed titter of respect, to the open "ha ! ha ! ha !" evinces how highly they relish the flashes of his wit. His favorite theme is the power of money ; and he estimates characters, not by the moral but the commercial goodness of the individual. He yawns in your face if you talk about integrity, talents, or learning. He thinks with Hudibras that

The value of a thing

Is just so much money as 'twill bring ;

and while he despises merit with all his soul, he has a no less horror at poverty. Talk of riches, and he is your man ; and if you can detail the success of some brainless clod, who has amassed a fortune,—no matter by what means,—you may rivet his attention for a day together. Tell him that Mr. So-and-so, in the threadbare coat, is worth a plum ; that he has five stars as a proprietor of India Stock ; is a Bank director, and a great man at the Stock Exchange and the South Sea House, and he becomes an object to him of the highest veneration. He excuses the manner how he gained his wealth, because he *has* gained it ; and money, with him, "covers a multitude of sins." Its omnipotence he feels, and rejoices in it, without reflecting on the miserable figure he would cut, should that chance, which has invested him with wealth, ever deprive him of it. He knows not, that like the beast of the forest, he is valued only for his external worth, and that, when stripped of the costly skin, the carcass would be only regarded as filthy carrion. In all these notions of the supremacy of riches, he is confirmed by his Toad-Eaters, who not merely acquiesce in all he says, but strengthen his opinions by a thousand lies of their own invention.

Happy is it for him, if he goes through life undeceived ; for can he be less than happy, who feels himself possessed of that which can purchase all that the world can give ? But ah ! what can equal his wretchedness, should adversity thrust him from his elevated station, to mingle with the beings he despised, and to learn that though worth and merit have little regard in a money-loving world, the utter absence of both leaves no chance of even gaining a subsistence. That even if he become a Toad-Eater in turn, something more than flattery will be expected from the purse-proud arbiter of his destiny ; and that solid coin is not always exchanged for empty praise.

Song.

Oh ! turn me that dear sunny look of your own,
And whate'er be your fault, it that fault shall atone,
Like the sun when he comes from his cold cloud of showers,
And kisses the rain-drops away from the flowers.
I cannot be sad while I gaze on those eyes,
Nor mark the wild minute, as fleetly it flies—
Oh ! love's rosy moments we only shou'd keep
By the tick of the dew that his own roses weep ;
Or those dials, they tell us, but mark the dear hours,
By changes of fragrance breath'd forth from their flowers,
Which bloom the bright emblems of love and the heart,
Show the rose when we meet, and the thorn when we part.
Then turn me that dear sunny look of your own,
And my heart shall rekindle it, when I'm alone,
As the still lake reflects when the sun has gone down,
The last rays of glory that fell from his crown.

M. L. R.

SONG OF THE
Irish Mariner.

OH ! Erin, dear island of beauty and fame,
Whose bulwarks are flood and whose spirits are flame !
How throb the wild hearts of thy sons as they gaze
From the billows afar on thy cliffs through the haze !
How leaps the proud soul to the glance of the eye,
As to thee and to thine o'er the surges we fly !

There is health in the gales from thy mountains that blow,
There is life in the streams from their summits that flow
There's a voice of delight in each dash of the oar
That pulls us to thee, gallant Erin, once more ;
For ocean's glad waves in their billowy glee
Never danced round an island more lovely than thee !

Let Albion boast of her deeds on the flood,
And of victory's won with the best of our blood ;
Though tyranny mingles his breath with our gales,
And his withering foot-track is seen in our vales,
For thy desolate sons yet an hour there may be,
When freedom shall brighten o'er them and o'er thee !—

Hark ! hark ! the wild tumult that gladdens each ear,
Dear Erin thy shores are no longer afar.
I see the dun smoke wreathing dusky on high,
And the fresh mountain breeze wanders joyously by
Oh the beams of yon sun, wheresoever they shine
Never shone over scenes more enchanting than thine !—

J. G. G.

Oh! come to the Tomb.

Oh! come to the tomb, where this form shall be laid,
Where no woes shall molest it, no cold ones upbraid;
And give, fondly give there a warm tear or two,
To the heart that has shed more than millions for you.

Gild my tomb with the smile that in life I adored,
Which often has life to my bosom restored,
But oh! let its sun-beam be blended with dew,
As my last look will be, when it lingers on you.

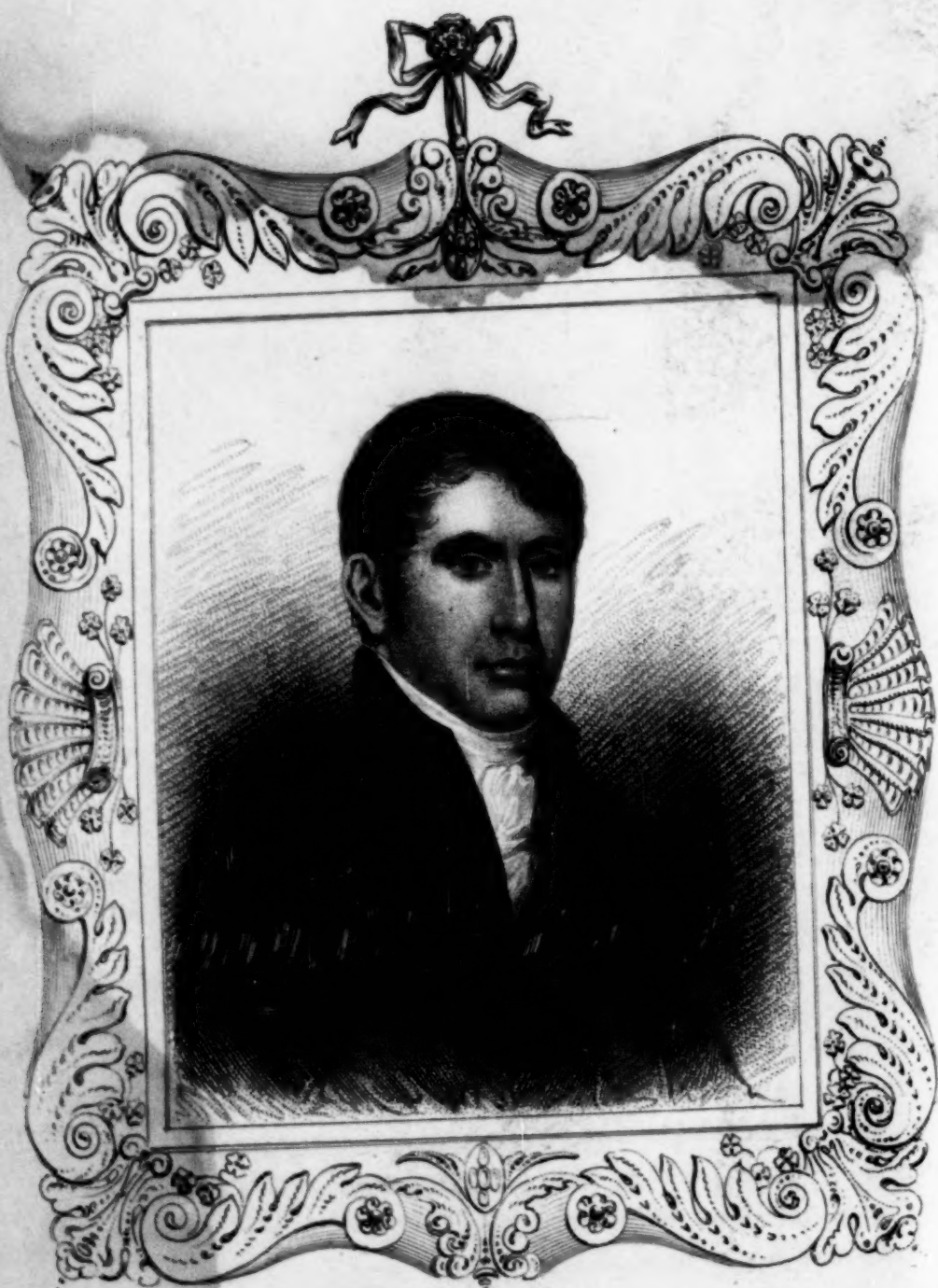
Then turn to the world, to its shadow or glare;
And ask, has it got such a friend for you there,
So fondly adoring—so ardently true,—
So wildly devoted as I was to you?

Tho' prostrated thousands before you may fall,
One drop of this heart were worth more than them all,
'Twas the vitæ elixir of love, and it drew
The light that enkindled it only from you.

Then come to the tomb, where this form shall decline,
When the spirit has flown, you'll despise not the shrine;
For remember that nothing but *death* cou'd subdue
The light of that shrine that burned only for you.

M. L. R.





R. Cooper Sculp

BERNARD BARTON,
THE QUAKER POET.

London. Published by T. Richardson, 98, High Holborn.

On the Genius of Bernard Barton.

IN a former part of this volume, we ventured an opinion on the character of a poem, which certainly, by its length at least, cannot be overlooked among the works of the author, an examination of whose general qualifications as a poet forms the subject of our present essay. That opinion was the honest expression of our sentiments, arising from unbiassed reflection. We considered the said poem in many passages tiresome, as containing common-place reflections coupled with unimaginative illustrations, but it might be easily perceived from the tone of our criticism and the explanatory paragraph which appeared in our following number, that we frankly admitted that Bernard Barton, amidst a perhaps uncongenial atmosphere dimmed with sentimental nebulæ, occasionally, it may be frequently, exhibited bright scintillations of genius. We were afraid, however, that his excellent taste was on the point of being perverted; that the whining and affectedly domestic muse of the school of poetry we have formerly described, had, by its semblance of innocence, allured him into its somniferous shades; and no greater proof could have been given of our respect for his talents than our solicitude to preserve him in that dignified path, in which we still believe he is qualified by nature to advance to excellence. Even with the danger before our eyes of provoking a smile at the anticlimax, we venture to add that we produce a practical proof of our sincerity by prefixing a portrait of Bernard Barton to our present number. It will doubtless interest our readers as the only likeness hitherto published of a man who bids fair to become an object of increasing notoriety.

Viewing this poet as a hopeful candidate for fame, and as endowed with powers to undertake the weary pilgrimage to its temple, we are rather eager to obtain the humble merit of cheering him on his way; but he is doubtless aware of the toilsome length of the journey, that it is like the road leading to the paradise of the Indian warriors, beset with difficulties which can only be surmounted by courage the most undaunted, and perseverance the most indefatigable. To have deserved the meed of glory is not even sufficient. The poet must arouse the dull, and interest the careless,

by reiterated claims; and after all, the laurel may spring up only from the sod that wraps his clay, and grow entwined with the cypress that overshadows his tomb. Yet mankind can hardly be blamed for this seeming act of injustice. There are so many pretenders to poetic inspiration, so many stringers together of rhyme, which is the vulgar attribute of poetry, so many aspirants who present themselves at the gates of immortality, that it is natural to dread being detained by the pretensions of a new candidate, and every one who announces himself for the first time as a messenger from Parnassus may expect that the public will take but a hasty perusal of his credentials. We are well aware, however, that to the absence of attention, to the defect of mental perception in the mass of readers, or to the want of a heart whose feelings are interested in impartially pointing out the beauteous proportions of a literary fabric, may be attributed much of the neglect which too often attends the exertions of modest unpretending genius. But we again repeat that all this is more to be lamented than blamed. Most men are so much involved in the vortex of pains, pleasures, and passions, that they must leave to a few the task of discovering what is interesting and beautiful; however pleased they may be to sit down to the banquet, they have not leisure to cater for the provisions; they may be aware of the value of the ore, but have not time to probe every part of the soil in quest of it.

Bernard Barton has, however, entered at least on the threshold of public favour; for we believe that a real third edition of his first volume is now published; and if a muse, whose song is inspired by the purest moral feeling, who has modestly exerted all its powers, such as they are, to soothe the angry passions of mankind and to forward the reign of meekness, innocence, and brotherly love—if such a muse may hope from the better feelings of our nature for a kindly reception, that of Bernard Barton may go on rejoicing in its course. If in the cause of virtue he has not been able to come forward with the rich, splendid, and often ostentatious contributions of some who are haughty in their potency, yet, like the mite of the humble widow, what he has given is blessed by its intention; and secure of the approbation of Him who can best appreciate its value, and whose rewards last to eternity, he has no reason to envy the loud resounding applause elicited by strong excitement, or the notoriety sought for in the path of reprehensible novelty.

While we express ourselves thus far, as to the sacred character and consecrated nature of the motives of Bernard Barton, we are almost led to believe, in viewing the discrepancy of many parts of his poetry, that the unimaginative education bestowed upon the youth of the respectable sect to which he belongs may have had a powerful influence in freezing the naturally warm conceptions of a mind ardently enthusiastic, and finely creative of poetical imagery. Such a mind, surrounded by circumstances and amid society whose ideas are generally connected with homely truths and palpable realities, might feel both the principles and peculiarities of its associates operate powerfully as a restraint on the excursions of fancy. We do not, by these observations, mean to taint our pages with the least illiberality towards this sect, for though we are not aware that the distinctive trifles in their manners and their notoriously commercial spirit are either the best means of cultivating or the best mode of demonstrating a christian disposition, yet we take a pleasure in admitting that none of the followers of Jesus have better imitated his active benevolence, and none have equalled them in the practice of that meekness which he every where recommended should be the distinguishing characteristic of the believers in his name.

It is unfortunately where Mr. Barton becomes argumentative that he ceases to be poetical; forgetting, that when the muse assumes a didactical appearance, it is then that she has most occasion to convey her reasoning with sounds of the sweetest melody, and insinuate her principles adorned with the loveliest flowers of fancy. To charm and to warm is the business of the poet, to discover and to convince is that of the philosopher. We are entirely of the opinion of an ingenious writer, who says that what distinguishes *pure* poetry from other writing, is its aptitude not to sway the judgment by reasoning, but to please the fancy and move the passions by a lively imitation of nature. Being convinced of the truth of this, we feel it impossible to regard the following measured lines as part of a poem.

That education, rightly understood,
Confers the capability of good,
At least improves it; that it lifts the views
Beyond enjoyments mere barbarians choose;
That, well directed, it may richly bless,
And train to order and to usefulness;

That above all, it can enable those
 Thus taught, in hours of leisure, to uncloset
 The SACRED WRITERS' vast and varied store
 Of social, moral truth,—of Gospel lore;
 These you admit as axioms, known to all,
 Trite to repeat, and trifling to recal:
 Besides, perhaps you'd add, that not to *you*
 These children's thanks for humble lore are due;
 But granting this, have you done nothing, then,
 To win their gratitude?—their praise to gain?
 Indeed you have; and, lest you have forgot,
 I'll tell you gratefully and frankly what.

We could quote more lines of this description, but it is an invidious task. A much more agreeable part of our duty yet remains; that is, to point out to our readers part of the many excellencies which, as we have already said, entitle Bernard Barton to be considered as a hopeful candidate for fame. No one, we think, can peruse the passages we subjoin, without having his feelings interested, his taste gratified, and his heart animated to the exercise of those virtues which can alone smooth our thorny path in this world, and form our passport to everlasting felicity in the next.

The volume of Mr. Barton, bearing the indefinite title of "Poems," is a collection of short pieces, suggested by different situations and circumstances. To review these *seriatim* would occasion us to occupy a much greater space than that of the few pages we can allot for the present article. We shall begin our selection by calling the attention of the reader to the following beautiful lines, as forming a passage of bright exception to the general censure we have passed on our author's argumentative verses.

We know all we see in this beauteous creation,
 However enchanting its beauty may seem,
 Is doom'd to dissolve, like some bright exhalation,
 That dazzles, and fades in the morning's first beam.
 The gloom of dark forests, the grandeur of mountains,
 The verdure of meads, and the beauty of flowers;
 The seclusion of valleys, the freshness of fountains,
 The sequester'd delights of the loveliest bowers;

Nay, more than all these, that the might of old ocean,
Which seems as it was on the day of its birth,
Must meet the last hour of convulsive commotion,
Which sooner or later, will uncreate earth.
Yet acknowledging this, it may be that the feelings
Which these have awaken'd, the glimpses they've given,
Combin'd with those inward and holy revealings
That illumine the soul with the brightness of heaven,
May still be immortal, and destin'd to lead us
Hereafter to that which shall not pass away;
To the loftier destiny God hath decreed us,
The glorious dawn of an unending day.
And thus, like the steps of the ladder ascended
By angels (beheld with the patriarch's eye,)
With the perishing beauties of earth may be blended
Sensations too pure and too holy to die.

The Verses to the Gallic Eagle are nervously written, and form one of those rapid sketches, the effect of which shews the hand of a master. The short lovely poem of Playford has also much attracted our attention; but to particularize its beauties it would be necessary to quote the whole: we recommend its immediate perusal to every reader of taste. The Drab Bonnet, though our feelings echo the truth of every word of it, we could not peruse without a smile, arising from the ludicrous idea of Bernard Barton for his amusement, *en passant*, striking a few chords on the lyre of Thomas Moore, seemingly curious to try if he could sound the strange instrument. Many more of these little pieces are ingeniously, elegantly, and, let us add, feelingly written.

Taking our leave of this pleasing little volume, our attention of course might be supposed to be naturally directed to the larger one which followed it, entitled "Napoleon," but of this we have said enough in another place, and we feel it most pleasing to ourselves, and very likely so to our readers, to quote the following stanzas from one of the minor poems in the same volume, entitled "To the Sun."

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep,
The lustre of thy orient path of light!
Onward, still onward, o'er the waves that leap
So lovelily, and show their crests of white,

The eye, unsated, in its own despite,
 Still up that vista gazes ; till thy way
 Over the waters seems a pathway bright
 For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay
 Man's homage unto Him who bade thee " **RULE THE DAY.**"
 O! then it is delightful to behold
 Thy calm departure ; soothing to survey
 Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,
 The milder pomp of thy declining sway:
 How beautiful, on church-tower old and grey,
 Is shed thy parting smile ; how brightly glow
 Thy last beams on some tall tree's loftiest spray,
 While silvery mists half veil the trunk below,
 And hide the rippling stream that scarce is heard to flow !
 Yes—as in this, in other worlds the same,
 The seasons do thee homage—each in turn:
 Spring, with a smile, exults to hear thy name ;
 Then Summer woos thy bright, but brief sojourn,
 To bless her bowers ; while deeper ardours burn
 On Autumn's glowing cheek when thou art nigh ;
 And even Winter half foregoes his stern
 And frigid aspect, as thy bright'ning eye
 Falls on his features pale, nor can thy power deny.

We now come to " *A Day in Autumn*," a poem but little known,
 as we understand that only two hundred and fifty copies were
 printed, and these at a provincial press. It consequently has not
 fallen much in the way of criticism. We have read it, and it is im-
 possible that we can ever forget the pleasure which the perusal of
 it has afforded us. As it is now, we believe, out of print, we think
 we cannot procure a higher gratification to our readers, than afford-
 ing them a perusal of some of its most beautiful stanzas.

It is not when we *meet*—with gratulation,
 And eager question, glance encountering glance ;
 Tongues tun'd to welcome, and anticipation
 Chang'd to reality of circumstance ;—
 It is not then, although the spirits dance
 As if inspir'd by some resistless spell ;—
 We feel those purer pleasures that entrance,
 Beyond the power of even verse to tell,
 The moment which precedes that simple word, " *farewell!*"

.....
 And in such parting hours, I do contend
 More sweetness may exist, than in the flush
 Of eager joy that our first meetings lend ;
 Aye ! far beyond it—as the tranquil hush
 Of eve gives bliss, awoke not by the blush
 Of morning's beauty ; or the dying fall
 Of music's melting close outvies the gush
 Of its first prelude, as it seems to call
 On echo to prolong its soul-subduing thrall.

.....
 And inexhaustible the beauties are
 Of this fair universe—The boundless main ;
 Heaven's out stretch'd cope, begemm'd with many a star,
 And earth's rich loveliness,—the ample plain,
 And stream which marks it like a silver vein ;
 Mountain and forest, lake and waterfall ;—
 Can minstrel e'er want subject for his strain
 While such display their charms so prodigal ?
 Or how, while singing them, forget who formed them all ?
 O Poesy ! thou dear delightful art !
 Of sciences—by far the most sublime ;
 Who, acting rightly thy immortal part,
 Art virtue's handmaid, censor stern of crime ;
 Nature's high priest, and chronicler of time ;
 The nurse of feeling ; the interpreter
 Of purest passion :—who, in manhood's prime,
 In age, or infancy, alike canst stir
 The heart's most secret thoughts : to thee I now prefer
 My aspirations,—unto thee I owe
 Nor wealth, nor fame, yet hast thou given to me
 Some secret joys the world can ill bestow,
 Delights which ope not to its golden key,
 And wait not on its pride and pageantry :
 For thou hast nourish'd in those lonely hours
 That have been spent in intercourse with thee,
 Kind feelings, chasten'd passions, mental powers,
 And hopes which look through time. These are not worldly
 dowers.

The passages we have quoted are *poetry*, for in them we find the feelings of our nature illustrated by elevated associations. In the hope that these pages may meet the eye of Mr. Barton, we again warn him, that the most important truths enforced by the most powerful reasoning may not be poetry, however much the ear may be gratified by the cadence of the measured line. What is still wanting he knows as well as we do, and with this hint, we take our leave, adding in his own words :

And may those purer hopes that cheer
Thy winter evenings, else most drear,
Not pass like phantoms by ;
But may'st thou when to earth consign'd,
Some blameless record leave behind,
Which shall not wholly die.

R.

Sonnet.

TO JOHN KEATS, ON HIS FIRST POEMS.

DELICIOUS as the mingling songs of spring,
As lark's loud hymning to the dewy hours,
Or earliest opening of sweet-lipped flowers,
Which we have watched from their first blossoming ;
Wild as the notes which some white hand will fling
From new-strung harp, unweeting of its powers ;
Glad as that happy song the bee doth sing
When he sees summer decking out her bowers ;
Sweet as the voice of a blythe-hearted maid
When she is blythest, or the seldom heard
Impassionate lay that love doth serenade
A mistress with, taking her like a bird,—
Are these first voicings of thy early lyre,
Which Spenser pleased might hear, who was thy genius'
sire.

C. W.

The Auctioneer.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

PETER Puff! I think I see him now. He was a dapper, fidgetty wight, with much quicksilver in his composition, and had elbowed his way to fame, by dint of bustling perseverance, spite of the cross looks and thwartings of wiser and older and better men than himself. A singular oddity, in truth; a pragmatistical, pertinacious being; and most quaintly fabricated. In height he measured just four feet ten; yet looking with all the consciousness of a grenadier's altitude. Nature had not been prodigal of *personalities*; for she had not only curtailed him of his fair proportion, but had mis-matched his external graces "with most admired disorder." He had the feet of a giant, and the legs of a dwarf; the shoulders of a drayman and the waist of a dandy; a very hour-glass in outward semblance. Yet corporeally compounded as he was of contrarieties, he lost no portion of his self-esteem; and great was the complacency with which he surveyed his image as reflected in the mirror; for he had a head,—a bulbous excrescence, that description loves to dwell on. 'Twas long; 'twas thick; 'twas sagacious, and yet it thought not. It spoke of leases and policies and reversions, and in every line of its calculating brow you might read of post-obit bonds, freeholds, annuities, addition, multiplication, and interest. His nose was a busy nose, peaked and superfluous. You could have dispensed with it. It seemed to say it knew your affairs better than yourself; and longed to meddle with them. It wanted to appraise your goods and chattels; and looked insinuatively at your papers and parchments, as if it could have crept into their secrets, maugre the close reserve and tight enfolding of the red tape with which they were encompassed. His eyes were grey, and piercing. They nailed a bidder at a glance, and could detect him, spite of the shabby coat, dingy neckcloth, and flopped hat, in which he was disguised. His eyebrows were black and thin and business-like. They had a commercial air, and discoursed most eloquently of pounds, shillings, and pence; and "all that sort of thing."

Peter Puff was a striking example, how little hindrance in the way of wealth, was mere lack of learning. Nature had denied

him the capacity, and circumstance the means. Yet he missed them not; and a charity boy's education enabled him to rub his way through the world, and talk as largely and as confidently of men and things, arts, sciences, and letters, as if he had been bred a collegian. He had once a library to sell; and great was his elation. It raised him the altitude of six inches in his stature. 'Twas the highest compliment that had ever been paid to his oratorical powers. To sell a library! To knock down the demi-gods of antiquity to the highest bidder, and dispose of the essence of brains by a flourish of the hammer! I have a faint recollection of some of the lots, and he gave the titles new readings in his own peculiar style of embellishment. *Virgilii Opera* was introduced with a flourishing exordium. "A capital work, gentlemen, *Virgil's Operas*. Ah! We've no such operas now-a-days. Who'll favour me with a bidding for these charming Operas?" Another lot was "*Essai sur le Gout*," and "*Le Cure de Wakefield*." "Here's two more very clever books, gentlemen, and very useful books, too. *A sure Essay on the Gout*, and the *Cure of Mr. Wakefield*. Well authenticated, I've no doubt. I'm sure, if there's an alderman in the room, he'll secure this lot." His other misnomers were equally new and ingenious. *L'Amour; un jeu d'esprit*, was translated the *Amours of a desperate Jew*. *Spectacle de la Nature* was optically described as a remedy for weak eye-sights, and *L'Amour à la mode*, was a treatise on alamode beef. The laughter of his auditory was mistaken for admiration of his wit, and at the end of the sale he descended from his pulpit, with a smirking look and an air of confidence, that smiled defiance on Evans himself to equal his bibliographical powers of description.

Peter, though no poet, was a lover of fiction; and he embellished, with a grace and a luxuriance, that even Christie might have envied. A tumble-down cottage, stuck in a swamp, and surrounded with barren acres, was converted, by his transmuting touch, into "a snug comfortable *villa*, delightfully and *romantically* situate and being in the rural village of—, commanding a pictooresque view of the neighbouring county, and admirably adapted to any gentleman as wishes to retire from business." His greatest feat was the sale of an American estate. Secure of detection, he flourished away in description, and pictured a perfect paradise to his wondering auditors. "This here, gentlemen, is a lot, that I boasts to say, is as capital a lot as ever com'd under a auctioneer's hammer. 'Tis quite

a *unike*, as I may say. Three thousand acres of fertil land, in that there *luxurous* country, North America. Quite an *elishum*. Bears four crops of corn in a year, and is in the very middle of gold and silver mines, and surrounded by hill and walley, where sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, cocoa, indigo, scutchineal, turtle, tortoises, and all them sort of things, grows quite *spontaneous*. There's never no winter; and all the people as goes there lives like gentlemen. They never works. Natur does every thing; it grows the corn and the fruit and the hanimals, and all as you've got to do is to eat em."

Peter's deficiency of knowledge never stood in the way of his interest. He was the man of business, and this counterbalanced all mental deficiencies. Besides, the very eccentricity of his excessive ignorance was of service to him. His auctions were crowded from the amusement afforded by his blunders; and he sold many a lot, from the wish of the purchaser to perpetuate their memory, by possessing the very article that gave rise to them. He was moreover, a diligent plodder, lynx-eyed and vigilant, omitting no opportunity of disposing of the articles entrusted to him for sale, and hitting on a thousand shrewd schemes, that a plain fair-dealing man would never have imagined. He went thick and thin through the business, neither looking to the right hand nor the left. Every thing presented but one handle to him, and he seized it. He never stood, weighing pro's and con's, like other folks; but fell to at once, and was sure to succeed, from the very determination he had come to before hand, of carrying his point, spite of all obstacles. The upshot was, that at the end of a handful or two of years, he had saved enough to retire and live comfortably. He had the pleasure of knocking down to himself a snug country box, possessing in reality, all the advantages, which, in his bargains to others, had only existed in fiction; and he grew fat and farmer-like, in the felicity of contemplating the successful results of perseverance. The first few months, indeed, he dwindled away, for want of something to do, and was half inclined to put up his cottage to the highest bidder again, and resume the rostrum. But Mrs. P. would listen to no such thing; and having at length become inoculated with the farming mania, which he prudently pursued on a small scale; and falling in with some birds of a feather, at the village inn, who, like himself, had made their money by trade, he managed to rub on comfortably enough. He was chairman at all their convivial meetings; and has often been heard to say, that the happiest moments of his

life were when he grasped the hammer, and knocked down for a song at the Pig in the Pound.

I used sometimes to pass through the village, and never failed to look out for him. For twelve years of his retirement, time seemed stationary. It had not impressed his brow with a single additional wrinkle. Latterly, my visits were not so frequent. Two years ago, I was ascending the brow of the hill on which stood the village church, and I observed a hearse, followed by six mourning coaches, enter the burying ground. "Who is it," said I, to an old woman, who opened the little wicket for me, "who is that is going to his last home?" It was Peter Puff!

*

Song.

Oh ! fair of form, but false of heart,
A long adieu to thee!
It recks not whither I depart,
Nor o'er what stormy sea,
So but from where thou wast and art
At distance doomed to be.

Still sleepless be the wind and tide
While o'er the deep I roam ;
And where it lists the storm may guide
My bark across the foam,
For earth o'er all its regions wide
Hath not for me a home !

My native land, thy fields of green
Are lovely to the last,
But dim in mist shall swim the scene
Ere one short hour be past ;
And would the thoughts of what hath been
Could flit and fade as fast !

J. G. G.

Music.

It keeps the passions with the notes in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.

CHATTERTON.

MUSIC seems to have had its birth in the primitive ages of the world, and from its origin appears to have been progressively advancing to perfection. The first race of men, which peopled the earth, consisted, doubtless, of shepherds, whose sole occupation was the care of flocks; yet among beings rude and unpolished as they must necessarily have been, the vocal reed was first heard. Unengaged in more serious pursuits, they were at leisure to notice the melodious sounds which echoed from the deep solitudes of the unviolated woods, and what they admired they soon wished to imitate. This was followed by the invention of musical instruments, rude and imperfect of course, and wholly incapable of breathing forth those delicious cadences, those dying falls, which we consider the soul of music, yet sufficiently pleasing to soothe and delight those dwellers "under the canopy," whose habits were almost as unsophisticated as those of the animals with whom they lived in common. The harmonious discord, however, to which they listened, was extremely well suited to man's early simplicity; it could boast none of those melting sweetnesses which modern voluptuaries prize; it amused, but it did not corrupt. Men had not yet learnt the evil lessons of ambition and vain glory; their sole law was that of brotherly love, and he was the most eminent who was the most useful. It is true, they were ignorant; the depths of knowledge lay unfathomed before them, education had not called forth their dormant energies, and of consequence, the veil which covers the Creator's works, was untouched by their hands; but while without our acquirements, they were, in a great measure, without our vices, and their music was of the same character: it had not the elegance and refinement of ours; it was simple, but it was innocent. To prove that music was one of the earliest efforts of human ingenuity, a body of satisfactory and incontrovertible evidence might be adduced, but I shall content myself with offering a single fact to the reader's attention. When Columbus discovered

the New World, he introduced Europeans among a race of beings differing in a variety of particulars from themselves : they beheld men who had scarcely emerged from the situation in which nature had placed them, totally unacquainted with what they esteemed the necessities of life, much less with its luxuries. Many of them had neither garments nor houses ; they wandered from province to province as caprice dictated, or tempted by the appearance of a fruitful country. They had no fixed means of supporting existence, they trusted to the spontaneous bounty of Providence, they gathered the produce of the earth, but had no idea of rendering the supply permanent or regular. Simple and uncultivated, however, as these gentle aborigines certainly were, they were not insensible to the fascinations of harmony, they had music in their souls, they loved to while away the solitary and indolent hours with the soft sounds of pastoral pipes, and delighted to imitate, however imperfectly, "the wood notes wild," which, at new-born day, burst from their impenetrable forests, in hymns of praise and gratitude. Now, it is impossible for our imaginations to form a more faithful image of the primitive inhabitants of the world, than these inoffensive tribes presented ; and yet among the most uncivilized of them musical instruments were common,—and if this be the case, we can come to but one conclusion. Music then was a primitive invention ; but like the human soul, it is only in the lapse of ages, that its sublime capabilities can be ascertained. The learning which is now disseminated over Europe, is the accumulated treasure of a thousand generations ; and the grand results, which the science of music now presents, were not obtained in a day, or by the exertions of a single mind. Handel and Haydn and Mozart, have lived and triumphed, yet a future age may contemplate their labours with as much indifference as we now feel with regard to the desultory performances of those who first settled the principles on which the art depends. Can anything be more different than the dissonant irregular notes of a Lapland composer, and the spirit-thrilling, awful melody of a Handel ; yet both originate in the same source, and the author of the Messiah may one day be as much distanced as the rude minstrel of the north is at present.

A certain historian tells us, that a philosopher, passing a smith's shop, was induced to listen to the ringing of the hammers on the workmen's anvils ; he fancied that, if properly managed, it would be very delightful music, and thereupon invented a very pleasing instru-

ment. I do not pretend to vouch for the truth of this story, though certainly we may hear many concerts not a wit more in concord than the philosopher's smithery. But it may be inferred from this circumstance, that music was originally extremely simple, that it had many stages to pass, ere it could arrive at its present excellence, and that another century or two will, in all probability, render it infinitely more perfect; since, like the human soul, its course is one of progressive improvement, in which every step calls forth some secret faculty, or gives expansion to some hidden beauty. The first essays of the harmonic art were of a very simple character, but when society emerged from its primitive ignorance, and began to advance towards refinement, Music threw off her pastoral habit, and assumed a more splendid garb; she enlarged her walk, and was as often seen near the throne of majesty, as in the rustic cottage, and the new scene upon which she thus entered, in a short time quite changed her nature; she was no longer content with the shepherd's reed: and the simple airs which once delighted him, while he watched his fleecy charge, awoke the echoes of the peaceful vale no more. She now loved to cradle herself in the blast of war-awakening trumpets, or to give the eloquence of her voice to the shrill chords of the harp.

It is pleasing to take a retrospective view of the gradual advances which music has made, and to trace it from infancy to youth and maturity. The better to illustrate the subject, it may be compared to a fruit tree; in the first months of the year it has few leaves, and outwardly it presents no signs of abundance, but the cheerful dawn of spring reanimates the dormant powers of vegetation, and it quickly assumes a beautifully promising appearance; then the blossoms disclose themselves, and the germs of future plenty are formed, which, in due time, enlarge and are ripened by the kindly beams of summer. In like manner, among the savage tribes of a new world, music, although it exists, is of a very uncouth and inelegant description, but in the moment that cultivation humanizes the families of the earth, we may hear tones of irregular grandeur and wild sweetness, which, though far from perfect, justify a hope of better things,—and in the hour that taste triumphs over prejudice, we shall find the science of harmony nearly approximating to perfection. Among the Teutonic hordes that once peopled the vast plains and forests of Germany, the loud discordant notes of the toscin summoned the red-haired and blue-eyed giants of the camp to the feast or the battle;

the legionary ranks of Rome felt a warmer enthusiasm of patriot self-devotion, and made more precious sacrifices on the altar of liberty, while they listened to the clashing cymbal and the sonorous horn, while in polished Athens the enchanting voice of music was

" Like the sweet South
Breathing upon a bed of violets,
Stealing and giving odours."

It would be pleasing could our enquiries end here, but in the voluptuous courts of Asia we behold music with the attributes of a Syren, charming to destroy, and blighting with her witching strains the unfolding germs of every generous purpose and feeling. To conclude our retrospect, music invariably assumes the character of those with whom it is found; with the uncultivated it is all simplicity, with the refined and luxurious it is complexly sweet and elaborately beautiful; it is pure with the pure, and heightens the propensity to every vicious gratification with the sensual and the voluptuous. Having endeavoured to give some idea of the rise and progress of music, it remains that I should point out its most peculiar qualities and effects. Music, in the opinion of many, is to be considered merely an amusement, which is totally incapable of producing any important results, either of benefit or injury to mankind. This opinion is extremely fallacious, for it is not always the judgment which excites men to great actions; the passions are more frequently the arbiters of their destiny, and the heart, not the head, decides the colour of their lives. Now there are few things that can more forcibly appeal to the heart than music; it lulls asleep the guards which reason has placed there, and quickly obtains command over all its faculties; its influence therefore must be important, and will require to be watched and regulated with unslumbering vigilance. Who can be insensible to the fascinations of harmony?

" He that hath not music in himself,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted."

Music is capable of moving the human mind in a great variety of ways, and may excite the same individual to the most opposite actions. It will draw tears of pity from the merciless eye of cruelty, and blunt the uplifted sword of revenge, while at the same time it is equally able to stir up and give vigour to the most

baneful passions of our nature. The most imperfect reasoner will easily perceive, that music produces many important changes in the mind: indeed, the fact is established by the concurrent testimony of every age and nation. The ancient Spartans, certainly the most valiant people of whom history informs us, accompanied the clangour of their arms with the soft sound of the flute, which breathed into their bosoms a steady and temperate courage that was calm and unruffled amidst the greatest dangers; and so high an opinion had they of the harmonic art, that no enterprise was framed or entered upon, till they had first offered prayers and sacrifices to its inventors. It is certain that nothing tends more to heighten and inflame the soldier's courage than the sound of martial instruments, the hollow vibrations of the drum, "the ear-piercing fife," the spirit-stirring trumpet; these rekindle the chilled spark of valour, reanimate the sinking heart, remove every trembling apprehension, and give strength and vigour to the enfeebled arm.

When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line,
When all is still on death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil:
As rings his glitt'ring tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in glad thought the triumph yet to come,
And hears Hope's stormy music in the drum.

CAMPBELL

And if we turn from the ensanguined field of war, we shall find music of equal importance in the social haunts of life. Is there no charm in the mellifluous tones of the harp, or in the inspiring volume of sound which the consecrated organ pours forth? Do we not sometimes feel our souls buoyed above their frail tenements, while all earthly cares and interests recede from our mental vision, as we drink in the divine melodies which increase even the fervour of devotion? Fable tells us, that when Orpheus awakened his mournful lyre, the very stones felt compassion for his miseries;—and do not the most insensible and brutal natures, even now, acknowledge the power of harmony? When the pathetically tuned strings tell their tale of sorrow, where is the dull, unimpassioned bosom that can resist the appeal? And when the trembling keys are vocal with the Creator's praise, who can refuse to mingle with the lofty music, the small still notes of gratitude

I shall pass over the evil tendency of music without any particular notice ; since that delightful science is not in itself dangerous, but becomes so through the vitiated taste and debased sentiments of its professors. If luxury and effeminacy are ever increased by the delicious languor of its strains, if we are ever inflamed with inordinate wishes while we listen to its enchantments, we should remember, that the cause of this perversion from its legitimate uses must be sought in our own breasts. Most probably the science of harmony is not destined to arrive at the highest perfection in our present state of being,—the evil passions and vicious feelings which continually haunt us, will, it is to be feared, interpose an insuperable bar to the noblest efforts of the art. Of Handel we might say, as was once said of a much inferior musician, "He is gone where only his harmony can be exceeded ;" for it is only in that blissful region, of which even imagination gains but momentary glances, where the most ambitious hopes of the good are consummated, and all afflictions are forgotten, that we can expect to hear from the harps and voices of angels, such celestial harmony as Milton describes in the following passage :

The multitude of angels, with a shout
Sweet uttering joy ; heav'n rung with jubilee,
And loud Hosannas filled the eternal regions ;
Lowly reverent they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns enwove with amaranth and gold—
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their sides
Like quivers hung : and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high,
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part—such concord is in heaven.

H.

Patience and Llewellyn.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

'Tis silence all, the martial synod o'er;
Of fates to come the heroes talk no more;
Each on the cold ground measures him a bed,
And soundly sleeps, unconscious as the dead!
Even the restless spirit of the chief,
Has found in slumber an oblivion brief
Of the ambitious thoughts, and feelings proud,
That awe, impel, please, and distract the crowd!
Oh! what a lesson might ambition con,
Gazing on those whom sleep has lighted on;
A few short years, as fleets the ling'ring breath,
Will realize this mockery of death;
When haughty tyrant, subject, serf, and slave,
Press the same pillow in the silen' grave!
A dense grey cloud has veil'd the waning moon,
Each clear bright star will cease its shining soon—
Uncertain is the empire of the night—
Aurora marks the east with lines of light,
And darkness spreads his sable wings for flight!
But who are they that watch from yonder cliff
The tardy motions of the fisher's skiff?
Why do they trust the faint gleams of the dawn?
Why do they tempt the cold dews of the morn?
Ah! well I wot, the heart by sorrows tried,
With grief familiar, and to woe allied.
What time in the distemper of the brain,
Despair seems sweet, and hope is reckon'd vain—
Reckless at length forgets the body's ease,
For the soul suffers in the soul's disease:
The pangs that torture our immortal part,
To outward evils steel the breaking heart!
Llewellyn and his Patience wander'd there,
Unfelt the keenness of the midnight air;
For love, the fatal guest of feeling minds,
Soft as spring breezes, wild as winter winds,

Reign'd in their bosoms, then with anguish heav'd,
Since hope had smil'd, had flatter'd, had deceiv'd.
In the red flames that on the watchtow'r rose,
Starting from sleep, they saw the Norman foes ;
And tutor'd by instinctive tenderness,
Sought consolation in their last distress.
From sympathy which ev'ry ill disarms—
Where did they find it ? In each other's arms !
They left the cottage homes where from their youth
They dwelt with nature, innocence and truth.
And hied them to the shore, in haste to seek
A fisher's shallop in the adjacent creek,
That he might waft them from Pevensey's coast,
And stern Duke William's iron-hearted host.
But Ralph, the fisher, on the salt-sea wave,
Heard, while the billows did his pinnacle lave,
The spirits of the night around him rave:
And sad Llewellyn, as he rais'd his eye
Devout in silence to the starless sky,
Could scarcely dash away th' intrusive tear,
While thus he strove his own lov'd maid to cheer.
" Sweet Patience ! though blue light'ning tinge yon cloud,
Though billows rise in foam, and winds are loud,
Whate'er of danger may betide to me,
A guardian angel shall keep watch for thee !"
The maiden look'd on her Llewellyn's face ;
'Twas deadly pale, but wanted not such grace
As in the hawthorn vale white roses show,
When dewy tears adorn their leaves of snow.
" Oh ! smile, " she cried, " as thou wert wont to do,
Look cheerfully upon me, and renew
The hope that was enkindl'd at thine eyes ;
For now its beam evanishes and dies.
At vespers, when the sun in his decline
Gilt the blue firmament with beam divine,
There was no heart so gay, so light as mine—
The birds were singing in the green-wood shade,
And in the flow'ry vale, the kidlings play'd ;
The village girls were dancing on the lea,
And all were happy, and none more than me !

For then Llewellyn smil'd, But now, O ! now,
The gloom of care is on Llewellyn's brow ;
And the wild sea-mew, as on heavy wing
It passes by, Llewellyn's dirge would sing !"
Thus, while in voice melodious, though faint,
The maiden breath'd her bosom's sad complaint,
Like the last music of a broken lyre,
The blast grew louder, and the waves rose higher !
Then felt the found'ring bark a fatal shock,
It struck, it split upon a secret rock ;
It sunk. Where is the fisher ? Who is he ?
Llewellyn's father ; on the stormy sea,
Awhile he struggl'd, then beneath the main
Dropp'd murm'ring pray'r, and never rose again !
The fearful scene, how did Llewellyn bear ;
He saw the shallop sink, in mute despair ;
But when he saw his father's form emerge,
His grey locks floating on the ocean surge,
On his lov'd maid he cast a parting look,
She saw not him ; a last, last kiss he took ;
And then, as if impatient of the sight,
Leap'd headlong from the mountain's dizzy height !
How fares it with sweet Patience, lives she still ?
Or has affliction lost the pow'r to thrill
A heart where thought unhallow'd never dwelt,
With pangs such spotless worth should ne'er have felt.
Llewellyn's kiss was still upon her lip,
But where was he—the fisher,—or the ship ?
When from her momentary trance she woke,
And on her soul the death of sorrow broke—
O ! they are whelm'd beneath the waters blue,
The skiff, the fisher, and the lover too ;
The sea nymphs to their coral caves shall hail him,
And with the viands of the deep regale him.
But never will he leave his wat'ry pillow,
To raise his head and look across the billow,
To meet those eyes that shone for him so keenly ;
And yet so sweetly, softly, and serenely ;
That while he bask'd him in their genial light ;
This darkling earth appear'd with heav'n's own beauty
bright.

Hope, smiling thro' the tears of virtuous woe,
Is lovely to behold as that fair bow
Which spans the wide horizon's sable pall,
When sun-beams on the clouds of summer fall ;
But in the maiden's face 'twas plain to read
A broken heart that never more might bleed ;
The smiles that play'd around her lips were gone,
Her cheek was pale as monumental stone,
Her eye was dim and fix'd in calm despair ;
The iris of the mind was wanting there !
Her grief was silent, and she did not weep ;
But now on heav'n, and now on the wild deep,
She dwelt with apathy's unmeaning gaze,
For o'er her eyes had grown a deathly glaze ;
And those bright orbs, which love did once illumine,
Shone not, or only glimmer'd for the tomb !

'Tis morning now, and like a bridegroom gay,
The sun with fervid kiss salutes young day,
While in his beam the universe rejoices,
And with ten thousand, thousand choral voices,
Combines to chaunt the matin-hymn, the song
Of grateful praise, that doth to heav'n belong !

What naval pomp comes yonder o'er the sea ?
It is the host of bold Montgomery—
Yeomen, esquires, and knights surrounding him,
The warrior comes in all his gallant trim,
To win or die, on British ground to earn
Crowns for his lord, or for himself an urn !
Pevensey-shore at length the vessels reach,
The chief has landed on the wave-worn beach,
O'erhung with cliffs, whose misty summits seem
Like the vain architecture of a dream.

" Fair cousin Walter," bold Montgomery said,
" What see'st thou yonder, on the cliff's rough head ?"
" By Peter's keys !" young Walter Giffard cried,
" A lady, and asleep,"—then nimbly bied
Up the tall cliff where on its mossy crest
He found poor Patience, but she was at rest ;
They laid the green turf o'er her, where she slept,
And Walter Giffard wept, a soldier wept !

The Leash of Rovers.

A SKETCH.

THERE is a most strange and perverse appetite in the blood of the aged for amorous foolery. A matrimonial phrenzy oftentimes attacks a man in the last cycle of his existence; the ephemeral fever buoys up his worn-out and decrepid spirits for a brief space, and leaves him repentant and tottering, at the portal of his tomb. Those who have been most shrewd, and laudably suspicious of guile in their prime, become the victims of crafty, but illiterate women in their senility. They are afflicted with a sort of mental ophthalmia, and lose the habitual wariness, with which the aged in general look upon human actions. They pry no deeper than the glossy and alluring surface, and implicitly deem the wanton smile, and bonied appellation, indubitable proofs of pure unalloyed affection. Love dwells only in the bosom of the young, and youth alone can charm it forth, but the old forget that they are mere unsightly wrecks of manhood: they suffer themselves to be fooled to the dangerous pinnacle of infatuation; the irrevocable chain is laid upon them, and too late they find themselves to be arrant dupes, "despair and die." There are some indeed, who are made to suffer under the delusion to the last. The mask of affection is worn, even until the ultimate codicil to the will is completed, and the old man closes his eyes, thinking himself blessed with the love of her, on whom he has bequeathed the whole of his possessions as a requital for her constancy and zeal.

Thus it was with old Reginald Cranfuird. He had been noted for worldly wisdom, even in his youth, and had roamed through the great high roads and dangerous bye paths of the world in his maturity. The motley pages of the great book of life he had keenly perused and pondered upon, in the autumn of his days, and treasured up the golden precepts of the sages, to enrich his mind with old lore and consummate craft, so that none of the follies incident to senility might dim the lustre of his precedent acts. Malgre these good precautions, at seventy, Reginald married his own house-keeper; a fat, blowsy, flaxen-headed scullion, run to seed in the warmth of his good graces.

He boasted of his marriage among his friends, and esteemed it as a feat of honour and discretion. "The lapidary," quoth he, "is never accused of folly for plucking a jewel from the dirt, and setting it in pure gold; neither should the man of wealth or title be arraigned for taking a woman, even from the dregs of society, to bedeck his costly board withal." The wags looked grave and assented, but the simple and uncourtly laughed aloud in spite of the warm rebukes of Reginald, who told them, they would grow wiser as they grew older. This each of them believed, so far as regarded himself, although internally convinced that all other men, (most especially Reginald Cranfuird,) dwindled in wit with increase of years.

The old man at length went the way of all flesh; and no sooner had Rebecca his widow emerged from her sables, than she found herself encompassed by amatory swains. Nature had not adorned her with the alluring gloss of womanly pulchritude; but the defunct Reginald, who was a miser in his latter days, had endowed her with all his worldly wealth. She was therefore deemed the most dainty and beneficial match in the town, and all the appropriate widowers and ripe bachelors in the vicinity, bestirred themselves with unwonted alacrity, in making preparations for a grand attack upon her heart. All proceedings were however, by a sort of tacit convention, deferred until a year had elapsed from the gulled miser's decease. In the meantime, the little town was all life and bustle. The ancient equipages of the aspirants were refurbished; new liveries were published, and the busy allies of the several candidates were diligently employed in canvassing for the interest of the pulpy widow's advisers, and instigating her domestics by bribes and caresses, to say a timely word to Rebecca in favour of their respective friends. Jacob Croft her coachman, received the wages of corruption from all parties. He was especially prodigal in promises of devotion and fidelity; chuckled over his gains, but was mute with his lady, hoping as he subsequently avowed, "in the course of time to lay the coupling reins on her himself."

At length the chase began, and infinite were the threats and snarlings of the gold-hounds; but Harold Valerian, of the great house on the hill, and his two brothers, Scoresby and Philip, soon left all their competitors at a hopeless distance, and were suffered to run down the game at their leisure.

Harold was the hereditary possessor of old Valerian Hall, and

the circumjacent domain, a rough, uncouth, and absolute esquire; a compound of wild mirth and austerity, outrageous cruelty, and womanly kind-heartedness. Although his vices had grown up with him, unchecked in their baleful luxuriance, yet they did not altogether shade and choke up the few virtues that struggled for life in his bosom. He was passionately beloved by some, and as inordinately hated by others. There was no middle feeling in the hearts of his neighbours for Harold Valerian. His discourse was made up of rude hunting phrases, and provincial slang. He was potent in farriery, and erudite in the training and feeding of all kinds of sporting dogs. His personal desires, and good wishes for his friends, were generally couched in a stale toast; and his whole code of morality, lay in the fag ends of songs. He rarely did anything for which he could not find an efficient reason in old rhyme; his manner was vehement, jagged, and abrupt, and his purse and horsewhip were unsparingly applied, according to the uncurbed whim of the moment. His excesses had somewhat impoverished him, but he still possessed a competency, and wallowed in his old ways. His dress consisted of a long-waisted blue coat, with extravagantly large silver buttons, and a red velvet collar and cuffs, a cocked hat, doe-skin small-clothes, and striped silk hose, sparkling in the vast interim between his kneebands, and the rims of his outrageous boots, that hung in folds about his ancles. He was by no means circumspect in the demonstration of his love, and was uncouthly extravagant in the manner of his courtship. He liked the widow, he said, because she looked portly and jovial. She was of the true old English breed, and was not to be put out of countenance at the head of a 'squire's table, by the great old-fashioned joints that loaded it. She could be seen above and on both sides of the best bacon that ever smoked in Valerian Hall; a right good woman, and fat enough for any man.

Harold's predilection for a portly dame was considered strange and unaccountable, inasmuch as he was personally meagre and gaunt. He looked as if nature had framed him for a man of girth and corporate rotundity; but he shook himself out of all corpulence by daily trotting across the country on the turbulent back of a tall, athletic, rat-tailed old hunter, lean as his master from continual exercise, but remarkably mettlesome, unruly, and mischievous withal. His cognomen was Belzey, and Harold boasted that he had ran away with him, wet or dry, every day, except Sundays, for a

dozen years at the least. He prided himself much on his chevalry, and was never unhorsed, until one unlucky day when he was displaying the joint accomplishments of himself and Belzey, in the front of the admiring widow's abode. He was of a fiery temperament, and unaccustomed from his youth upwards to curb or conceal the vehement emotions of his heart. In the first burst of his passion, he was more dangerous than a wild beast, but in a brief space his choler subsided, he became gentle as a lamb, and applied a golden balm to the broken heads of the victims of his rage. The domestics, if possible, retreated to their strong holds when he began to storm; and as soon as he had searched the house for some one to beat, or abuse, without avail, he invariably made off to the stable, and commenced a furious contest with the passionate steed Belzey, from which he always returned maimed, sorry, and sensible.

Philip had been a collegian, and a man of pleasure. He was protean in his habiliments, and looked like an unsuccessful beau upon the wane. He had passed his prime in the great city, and wasted his substance in doing acts of kindness for his fellows. "The convenient man," was an appellation to which he always aspired, and his life was spent in doing petty offices for his friends. He fell in love with the widow, by endeavouring to wheedle her into an affection for Harold, and this was the only instance in which he was known to play false. But what will not love effect, especially on the heart of a poor man, who has been rich, when the object of his adoration is a comely vehicle of treasure?

Philip had worn out his health in the circles of fashion, and returned to his elder brother Harold, a pauper in every thing but good will to the world. Harold's attorney had met with him in town, and persuaded his client to invite the kind-hearted estray to the Hall, there to pass the residue of his life, which, the man of parchment said, would inevitably be shortened by a protracted residence in the smoky metropolis. The rough 'squire posted away for him, in a fit of enthusiasm, but whether he was impelled by fraternal love, or the fear of losing an abundant annuity, which was wholly dependant on the life of poor Philip, is a secret to the world.

Scoresby, the junior of the triumvirate, was an enterprising, restless lad, and had run away from the paternal roof in his puberty, to indulge an indomitable inclination for a mariner's life. He had toiled, fought, commanded, speculated and conquered. When Harold returned with poor Philip to Valerian Hall, he found

Scoresby swaying the rod of dominion over the rustics. In all his wanderings, the old Hall was a place to which he reverted in his day-dreams, with the most intense delight. The farther circumstances removed him from its weather-worn walls, and encircling woods, the more deeply he loved them. Years improved his affection for the place of his birth, and he returned, as he told Harold, to breathe his last in the room where light first shone upon him. He indulged in the cool luxury of nankeens, and walked at his ease beneath the elaborate covert of an immense straw-hat, which he resolutely wore, in spite of the jeers and flouts of all the pert misses and young roysterers in the town. A curiously twisted supplejack served him for a walking stick, and a large rough nautical looking dog invariably slouched along at his heels; bearing his glove or some other trifle, in the style of an adept. He was generally called "Old Scoresby," and looked considerably more stricken in years than either of his brothers. The fierce and burning clime wherein he had toiled had embrowned his skin: the gnawing cares of traffic and unceasing turmoils, incident to a life of speculation and warfare, had furrowed his cheek, and tinged his hair with untimely grey.

The state of the weather was still the object of his most serious solicitude. It was a matter of business with him to note every minute variation of the vane on the summit of the old mansion; and he risked his neck three or four times a week, in clambering over the dangerous roof, for the purpose of oiling and keeping it in accurate trim. A mackerel sky was a subject on which he expatiated with unbounded delight, and he never sat down to his morning repast without first ascertaining where the wind sat. His spirits rose and fell with the mercury in his barometer, and he looked temperate, stormy, bright, variable or hazy, according to the state of the elements above. He was a weather-glass general; the townsfolk peeped through their casements at him as he passed, and ordered their affairs by his prophetic aspect. His chief employment consisted in cleaning his spy-glass, and fixing it towards that point of the compass which lay coastwise; rummaging his sea-chest, constructing models of ships, copying old charts, and furnishing an elaborate, but original draught of the Straits of Magellan. His birth, as he termed his private apartment, was replete with nautical curiosities. A small canoe was suspended from the ceiling, and a large model of a three-decker, with all her tackle complete, oc-

cupied one whole side of the room. Stuffed humming-birds, Indian instruments of warfare, sea weeds, quadrants, flying fishes, and the skins of wild beasts, were hung up in every possible place; and petrifications, minerals, shells, a mariner's compass, ugly reptiles preserved in phials, Indian corn, a boatswain's whistle, and other nick-nacks, covered the mantel-shelf. Above it was a Chinese portrait of himself, between a pair of inlaid Turkish pistols, the trophies of his valour and success, in a squabble with the Algerines.

He had been accustomed to command; and dominion was his hobby. Harold would not even brook a gubernatorial look, and Scoresby was obliged to go abroad for subjects. He tyrannized over the vestry, and wielded the parochial sceptre from the first month of his visitation. His will was the law of the place. He made up his mind to a thing first, and then ransacked his brain for reasons of stability, to warrant his foregone resolves. While the little conclave of churchwardens and overseers was debating on the propriety of any given measure, Scoresby ordered it to be done, and enjoyed in the solitude of his birth, the surprise and indignation of the sage baldheads, at finding themselves forestalled in a matter from which they had anticipated considerable honour, and whereupon they had sat in judgment, only to impress on the minds of the parishioners, an idea of their zeal, and the importance of the subject discussed. The weeding of a footpath was formerly a matter of serious debate among them, and the two rival orators, with their respective adherents, would exhaust their whole stock of logic and breath, about stopping up a gutter. Scoresby soon ended these squabbles, and at length managed so as to evade all unnecessary eloquence, by convening the monthly assemblage a few minutes only antecedent to the culinary consummation of the goodly feast, which was provided for the parochial legislators at the public cost. The spirit of controversy succumbed to appetite, and the place of worship was no longer profaned by petty broils, and ridiculous cabals.

These were the friendly competitors for Rebecca's hand. She was prodigal of her favours to all, but dexterously contrived to veil the tri-coloured complexion of her love, and made each of the brothers deem himself the sole lord paramount of her over-fond heart. She had a spice of that low cunning, which invariably lurks in the bosom of the ignorant vulgar, and enables them often to

compass great things with an apparent paucity of means. At table the widow would leer gratuitously, and most unequivocally at Harold; squeeze the dainty hand of the convenient man; and at the same moment crush the susceptible foot of old Scoresby, with so much vigour, as to throw him into an agony tantamount to an inquisitorial torture, which, however, he generally contrived to carry off in a ghastly ogle. In truth, Scoresby was Rebecca's favourite, and he might doubtless have carried her off in triumph; but it was rumoured among the gossips, that certain compunctious misgivings of conscience as to the suspected vitality of a former termagant wife, who had eloped from him, jarred with his fond inclinations. Certain it is, that he rigidly abstained from making any specific verbal tender of his hand, although the state of his heart was sufficiently apparent. He was well versed in the mystery of side wind flattery: the fire of his eye was exhausted by continual and excessive ogling, and he often set a compliment of the first water, in a dry mercantile discussion on Memel timber, or pig-lead.

The widow occasionally ventured to take the air in her lumbering old coach with Philip, or Scoresby; Jacob Croft, the coachman, overturned the two twice out of pure jealousy and ill-will, and Harold thwacked him soundly for the impertinence, although he incurred no personal risk, being expressly excluded from the delight. He had an unhappy way of thrusting his head through the window whenever he heard symptoms of fighting or fast trotting upon the road, and as the widow (although robust and vigorous in appearance, and glowing with a fine, blooming, turkey-cock complexion,) professed herself to be "rather delicate," the plate glasses were generally up, and Harold was too impatient to drop them, and infinite damage, shrieks, and interesting alarm, ensued. One dark evening, as Rebecca was seated in the coach, on her return from a visit to a friend, who dwelt at a distance, flanked by the convenient man, and old Scoresby; the latter, who made love in the old school style, by nods, winks, caressing of little fingers and daintily pressing of elbows and shoulders, "upon the sly," warily placed his hand behind the widow, for the purpose of assailing the round pulpy sinister arm, nearest to Philip. To his great marvel and delight, another hand instantly courted his amorous salute. The widow was mute, but the two hands fondled and palmed each other most affectionately; and at length a ring, which Rebecca, in one of her softer moments, had vouchsafed to old

Scoresby, was playfully removed from his finger. At that moment the coach stopped, and the dame and her swains parted for the night.

The next day, Rebecca and Scoresby with mutual surprise beheld the golden token of her favour, glittering on the neat, well-turned finger of Philip! Scoresby felt the whole truth flash upon him in a moment. It was evident that he had been dandling the hand of his brother, instead of the widow's. Upon what minute events our destinies hang! The crest-fallen Scoresby felt so mortified at the reflection of the mistake he had unwittingly made, that he sedulously avoided an explanation with the irritated Rebecca, and suffered in her esteem accordingly. She was piqued in the extreme to think that her gift should be considered of such little value, and the Convenient Man displayed it to their affronted eyes with most invincible pertinacity.

He now deemed himself, beyond all doubt, the favoured swain, and assailed the widow with increased vigour. Scoresby drooped, and became addicted to solitude and angling. The vehement Harold gave up the lingering pursuit in utter disgust, and Philip would most probably have carried off the prize, had not Arthur Plebe (who joined a recruiting party, twenty years before, in a fit of desperation at his own poverty, and Rebecca's affected disdain) returned from the wars with the loss of an eye, and the addition of a subaltern's title as a prologue to his patronymic. At the sight of him, the susceptible widow reverted in imagination to the days of her youth. She was a scullion again, and the subaltern's affection blazed with renewed ardour the moment he heard of her treasures. He doffed the cap of courtship to her with a belicose flourish; spoke more fluently of warlike achievements and foreign wonders than old Scoresby; surpassed even Harold in hard riding and oaths; threatened to sabre the Convenient Man; and, within a month, domineered over the dead miser's bags.

A.

Sonnets.

FLOWER-shedding Spring, with a good servant's haste,
Hurries about, to make the many ways
Which summer will pass through, now wild and waste,
Pleasant as high-roads on blythe holidays.
The bees, impatient of their summer toil,
Hover and search among the unbudded flowers ;—
(O right-industrious they, who, whilst they moil
Rejoice—which Idlesse cannot in his weedy bowers !)
Millions of golden flowers yellow the hills,
That look and shine like gathered heaps of gold ;
And birds, and buds, and leaves—rivers and rills,
Valley and heath,—and all things I behold,
Breathe out their voices with a soft, sweet might,
Instructing my dumb heart in their unfeigned delight.

The world-worn, suffering, and sick-hearted quit
The common haunts of life, and wander forth
To where the majesty of day doth sit
Smiling on industry and patient worth.
Youthful Consumption in the fostering beam
Of the warm sun bathes her wan, icy cheek ;
Uneasy-breasted Asthma drinks the stream
Of air, thin and inhaleable ; tottering, weak
Age is hurrying out, with as much speed
As he may make—serenest smiles of gladness
Playing the while on his pale, wither'd lip,—
His dim eyes brighten, and his heart doth leap
As it had never known the stress of sadness :
Ah ! may I be like him in life's worst hours of need !

The glory of this day is like a sight
 Of th' innermost heaven. Lay lighter, heart ;
 Thought, be not dumb and sullen, but take part
 In this one-voiced hymn of loud delight,
 Which thankful birds upraise ! The whisperings
 Of nature's gentle voice come on thine ear,
 My soul,—oh ! be not deaf to them ! the sphere
 Of yon unbased arch above me rings
 With the light lark's loud matinal of praise ;
 The face of all the earth, like the bright sky,
 Is smiling brighter than a beauty's eye
 When the sun's light looks into it. This day's
 Sublimity, in less ingrate heart than mine,
 Would wake a sudden voice and praiseful hymn divine !

But when I think on what is past of life,
 And how 'twas past—remembering how I kept
 Out of its fruitful field whilst others reap'd
 Its golden harvest, gathering in rife,
 Glutted garners ; how like an idle bubble,
 As weak of strength, I've drifted every where,—
 Or like a crazy bark on seas of trouble,
 Tossed wild about, and helpless from despair,
 How I have suffered mind and body's pain,
 And loss of love and friends, and health and hope,
 And many things I may not lose again,
 Youth, purity, and love of life,—what scope,
 What cause have I for thought of happiness,
 Thus hunted down by fate, and memory, and distress !

C. W.

ON
Speculative Felicity.

The days my ardent fancy painted,
When the high blood ran frolic through the veins,
And boyhood made me sanguine.

COLMAN.

.....

Full of sound and fury; signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are few of us, who have not indulged in those day dreams of delight, that spring from the contemplation of some perspective enjoyment, portrayed by the pencil of fancy. Even the unimagi-
native, whose desires are confined within the grosser limits of sense, occasionally revel in the luxury of anticipation, and delight themselves by picturing the happiness they should enjoy, could circumstance become subservient to their will, and allow them an unrestrained indulgence in those gratifications, unveiled to them by the excursiveness of the imagination. But to the intellectual mind, they assume a more dignified importance, and unfold a store of pleasures, half sufficient to counterbalance the stubborn truths of stern reality, with this peculiar concomitant, that they are unalloyed, and leave the imaginer at full liberty to body forth that species of delight that is most congenial to his own wishes.

Whatever may be the substantiality of present enjoyment, it must yield in exquisiteness to ideal emotions of pleasure. The imagination has no limits; it spurns the boundaries of time and space, and overcomes every difficulty. The beggar seats himself on the throne; the poor man becomes rich, the foolish wise, the coward valiant. We are invested with power, and wield it as we please. All things combine to yield obedience to our will, and we are no longer the creatures but the commanders of circumstance. I remember the delight I used to experience, in my early days, in these gay visions of fancy. It was a source of infinite pleasure to picture to myself some imaginative good, to summon the phantoms of happiness to rise before me and perform my bidding, and prematurely extract events from the bosom of futurity, to deck with their brilliance these air-built castles of the mind. I do not think I attached a sordid value to riches; but I remember

one of those mental pencillings which I most loved to dwell on was the anticipation of possessing great wealth. I can scarcely be said to have erred in my early estimate of mankind, when I attributed the wonders I saw around me to this source, and invested it with a species of omnipotence. My anxiety to possess it arose from the wish of making it subservient to the production of good, and not from any exclusive feeling of individual enjoyment. I usually began my speculation with fancying myself the master of a certain sum, and always a large one :—half a million, perhaps,—and with this I would go to work. It sometimes happened that I exceeded my means; but this was soon remedied; imagination has a bank, that is not easily exhausted, and I never wanted for funds to carry my schemes into practice. I was the most liberal philanthropist the world ever saw. What institutions have I not founded! what benefits have I not conferred! I wiped away the tears of affliction with the soft paper of Threadneedle Street, and was the source of unlimited benevolence. Like the man in the play, I was wishing all my friends in distress that I might have the pleasure of relieving them; and I depicted scenes of the most appalling misery, that they might be changed to smiles and happiness by the electric touch of my beneficent hand. To the possession of wealth I attached power and influence. Did the guiltless pine in dungeons,—or the repentant criminal groan in anticipation of immitigable punishment?—I stripped them of their fetters, and restored them to light and life and liberty. Did unfriended merit wither in the shade of obscurity? My hand was stretched forth to raise it to the distinction it deserved. I became its patron, and saw the blossoms of genius expand beneath the fostering protection of appreciating liberality.

Sometimes I was a powerful prince; and emulated the renowned Haroun Alaschid, by walking through the world disguised, in search of adventures. What a felicity! To gather by eaves-droppings over night the romantic wishes of some hapless wretch, and realize them to his utter astonishment on the following morning! In this way, I dispensed happiness and rendered justice. Perhaps I was the only monarch that was ever surrounded by true friends and upright advisers. My counsellors were all wise; my adherents all faithful; and when I brought my glorious career to its close, I had attained a venerable antiquity, and left behind me as my successor, a son in every respect worthy of such a father.

At other times, the comprehensive grasp of imagination seized on high mental endowments as objects for speculation. I painted to myself the glory of possessing great talents, and the certainty of their appreciation. I pictured to my mind's eye, the admiring thousands who would pay homage to my genius. The sneers of malice, the impediments thrown in the way of merit by envious and sordid minds, were either unknown to me in my green experience of the world, or were not included in my visionary scheme of ideal felicity. I regulated events as I wished them to happen; and dreamed not of the heart-aches, the anxieties, the disappointments, that cross the path of the aspirant after fame. But these fancies did not arise from the consciousness of possessing the germ, whose expansion was to be hailed with such glorious results; there was no serious calculation of events that I thought likely to happen. I invested myself with these imaginary qualities, often without even the most remote intuitive predilection, on the same principle of wanton imagining that I had decked myself with the robe of royalty. As a proof of this, I recollect that I was by no means confined to an individual species. At one time I would delight in the anticipation of forensic excellence. I would commence with the triumphant success of my maiden suit. I was advocating the cause of some injured husband or defrauded heir. The conviction of the justice of my cause inspired me with a fervour that levelled all obstacles. My lips were touched by the sacred fire of eloquence; period rolled on period; and every argument was crowned with conviction. The magic of oratory usurped unbounded sway over the minds of my auditors. They wept; they frowned; they smiled. At one moment they were bathed in tears, at another the glowing fire of indignation mantled in their cheeks. They were as puppets in the hands of a master, and I swayed them at my will. Even the rigid countenance of the judge betrayed emotion; and nature and passion usurped a temporary sway over the heart, whose kindly feelings had long since been subdued, by the stern sense of justice, and the iron power of long-continued habit and experience.

Then I was a player, uniting the sublimest excellencies of the histrionic art. The most arduous characters I sustained with ease, and every one with success. All the varieties of the drama, I embodied with a facility and a correctness that defied censure, and left no wish for improvement. The ardour of youth, the decrepi-

tude of age, the pangs of jealousy, the madness of ambition, the fierceness of revenge, were promptly conceived and faithfully delineated. I surpassed the famous *El Tiranna* in the fearful developement of human passion, while every eye was lighted up with smiles when I wooed the comic muse. It was but a fairy dream; and the union of the most opposite varieties of talent, such as were never known to be possessed by the same individual, was comparatively easy. But to add to all these mimic excellencies, the magic power of song,—to melt the soul to love and pity; to rouse the passions, to subdue the heart, and excite all those emotions which Timotheus of old elicited and swayed by the tones of his lyre; to dazzle at one time by unimagined brilliancy of execution, and at another to excite the feelings by the soft tenderness of musical expression;—to surpass Farinelli, who charmed the mental malady of a king by the sweetness of his voice; to obtain the undivided palm of excellence, and stand alone, the monarch of song; to possess the power of achieving more than ever was achieved by human vocality, and to be patronised and caressed by the mighty of the earth for a talent which gave me the undivided empire of the passions.—This was a mastery, the possession of which was delightful even in perspective.

A writer! To be a popular writer! To be absolute master of all that human learning ever attained, and to add to all these the glorious inspirations of natural talent. To receive the universal admiration of the world; my works translated into all languages, and their author hailed as the discoverer of a new mine of thought, the originator of a new impetus to the mind! To feel the puny shafts of criticism strike harmless against the impregnable buckler of genius, and to rise, the day star of knowledge, to illumine a benighted world! It was a delicious, an intoxicating reverie; a triumphant march of fancy, that outstripped the tardy pace of plodding, calculating worldliness; that cared not for filthy lucre, but was alive only for glory; that knew nothing of the petty intrigues, the paltry cavillings, the envious jealousies, the vanity, the pride, the insatiate thirst for praise, that reduce the literary character beneath the level even of ordinary men. It was alike ignorant of the traffic of mind, the barter of genius, the sale of intellect for pounds, shillings, and pence, and all the degrading realities of the microcosm of literature; deeming the world of letters as glorious in fact as it appeared in theory, and decking it

with colours, too brilliant to be durable, with qualities too flattering to be true.....

Such were my juvenile Crichtonian imaginings of futurity. These fata morgana have long since been dispelled. The real business of life has dissipated brighter visions. Every year we lose a portion of our enthusiasm; and with it that felicity that surpasseth all others, the felicity that is to come. "Man never *is* but always *to be* blest;" to the future he refers all his enjoyments; and happy is he, who having outlived all prospect of worldly happiness, looks forward with confidence to felicity beyond the grave.

*

Sonnet.

RECOLLECTIONS.

THE stars are glimmering through night's hazy veil,
 Coldly as eyes of a sad man in years,
 Or a dark beauty looking through her tears
 At the sad ending of a passionate tale.
 The north-wind, piping through the peaceful vale,
 Breathes fitful music; dry leaves, which spring more sears,
 Flutter like feeble hearts that many fears
 Alarm, and darkest shade and darkling thoughts prevail.—
 This day hath been a voice, whose history told
 Of youth, when my soul's wings with hope could soar;
 It spake of one whom I did once behold
 (The love of memory still) beheld no more;
 Her life, like this fair day's dark death, might close,
 Begun in beauty's bliss, darkened by many woes!

C. W.

Song,
—**TELL ME NOT.**
—

TELL me not that ruthless Time
Nor heeds the wreck of beauty's prime,
Nor bids his wasting pinions rest
To pillow on the softest breast
That mortal eyes behold.
For why repine ? To sons of pain
Alone does Time protract his pain ;
And deems't thou, love, he flies not fleetest,
When the midnight hour is sweetest ?
Ah no ! ah no !
I would not yield that hour of night,
For all the years of gaudy light
That thou and I have told !

Tell me not the blush that streaks
With transport beauty's glowing cheeks,
Diana's vestal-beam should fly,
And shun the youthful gazer's eye ;
That love hath fired like mine !
A night like this hath seen the chaste
And cold Diana's self embraced,
Nor will she mark without repining
Mortals thus to joy resigning,
Ah no ! ah no !
I would not yield for worlds of bliss
The moonlight bow'r of love in this
If blest with form like thine !

J. G. G.

EXTRACTS FROM THE
Doctuary
 OF TIMOTHY DREAMER, ESQUIRE.

No. 3.

Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.

IL PENSEROSO.

I CONSIDERED the strange distribution of happiness and misery amongst mortals; I saw the wicked in the palace of gladness, and the good in the dreary mansions of sorrow; I found that virtue did not exempt its possessor from affliction; my soul was sad and my eye-lids grew heavy with tears. "Oh! omnipotent Arbiter of life and death," thought I, "whence is this? Why is misery the portion of the innocent? Why dost thou suffer guilt to trample them under foot? How long shall they drink the waters of bitterness? Wilt thou withhold their reward for ever?"

It was evening, and with the shades of night descended the dews of slumber; they steeped my temples and I slept; but the soul slumbered not, it rambled in the fields of imagination. Come, oh ye sons and daughters of affliction, listen to my voice, for wisdom speaketh in the visions of the night.

Methought I stood on the brink of a broad and rapid stream; round me appeared an infinite multitude of human beings, who were all anxiously beholding the sullen waste of waves that rolled by them. Several voices informed me that it was absolutely necessary to pass this river; but it was easy to perceive that none had sufficient resolution to leap into it. On mixing with the crowd, I discovered a number of hideous spectres who were busily employed in pushing the trembling passengers from the bank on which they vainly endeavoured to gain a firmer footing. At the touch of these phantoms I found the trappings with which many of my companions were adorned, instantly fell off, so that some who approached the water's edge with the air of princes, became, in a moment, as mean and as squalid as the beggars they before despised. Vanity lost its plumes, the diamond lost its lustre, and gold and silver were changed into dust. In this general wreck of human grandeur, I was surprised at observing a few individuals whom the evil geni

seemed to reverence, suffering them to retain a jewel, which, though small, was inexpressibly bright; it was called *virtue*. While I yet gazed on these favorites of heaven, an invisible hand urged me into the flood; I sunk to its oozy bottom; but in an instant the spirit became disengaged from her mortal covering, and rising above the dark and stormy waters, landed on the shore of another world. On one side appeared regions exquisitely fertile and delightful; on the other continents of darkness and desolation; in the former plenty, in the latter barrenness. Here the fields wore an eternal verdure, and a sun shone that never set. There was the shadow of death, darkness that might be felt, night without morning. Here the sparkling brooklets, that danced in the day-beams, were sweet and refreshing to the parched lips; every bush was covered with flowers, and every tree laden with fruit. There the pools were stagnant and bitter; thorns hedged in the way side; and the trees were dead and withered. While my soul, with a concourse of spiritual beings like itself, was lost in astonishment at its present, and doubtful of its future existence, a light more dazzling than the sun approached, and from the intense glory appeared an angel of sublime mien and stature. His aspect was majestically terrible; four wings of ample dimensions shadowed his deathless body; round his brow was twined a wreath of unfading amaranth; in one hand he held rewards, and in the other punishments; his waist was bound with a girdle of precious stones, which were arranged so as to form the word "*Retribution*." For a moment he regarded our trembling spirits with a mild but awfully dignified look, and then, in a deep unearthly tone, addressed them thus, "Immortal spirits, your pilgrimage in time is at an end; you have passed from a fleeting and transitory life, to a fixed and unchanging state of existence. Whether the new being you are to enter upon shall be happy or miserable, will be decided by your actions while in the body; these rewards are for the good, these punishments for the guilty; they will be justly distributed by an impartial and unerring udge, and to his tribunal I will now conduct you." No sooner had the vision ceased to speak, than by some secret impulse we were hurried into an immensely large temple; the pavement was of gold, and the pillars of diamond. It was lighted by an infinite number of stars, which were scattered with luxuriant profusion over the widely extended dome. The temple had ten doors, and at each stood a glorious angel, enveloped in robes of flame. In the midst rose a throne, or judgment seat of indescribable grandeur; it rested on

two pillars of cloud, from one of which issued *Day*, and from the other *Night*. The steps were rows of sleeping thunder, and the seat was a rainbow. Over the throne appeared Mercy with expanded wings, and in form like a dove; and on either side waited Justice and Power, the one holding the eternal balances of heaven, the other the awakened lightnings of its indignation. On the throne sat Omnipotence surrounded by the beams of its unspeakable glory; I raised my eyes to contemplate the august presence, but they were too feeble; insufferable brightness veiled the Deity from my sight. A voice proceeded from the seat of the Godhead; the angels bowed their heads, and the temple shook to its base.—“ Oh! ye sons and daughters of the earth! the day of retribution is come—now shall the vicious be punished and the virtuous rewarded.” The awful sound ceased, there was silence, and a spirit approached the throne, who was full of eyes and tongues, his name was *Memory*, and the volume of record which he bore in his hand was laid open. Then there appeared an angel whose locks were whiter than snow, his hand contained an exhausted hour-glass, he was called *Time*. The voice of the Supreme Judge was again heard: “ Ye spirits, whose watch was on the earth, what is recorded of those who have left it?” *Memory* answered, “ That group is composed of the mighty ones of the world, their houses were sumptuous and their riches abundant, they knew not affliction in their day, yet were they insensible to the cry of want and anguish, they neither healed the sick nor fed the hungry.” Then spoke *Time*: “ The years of these men were many and prosperous, their lamp of gladness was bright, disease came not within their doors, yet they wasted their good gifts, they lavished their days and hours on foolish or vicious pursuits, they were the enemies rather than the benefactors of mankind.” The angel concluded; there was an awful pause; and the invisible Judge said, “ Pronounce sentence.” Then *Justice* stretched forth his arm, “ Oh! ye unprofitable servants, the balances are against you, the wrath of the Almighty is awakened, receive the reward of your misdeeds.” The countenance of *Power* became fiery red, the lightnings flashed, and peals of thunder shook the star-lighted dome, a dense black cloud covered the condemned, and I saw them no more. Then spoke *Memory* with a voice inexpressibly soft and sweet, “ These that remain were the poor and despised of the earth, the wormwood of misery was in their cup; their path was rugged and full of difficulties, yet they returned good for evil, and embraced every opportunity of

serving their fellow-creatures. The little Providence had given them they more than divided with the miserable, and though afflicted themselves, they communicated joy to others." And Time bore witness, " Their days were few and sorrowful, their taper of existence burnt dim, yet their lives were fruitful in virtues, the savour of their grateful sacrifices often ascended to heaven, and is treasured in the remembrance of Mercy." Now breathed the Creator's will in tones more melodious than the full choir of nature on a spring morning. " Bring forth the reward of my favorites." Justice smiled benignantly. " The balances are for you, ye faithful ones; the Eternal beheld with pleasure your good deeds on earth, but the struggle of mortality is finished, and now begins the day of rejoicing receive your rewards." Mildness and love softened the visage of Power, and there appeared an innumerable host of immortal spirits, radiant with glory and felicity, they crowned the accepted with wreaths of amaranth, and clothed them in robes of dazzling whiteness, and each of them received a harp of gold, and millions of voices united in mellifluous chorus to hymn the praises of the Omnipotent. The glorious assembly of angels congratulated their new companions, " Oh! happy and beloved friends, the season of your afflictions is past, the race is run, the victory is achieved, the laurel of triumph is yours." Then the harpings of the angelic myriads, and the voices of accepted spirits rose in ravishing melody towards the eternal throne. " Just are all thy ways, oh! thou everlasting king, thy chariot is the whirlwind, earthquake and pestilence march before thee, the paths of thy providence are the storm, yet they bring forth peace; dark and inscrutable are thy counsels, yet mercy and goodness dwell in thy presence without end." Thus sung the blest assembly; I rejoiced; but how did my joy increase, when an angel, with a benignant smile, presented me a robe, a crown, and a harp, exclaiming, " Go, brother, join the happy multitude." The extacy of my feelings at this unlooked for felicity dissolved the enchantment of sleep, and I awoke to the world and its cares; but I no longer murmured at the mysterious dispensations of providence; I bowed in humble acquiescence to the will of the All-wise, knowing that he who is all mercy, truth, and justice, will pity the infirmities of his erring creature, pardon his involuntary faults, and forgive those that are wilful, when acknowledged with sincere repentance.

H.

Stanzas.

THE moment of horror is o'er!

Thou art torn from the struggle at last,
And my bosom shall cherish remembrance no more,
For 'tis torture to dwell on the past!

Be hushed, ye ungenerous sighs—

Ye tears unavailing away!

Shall we mourn for the souls of the blest in the skies,
Or wish them again in their clay?

A spirit as pure and as faultless hath fled
As e'er mingled above with the virtuous dead!

Unbroke be the calm of thy tomb!

I never will gaze on its stone—

For why should I grieve o'er the dust of thy bloom,

When the spark of its being hath flown!

Should I roam in my thoughtlessness there,

Should I pass by the funeral sod,

No pangs of the dying with mine would compare,

When I thought o'er whose ashes I trod!

Oh! far be my thoughts and my footsteps from all,

That the maddening scenes of the past may recal!

And loathed be the aspect of day!

There's a mockery e'en in its light,

Oh! who in his wretchedness welcomes its ray,

While all in his bosom is night!

When the stillness of slumber absorbs

Each mourner less anguished than me,

I'll gaze on yon heaven of myriad orbs

Where thy God is for ever with thee!

And feel as my soul from that heaven were hurl'd,

When I turn me again to this desolate world!

J. G. G.

ON THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF

Fame.

Brevity of life is amply compensated by an eternity of fame.....
Your great soul can only be satisfied with a fame transmitted through all ages and countries, under the faithful guardianship of eternity.

RUTHERFORD'S CICERO.

FAME, properly speaking, is the applause we confer on the performers of great actions ; but since this homage is often misapplied, since the popular voice frequently ascribes praise to conduct which rather merits execration, it becomes necessary to define in what true greatness consists, and to draw a line of separation between the ephemeral meteors of the day, and those more steady lights which are destined to shine through countless ages. This mode of conducting our inquiry will be of advantage in two respects : first, it will point out what objects are really deserving of admiration ; and, secondly, indicate those paths which lead to the acquirement of it. Thus instructed, the aspiring may learn to tread in the plain way of honour ; when they shall find the importance of virtue, even in a worldly view, and know how much it will accelerate the possession of glory, they will throw off the cloak of dissimulation, and instead of only seeming to be, really become great.

Most men ascribe fame to the powerful, the rich, and the dignified ; but these, without merit in their possessors, are unworthy the least regard. Power may be abused, riches misapplied, and dignities rendered contemptible by their owner. Can the powerful deserve our admiration who rise to eminence by violence and injustice, who wade through oceans of blood to a throne, and place a diadem on their brows, heavy with curses ? Ought the rich man to be esteemed, whose gold is hid in dusty coffers, and denied to the wants of suffering humanity ? Such a man, whose heart is inaccessible to the cries of misery, who has lost all the tender feelings of our nature, in the gulph of an unsatisfied avarice—can he deserve praise ? Alas ! it is too often bestowed on such : we endeavour to dignify the petrified heart of the miser, and call his inhumanity, prudence ; we varnish the hideous visage of vice,

and having partially veiled its deformities, name it virtue. As for dignities, they should excite no emotion but contempt, when heaped on the worthless; on some degenerate heir, who, having squandered the patrimony of his ancestors in riotous excess, strives to replenish his empty purse by sacrificing the interests of his country; or some witless lordling, who boasts that he can shew in his family tree, the names of illustrious sages and patriots, while himself meantime is reposing on the breath of flatterers, passing through life without conferring the smallest benefit on his fellow creatures,—at once an object of ridicule to his equals, a burden to himself, and a disgrace to his forefathers. Men too often endeavour to raise the superstructure of fame on a sandy foundation; but their efforts are sure to prove abortive. Honours and titles dazzle the million for a season; but who respects them when merely enumerated on a tomb?

To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.

Riches place a man above the crowd; they give him immense possessions; they furnish all that the most inordinate luxury can crave; but beyond the present moment they give no advantages, unless employed by those who lay up treasure, “where thieves break not in.” We may purchase the venial applause of the day, but who will be found to breathe praise in “the dull cold ear of death?” Power may bend the knee, and call forth plaudits from the bribed lips of thousands,—but what avails it! In “the house appointed for all living,” when the farce is ended, the dust of the tyrant will be blended with that of his slave, for there are no distinctions among the dead; and the transitory renown which attended him while living, blasted by the sentence of an impartial posterity, will insensibly die away and be forgotten, as the dews of morning are lost in the sun-beams.

But what is true fame? It is far more delightful to praise than condemn; and when I observe a dark group in the beautiful landscape of nature, I immediately strive to banish the painful impression by turning to a brighter one. In the moral hemisphere, as in the natural one, there are many stars, but few constellations; many aspire after fame, and feel “longings after immortality,” but few gain it.

“One Caesar lives, a thousand are forgot.”

In our mental horizon we see many lights; some, like the glow-

worm's, are without heat, others resemble the meteoric appearances we occasionally behold in the heavens, present for an instant and forgotten, whilst others are the mere reflectors of genuine and intrinsic splendour, who being of themselves dark, have contrived to appropriate the stray gleams of glory which accidentally shone around them.

Fame is the universal passion; the desire to obtain it is as active in the servant as in the master; vassal and lord are alike in this respect.

The fettered slave

Echoes the proud Assyrian in his heart,
And builds his little Babylons of straw.

Few persons can bear the mortifying reflection, that their bodies and their names must die together, and that no fond recollections will linger round their tombs. We hope for an after-life; we desire that when our mortal part mingles with its original dust, our memories shall be cherished in the hearts of a grateful posterity. It is an idea abhorrent to every sensitive mind, that a few spans of earth and an untrophied urn should be our only memorial; and to escape the oblivion of the grave, and in pursuit of a nominal and uncertain good, men frequently confer solid and lasting advantages on their species. The soldier tears himself from the tendernesses of home, from his country, and every heartfelt blessing,—what does he expect in return for his sacrifices? Fame. He encounters the foe on a foreign soil, he moistens the inhospitable earth with his best blood. What is it that renders the pangs of dissolution supportable? The anticipation of fame; the assurance that his country's tears will bedew his vacant mausoleum; that when his bosom throbs no more, the pen of history will preserve the memory of his deeds, and hold him up as a bright example for the brave to imitate. Warmed by thoughts like these, he feels no wound; his soul rises on the wings of victory, and claims the unfading laurels of renown. Of a similar nature are the feelings which actuate the statesman's bosom, his unceasing attention to the interests of the community, his quiet, calm firmness in peace, his intrepidity and fortitude in war; the wisdom that plans, and the industry that executes,—all may be traced to one cause, a passionate desire for distinction. Fame, in a word, kindles the warrior's enthusiasm, calls into exercise the wisdom of the sage, and is the muse of the poet's dreams. It is the genial principle, the vivifying

power which discovers and brings into action many a noble faculty which would otherwise have remained dormant. Great then are the benefits derived from its influence : to be renowned, power becomes merciful ; wealth, generous ; and dignity, humble. Half the charities, and all the courtesies of life are owing to the thirst after a name.

Fame, then, is the universal passion, all seek it, yet comparatively few have a just claim to the distinctions it bestows.

Honour ! the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on ev'ry tomb, on ev'ry grave,
A lying trophy.

It is not the applause of the multitude, or the idolatry of a party, that can render a man truly great ; we must not judge of public characters by the feverish opinions of their contemporaries ; we must pause till their reputation has stood the test of time, till the tongues of another generation have pronounced them illustrious. Of the numerous orators whose eloquence once shook the forums of Greece and Rome, how few are remembered ! of the various poets whose works charmed in their generation, where is the memorial ? Of all the puissant heroes of antiquity, how imperfect are the records. The harmonious cadences, the inspiring volume of sound, the victories, the triumphs are forgotten ; warriors, bards, and orators are alike lost in the immense ocean of time. They only can properly anticipate the life after death which fame confers, who, if placed in an elevated situation, consider their exaltation merely as the medium of assisting their humble and oppressed fellow creatures ;—who, if in the possession of great wealth, distribute it to the needy as an alms from one who is but the almoner of heaven ; who, if the masters of lofty endowments, use them to instruct and humanize, to guide and save those to whom Providence has been less bountiful. These are the only paths to an eternity of fame ; all other laurels wither ; all other monuments decay ; a few years will sweep into the gulph of oblivion all the puny and mistaken labourers for ephemeral notoriety ; but the remembrance of those who purchase their reputation with the genuine coin of merit, shall exist, when the graver's art fails beneath the fingers of Time : their chaplet of glory shall be for ever green, and as the majestic oak increases in strength and verdure, while all meaner trees droop and perish, so shall their renown spread and increase, while less worthy competitors in the arena of glory, are lost in the deepening gloom of ages !

After all, our knowledge of true greatness must be extremely vague and indefinite. No action, however splendid in appearance, has any right to applause, unless the motives in which it originates are equally noble. Can any task be more difficult, than to penetrate the disguise which generally envelopes the human soul? How shall we unravel the intricacies and windings of the heart? This can only be accomplished by Omnipotence. The prescient eye which looks through all the wheels of providence, dissipates with a glance the flimsy disguise with which men veil their intellectual operations from mortal observation, and thus laid bare, and deprived of all extrinsic ornament, many things which to us appear praise-worthy are found to deserve condemnation rather than applause. We know that the Nile, that great river, has its source in an obscure and unfrequented cave; its infant waters issue from between pebbles and rushes; and in the same manner many events of great benefit to the world, may be traced to the very vilest causes, to the worst and most despicable passions of our nature. These and similar reflections ought to qualify our approbation; we ought not to judge by any one action, nor by the conduct of a single day, but by the result of a whole life. If a man continues to make virtue the chief end and aim of his existence in all the various situations in which he may be placed, it is but justice to call him great, but this character ought never to be given to the unstable mind, which, though sometimes captivated by the excellence of rectitude, finds itself incapable of continuing the pursuit. The fame of the living is necessarily uncertain; they may be unfortunate and fall into disregard; they may forget the causes of their elevation and become contemptible; but death silences the partiality of friends and the malice of enemies; it confirms the wavering breath of glory, or dissipates it for ever. To that final consummation, then, we must look; our lives must not be an heterogeneous mixture of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly, but one harmonious whole, whose parts whether separately or collectively, merit admiration.

Fame follows the exertion of exalted qualities in the cause of virtue as invariably as the shadow does the body, or if it is ever conferred on the unworthy, we must consider it as an empty vapour soon to be dispersed; and if ever withheld from the meritorious, we should remember that the reward of noble actions does not consist so much in the applause of mortals as in the favour and approval of heaven. Fame can only be the permanent possession

of those, whom death places in the temple of glory, by removing the soul from its prison-house, and setting them above all the cares and accidents of this life. But we believe that the spirits of good men no sooner leave

" Their lodging in this fleshly nook,"

than they ascend to a heavenly paradise, where they are surrounded by exhaustless and ever new delight, are refined from the leaven of earth, and terrestrial things forgotten in the contemplation of celestial, every noble faculty that was lost or hidden in this world, unfolds itself in the light of an unsetting sun, and blossoms for eternity. A soul thus exalted cannot feel so mean a gratification as that of satisfied vanity, nor can it be supposed to rejoice that its good deeds have a second life among mortals, unless indeed in the hope that their perpetuity may excite emulation : even in a state of beatitude it may be delightful to know,

" That now we have run our course
And sleep in blessings, we have a tomb
Of orphans' tears wept for us."

The dead, then, possess fame, but the living enjoy all its advantages. I say the advantages, since much good accrues to mankind from that proneness to imitate great actions, which is too frequently prompted by ostentation and vain glory. When we contemplate the glorious works of nature, when we behold the Alps rising one above the other in sublime progression till their summits mingle with the clouds, we feel within us a thrilling sensation of awe, admiration and wonder, while at the same time we cannot but be filled with a humiliating sense of our own nothingness, for what can we think ourselves at such a moment but the veriest atoms in the scale of creation? On the contrary, when we review the dimly seen pomps and glories of history, when we fancy ourselves communing with the heroes of ancient days, or walking among the treasures of their sacred ashes, all the dormant energies of our minds are called forth, every hidden faculty is awakened and set in motion, the immortal soul rises in all her majesty glowing with the consciousness of her high destination. And when we are thus inspired by the contemplation of the illustrious dead, and their sublime exertions of intellect, nothing appears too difficult, no obstacle is considered insuperable ; the race of glory is before us, we prepare

to run our course with the strength of giants, and every impediment we flatter ourselves, must yield to the omnipotence of persevering genius.

" For there are souls inspiring hope may trust
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire with intellectual ray
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or warm with fancy's energy to glow
And rival all but Shakespeare's name below."

H.

Arabian Nights.

THERE are no means of attaining a knowledge of the manners, habits, mental partialities, and general mode of thinking of the inhabitants of a country so easy as perusing their works of imagination; their domestic stories and incidents, whether true or false, which are often quoted, furnish the almost daily subject of conversation, and in short, possess those exclusive qualities which entitle them to the appellation of *national*. They may be coloured with exaggerated description, they may be intermingled with gross absurdities and impossible fiction, but they are still found to be in keeping with the general hue of national ideas. Such stories, however, must be of the natural growth of the country in which the scene is laid, for when a nation attempts to delineate foreign manners, it then steps out of the boundaries of its feelings and its experience. A work originating under such circumstances, by the incongruity of its parts and the unappropriate nature of its object, soon exposes itself to detection, as personating a character which is not natural to it, and exhibiting those sentiments as the growth of a foreign soil, which reflection convinces us could be only produced at home. Striking examples of this are to be found in the otherwise beautiful Eastern allegories, as they are called, written by our best authors. In these, the Genius, who is the principal person, and who, by-the-by, takes rather a circuitous, though very pleasant mode of philosophizing, is so evidently cast in an European mould, that excepting the license it gives for gorgeous description, the

moral might as easily be inculcated by the intervention of our good old English fairies, who, I believe, are still to be found haunting the lakes of Cumberland, or tripping by moonlight over many a green and lovely spot on Teviotdale. Our ancestors made frequent use of the tiny elves as the rewarders of virtue and the punishers of vice. They were too Christian to think of applying to the disciples of Mahomet for moral instruction or axioms in philosophy. Indeed we are so far of their opinion, as to imagine nothing can be more unnaturally absurd than to suppose an Arabian camel driver, a Balsora trader, or even a despot of Bagdad perplexing himself with reflections on foreknowledge, free-will and fate. The tendency of these observations will not surely be mistaken as meaning to convey an irreverent idea of the noble principles and enlarged views which these beautiful allegories are calculated to elucidate and recommend; we only direct our censure at the useless and absurd fiction of supposing the sublime philosophy of the Greeks, and the eloquence of Cicero, refined by the philanthropic spirit of Christianity, to proceed from the mouth of the barbarously cruel and uncultivated followers of the prophet of Mecca.

The most beautifully ingenious and interesting of those stories, which may not unaptly be called European Asiatic, are to be found in the fascinating volumes entitled the *Tales of the Genii*. As pieces of composition, they alone would do honour to the literature of a nation. The reader of taste must acknowledge that they are throughout models of elegance, and in many places truly sublime. The romantic grandeur of the descriptions has afforded attracting subjects for the pencil of the artist; and the Miltonic Martin, we believe, may date the dawning era of his fame from his successful attempt at delineating the awful scenery which surrounded the invincible Sadak while he searched for the waters of oblivion. Yet with all the excellence of these stories, the reader must not suppose them real transcripts of Eastern intelligence. They are apt to infuse into the mind, with an indelibility in proportion to their eloquence, the most erroneous ideas in what may be termed moral geography; and this is of more importance than many people may imagine it to be. It may, at the first view, appear of very little consequence to us what may be the real state of mental cultivation on the banks of the Euphrates, or in the portable cities of the desert, but a little reflection will remind us that with us early impressions are powerful stimulants. We Europeans do not, like the lazy Asiatics, listen

with indifference and forget with ease, and that activity which seems natural to us searches for its object in the treasures of our imagination. The frothy descriptions of Savary fermented in the minds of the French, and were the principal cause of moistening the parched soil from Alexandria to Cairo with blood; and the fancied bliss to be found in the ever summer isles of the Southern Ocean, has, ever since their discovery, furnished victims to the superstitious cruelty of their inhabitants. It is of the utmost consequence to us as a commercial, investigating and projecting nation, that whether in war or in peace, as negociators or scientific travelers, we should have real information concerning the genius, temper, dispositions, and even the popular superstitions of the countries we may visit; and as far as concerns the western part of Asia, no work contains better or truer information than the one, the title of which we have prefixed to the head of this article.

The Arabian Nights exhibit indubitable marks of their native origin; for there is this striking difference between them and the tales of Europe,—they seem intended only to amuse; at least, there is no particular axiom or proposition in moral philosophy they seem intended to support or illustrate. This is a truly Asiatic trait of character, for slaves are not accustomed to the luxury of mental speculation. Excepting what a few impassioned love ditties, and a perusal of the chosen passages of the Koran can afford, the Turk, the Arab, and the Persian are deprived almost of all means of relaxing the mind by the charms of elegant literature. Story-telling has therefore become a necessary substitute. After a fatiguing and cheerless march in the desert, or a series of tedious hours spent in the dull monotony of the harem, the mind is much more disposed to listen to the tale of wonder, and follow the thread of quick succeeding incidents, than to absorb its faculties in the deep investigation of metaphysical propositions or the intricate reasoning often made use of to support the dogmas of moral philosophy. A moral necessarily no doubt arises from the narrative, as what set of events can be imagined, in which human passions are concerned, which does not shew the bitter consequences of imprudence or the benefit of reflection; but excepting in one or two particular cases, and then where the precept is of the most unparadoxical description and of the simplest application, the elucidation or enforcement of a principle seems never to have entered into the intention of the narrator.

In the Arabian Nights may be remarked that fertility of invention and novelty of incident which are to be found in all narratives of fancy portrayed by the hand of genius; but it is in regarding them as a faithful mirror of Asiatic intelligence that they are truly valuable. An attentive and reflecting reader will easily be able, amidst the clouds of enchantment and the superhuman achievements of beneficent and malignant genii, distinctly to perceive the real forms of national opinion, habits, and circumstances. It is our intention in this essay to endeavour to mark these with a more precise and determinate outline, by separating them from the surrounding haze of popular superstition with which they are blended. The first characteristic which strikes us as being prominently conspicuous, is the total ignorance which the composers of these tales seem to have been in, with regard to what we consider the inalienable rights of mankind. They seem hardly to be aware of the existence of any other form of government than that of a simple and absolute monarchy. They seem to have had as little notion of the possibility of any compact existing between the governor and the governed as between any private individual and his camel. Convince an Asiatic that his ruler derives no express right from heaven, and is not in a capacity to apply strength to enforce obedience, no political expediency would appear powerful enough to warrant submission. It would be at least amusing to behold a slave of Damascus or Bagdad pitying our mean spiritedness, when he should learn that we Europeans frequently pay a voluntary submission to a man whose vices we detest, and whose individual impotency we are convinced of. The soil with its productions, the men, the women, and the children are supposed in Asia to be literally the property of the monarch. The principles of a republic have been endeavoured to be explained to a turbaned auditory, but so little was this theory of government understood, that they seemed to tremble at its application. "Merciful Allah!" said some of them, "we suppose you mean that every individual man is to be a Sultan."

What seems also very remarkable is the toil which their monarchs voluntarily undergo in exercising the duties of their office. If some hours of the day seem dedicated to pleasure, many more are spent in the minutest detail of never ending business, a drudgery that our police magistrates can only be induced to submit to in rotation. The moment the least streak of dawn

appears in the east, the Sultan tears himself from the arms of beauty, by means of ablution and prayer recommends himself to the protection of heaven through the intercession of the Prophet, and immediately ascends the throne to give judgment in person to all his subjects who may have chosen to appeal from the decision of the Cadi. In the hall, where he sits, the meanest as well as the most powerful have access. Personal titles of nobility being unknown, all are regarded alike, for excepting in the person of the Caliph or Sultan, that equality which may be the fond vision of the lovers of democracy, obtains in the East amidst the most abject slavery. In England it would be attended with the worst inconveniences thus to make the person of the monarch daily and indiscriminately accessible, and even the tone of his voice familiar to the ear. Nothing could prevent his pretensions as a king coming almost momentarily in hostile contact with the rights recognised in a land of freedom. Peculiarity of manner or paucity of talent which might be thus exposed, would be sure to meet with contempt and provoke ridicule.

The next peculiarity in their manners, as gathered from the Arabian Nights, is the treatment of their slaves, we mean those who are the personal property of individuals. These slaves have this manifest advantage over those belonging to the European colonists, that they are purchased to gratify the vanity not the avarice of their masters. Their duty is any thing but labour, and though doubtless they hold their lives on the precarious tenure of their master's caprice, yet while they do live, they share in all his luxuries. Clothed in gorgeous apparel, their only use is to display the magnificence of his establishment. Troops of them are taught the pleasing arts of dancing, singing, and playing on musical instruments, and this, while it contributes to the amusement of their lord, must to themselves be a powerful means of dissipating the languor of servitude. With a very different fate from that of the unhappy African who falls into the hands of Christian planters, the slaves of Asiatics who are themselves slaves, are never called to perform the toilsome labour of the horse and the ox. They are as lazily inclined as their masters, and much of their time is spent in sauntering amidst ever verdant groves or reclining by the side of delicious fountains. Where all are slaves to the monarch, their rank does not preclude them from aspiring to the highest employments; hence we frequently hear of slaves being appointed to the government of

provinces. In the history of several of the present bashaws of the Turkish empire, we find that slavery was the first step to power. Let us add that it is only a very small number of male slaves, who being employed in the interior recesses of the haram, are, by a cruel operation, condemned to that cold vacuity of heart, which must ever be the accompaniment of impotent sterility.

Another thing worthy of remark in the "Arabian Nights," is the estimation in which commerce seems to be held among those nations. The heroes of many of their tales are merchants, or what in England would be termed pedlars, as they carry their whole stock along with them. So far honorable does this manner of life seem amongst them, that we find a young man of the most respectable station in life, no sooner forms a resolution to improve his mind by travel, than he provides himself with a sufficient quantity of rich stuffs, or other goods, loads his camels and sets forward on his journey for the double purpose of encreasing his wealth, and gratifying his curiosity. He lodges at the caravansary and displays his gold brocades or his jewels at the bazaar. What should we think of a young Englishman of fortune, intending to make the tour of Europe, providing himself with some Manchester, or Birmingham goods and opening a stall at Paris, Rome, or Vienna? Truly in this case we hope we should be less inundated with silly school-boy conjectures concerning mutilated statues, or the discoveries of those politicians whose opinions were formed and fixed long ere they set out one step on their journey.

A monarch enjoys the utmost plenitude of power, in a country where superstition invests him personally, and even his race with a sacredness of character, independent of casual, or fluctuating potency. Such were the ancient Incas of Peru, who were supposed to have actually derived the source of their lineage from the sun, the great visible Deity, on whose altars radiant with gold, the simple and comparatively innocent people of that country, offered up the first fruits of spring, and the yellow sheaf of autumn. Such are, to this day, the descendents of the camel driver of Mecca, who in the language of the East, was "the chosen of the Most High, the last of the messengers of God," and such was particularly the Caliph, Haroun Al Rashed, the Commander of the faithful. This prince, who ascended the throne of Bagdad in the 170th year of the Hegira, traced his descent from Al Abbas the uncle of the Prophet. His great extent of territory, and his successful warfare against the

Greek emperor, Nicephorus, are well known to the student of Moslem history, and I only mention him here as being the real or supposed hero of most of the tales in the collection I have been treating of. His character in them is drawn with such a natural air of truth, that it is impossible for any one to end the perusal of these volumes without being peculiarly interested in it. We seem even to get personally acquainted with him. The whole man seems to lie open to our view, his jealousies, his partialities, his generosity and his vindictiveness. The discrepancy of character, formed by all those bad qualities, which, brought into maturity by the habitual exercise of absolute power, are found clashing with the feelings of a noble and generous nature. We behold, painted by the hand of a master, such a monarch in the inmost recesses of his palace, and there we often see the spectre *ennui* besetting the gilded couch, ever mocking at human enjoyment. To relieve himself from its presence, we see this monarch attended by his faithful vizier, both in mean attire, when darkness had shrouded the city of Bagdad, pass unnoticed and mingle with a population to whom his smile was bliss, his frown despair. We cannot help being interested in his progress, when we are conscious that the "oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," are silently and secretly noted by one who, at to-morrow's sun-rise, will humble them to the dust. He, who has impotently mourned over many of the miseries of human life, may, without incurring the imputation of inordinate ambition, be allowed to lament that he has not the power of rivaling in beneficence the Commander of the faithful.

It is said that there are many more of these amusing tales current among the Arabs. We have read that M. Denon, while the French army was in Egypt, learned several which had been preserved by oral tradition among the children of the desert. These narratives we hope he will give the world, but let him beware of mixing them up with European feelings and associations, and least of all with the ostentatious sentimentality of his countrymen.

R.

How to be Happy.

READER! how old are you? Forty-five. So am I. And ever since you could comprehend the simple elemental truth that a part is not equal to a whole, have you been in search after happiness. You have pored over and thumbed and doubled down the pages of many a huge tome of philosophy; you have trimmed and re-trimmed the midnight taper, until exhausted nature sunk under the irresistible pressure of the "leaden mace of sleep." You have taken a short nap, and then a turn across your study, rubbed your hands and your eyes, shook your head, then tapped and smelt at Prince's Mixture, and by the help of such stimulants as these have been enabled to wade on in metaphysic mud, 'till the "brazen tongue of time hath tolled one," or the morning cock proclaimed it was time to bed! to bed! to bed! you have done all this as well as myself, and yet I'll wager my stud of barbaries against your kennel of harriers, that you are as far off the philosopher's stone as ever. Why, man, we, like those who waste an hour in seeking a pen with which they have decorated their ear or embellished their mouth, have been looking at a distance for the thing that was at our fingers' ends.

The fact is this;—but I shall treat the subject philosophically. The world are too much interested in the discovery to allow one to adopt that flippant, colloquial, inconsequential style so much the rage at present. As method may be considered the law of philosophy, I shall be methodical, and commence, according to custom time out of mind with a definition. What then is happiness? A certain nameless author conceives that happiness consists in a succession of pleasurable sensations. I like the definition, not so much on account of the faithful developement of what is contained within this word, as because it suits my purpose. Happiness then is a succession of pleasurable feelings. The fact is this, as I was about saying before when I altered my mind in order to be methodical, that hitherto *tout le monde*, as the French say, foolishly supposed that these sensations could be originated by agreeable objects, circumstances and events, *only*; whereas I have discovered that objects, circumstances and events of a disagreeable character are quite as congenial to our natures, and as redolent of happiness, as those of the prior description. Now, as all things that have, do, or shall exist, partake

of the one or other of these properties, it follows as true as the shadow does the substance, as the needle does the pole, as the day does the night, as death follows life, as the carriage does the horse, as the swallow does the summer, and a thousand other inevitable and unavoidable orderlies, that those who enjoy alike the agreeable and the disagreeable, have an uninterrupted succession of pleasurable feelings, which, if you look to the definition, some twelve lines back, you will find to constitute happiness. Now, is not this very ingenious? But I sha'n't holla before I get out of the wood, and it is well that I came to this resolution just as I have, for I see, or think I see, which is just the same thing, as every body knows, the grave, the feeling, and the religious preparing their weapons for a mortal thrust at such damnable heresy; but as the man says in story, hear me, and then strike. Gentle sirs, if you could but divest yourselves of the prejudices of education, which cover you like a panoply of mail and enter the arena in the simple guise you were in before you were accoutred by your nurses, your tutors and the world, then would the task of conviction, or rather persuasion, be comparatively easy; but we must take without grumbling, things as we find them. Allow me to ask you then for what purpose do you think that immense quantity of moral and physical evil to be found in the world could be intended? Would it not be profane to suppose it was to make us miserable? For my part, so convinced am I, that it was purposed to make us merry, that when I meet a man with a wooden leg, I begin, and cannot help it, to caper like an opera dancer; if I cross another with one arm, I saw the air with both of mine like a tragic actor. Should a third present himself, like the Cyclops of yore, I stare with both my eyes most incontinently. Neither ought he to be hurt at such a manifestation of joy on my part; for if I think there is reason to exult in possessing the full compliment of members, he has no less reason to rejoice that he is capable of doing with only half the number. Both of our feelings originate in a fancied superiority. I will allow that there are some situations in which a fellow-creature may be placed, where he may be allowed to whimper a little; for instance, when he is the actual endurer of suffering; but that is no reason we should whine also. Let us wait our turn; it will come soon enough. Bless us, if we are to wince at the galls of others, who will dare venture to read a newspaper in this, "piping time of peace," when three parts of them are filled with the calamities of mankind? But if we look at

these calamities as legitimate sources of mirth, with what voracity shall we devour column after column of accidents and offences, marriages and deaths! There are those who are silly enough to preach that we should feel the sorrows of others, as though they were our own; but I will shew that it would be better for a man to take the desperate leap from time to eternity at once, than to act so foolishly. Look ye, sirs. One is sent to prison for debt; then must all those who hear of it be prisoners in spirit. The child of another has been seduced; then, like a father, must we all mourn over the defunct chastity of that man's child? A third has lost the affections of a wife; now must we turn cuckolds, and feed upon yellow morsels. A fourth has been betrayed by an only friend; then are we to descant on the horrors of the friendless. A fifth has had his house set on fire, then are we to imagine ourselves enveloped in flames. A sixth is condemned to the scaffold; then are we to ruminate on the felicities of being hanged, drawn, and quartered.—A seventh;—but there is no end to enumeration. We must all inevitably be consumed by the sympathetic disorder. But let us reverse the picture, by converting these troubles into sources of pleasure, what a delightful time shall we have of it! 'Tis a hundred to one, but the very first hour in the morning brings us some news to make us smile, the next to laugh, the third to dance, and before night we are almost mad with rapture.

I would not recommend that we should carry our penchant for mischief to the extreme; I would not, for instance, set fire to the metropolis, and fiddle while it was burning, as Nero did; nor would I encourage a spirit similar to Caligula's, who wished that Rome had but one neck, that he might break it at a blow; nor advise that we should invite guests to a feast, and then introduce them to a dismal dungeon, surrounded with coffins, and send in pretended assassins to frighten them to death, as Domitian; neither should Heliogabalus be followed, who often invited the most common people to share his banquets, and then compelled them to set down on tremendously large bellows, fully inflated, which suddenly emptying themselves, threw the guests upon the floor, and left them a prey for wild beasts. These were great men in their way; but it must be admitted, their *goût* for frolic was rather of the strongest; but as the grand law is to be happy, if misfortunes overtake people without any intervention of mine, I see no reason why I should not turn the circumstance to good account;

nor indeed should I hesitate to invent a thousand little schemes to worry my neighbour, provided it promoted my own hilarity. If each did the same, the sum total of felicity would be increased. Then away with the old fashioned notion of considering such a course unfeeling. We fellows of fun feel as much as our canting opponents, only it is quite of an opposite character. Unfeeling! what is there unfeeling in it? If the miseries of others afford you pleasure, your miseries, in turn, will afford others pleasure, and thus accounts will be balanced: and the whole effect is, to diminish misery and increase happiness. We all know that the positive pain to which man is subject is but in proportion of one to twenty in the total mass of what he endures; if then we turn those nineteen parts of pain which are occasioned by our sympathy for others into sources of pleasure, every one must be a gainer in the same proportion; and, with regard to the sufferer, it is obvious that if he view things as he ought; the very pains which excite his grief and our mirth, will be mitigated by the consideration, that what causes one individual to moan, occasions matter of rejoicing to fifty. Partial evil, he will say, is universal good. I am therefore, maugre the anguish, pleased at being selected for an instrument to advance the general felicity.

One of the advantages connected with this new method of obtaining happiness, is, that there is scarcely ever any lack of disagreeable objects, circumstances and events in the world; which is more than we can say of those of the opposite description, and should there be, we can create them as easily as boys blow bladders. Whenever I find a paucity, I set my family together by the ears, and I take care to have every member of it of combustible material for that very purpose:—my friends and acquaintances, I also make administer to my appetite. At other times, I sally forth like the Spanish knight in quest of adventures, so that for three years past I have not known ennui, vapours, melancholy, blue-devils, or any other imp of hypochondriacal generation.

Now in these delightful results there is nothing to excite our wonder, when we reflect that we are by nature mischievous, and perhaps cruel. This might be proved by the practices of the savage, from the games of the semi-civilized, from the sports of the highly cultivated, and from the cold-blooded enjoyments of the extremely refined; but I shall insist upon one argument only to prove my position, and that shall be the argumen-

tum ad hominem. While in our nurses' arms, we recreate ours elve by biting, scratching, pinching and plundering our earliest associates, and when, in the course of time, we have strength sufficient to shift for ourselves, the first use we make of it is to exert it to the prejudice and pain of the most timid, helpless, and confiding animals and insects. Pray allow me to ask, about the time that you were breeched, how many blue-bottles have you impaled? how many frogs have you stoned to death? how many lady-birds have you incarcerated in glass prisons, in which respiration was a labour of as great difficulty as in the black hole at Calcutta? how many mice have you dangled by a string, pendulum-wise, to the great amusement of yourself, delight of the cat, and terror of the little animal? How many times have you thrust your fingers down poor Tray's throat to make him cough like a Christian? How many spiders has your candle roasted to death in their snug and flimsy retreats? How many times have you favoured poor puss with a cold bath against her will, and spoiled the symetry of her tail, to hear her melodious wailings? And how many times have you looked through the parlour blinds, at the ragged urchins who were lording it over a flock of tender lambs that were being goaded to the slaughter and fancied that if mamma would but indulge you in the privilege of association with these little vagabonds, your felicity would be complete? You say, that as you grew to maturity you perceived the barbarity of such amusements. No such thing; you did not perceive that they were barbarous; you were told so, and therefore discontinued them. The change in your feelings was the result of education, and not perception; the indulgence was natural, the restraint artificial; this is corroborated by the fact, that whenever that restraint can be got rid of with impunity, it is no longer regarded. It is as cruel to bait a bull, or draw a badger, as to stone a frog or transfix a fly; and to hunt a hare, or wound a pheasant, is as bad as either.

Thus have I proved the enjoyment of mischief to be natural, and shall on that account contend it is proper; and were the oriental prince alive that offered a reward to the discoverer of some new pleasure, I should send in my claim, satisfied that I had made out a case that would ensure me his gracious approbation.

Literature.

"THE LIBERAL : Verse and Prose from the South."

AFTER a due course of preparatory puffing, and sundry confidential hints and inuendoes, put forth with fitting solemnity and importance in the Examiner, as to who the authors were, and the wonders they were expected to achieve, "enter, with flourish of trumpets," the *Liberal* from the South.

Shakespear tells us there is nothing in a name ; and, doubtless, had the bard withheld the information, the work before us would have presented ample evidence of the fact ; for so little does its character partake of its title, that it is one tissue of uncharitable bigotry, personal reflection, and ultra *il*-liberality. But, before we proceed to a critical analysis, let us dwell a brief space upon a few prefatory observations.

The authors are avowed to be Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt. We say "avowed," as the intelligence comes through the official gazette information of the Examiner, a paper, which, from Leigh Hunt's previous and perhaps present connexion with it, can hardly be suspected of error on so *important* a point. Now, whatever may be Lord Byron's deficiencies in other respects, that he is a man of great genius does not admit of a doubt ; and critics, little disposed to be lenient to his (supposed) moral failings, have united in bestowing upon his writings the undivided palm of high poetical excellence. What then shall we say of such an association ? Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt ! The bard of Childe Harold and the Rhymester of Rimini ! "Hyperion and a satyr." Tom Thumb and Goliath ! Was there ever such a partnership ? That Leigh Hunt is amazingly exalted by the union, and that he chuckles in his sleeve at this lie direct to all the ridicule of Blackwood, grounded on the supposed impossibility of such an intimacy, there can be little doubt ; and as little, that Lord Byron is proportionately degraded ; while he has

left the world to draw this distinct inference,—that high mental qualities are not always in conjunction with plain good sense ; and that a great mind, when it stoops to indulge in rancorous feeling and personal resentment, will not disdain to employ any instrument, however mean, and associate itself with any object, however contemptible, that may administer to its purpose. The public have been satiated, *usque ad nauseam*, with the squabbles, literary and domestic, of Lord Byron and the Laureat : they are fully aware of the latter's political tergiversation, and soporific potency ; all this they well knew ; and knowing it, had formed a just estimate of each of the disputants, not greatly preponderating in favour of either ; but it was " somewhat too much " to revive the thrice-told tale, and to tax their general admiration of the noble poet's talents with the conditional obligation of reading his lordship's phillippics against Southey, and Leigh Hunt's maudlin commonplace. Let us look a little into this latter gentleman's pretensions. He stands a remarkable instance of comparative success in literature with very meagre qualifications. With neither the erudition of the scholar, the reflection of the philosopher, nor the imagination of the poet, he has worked his way into a species of fame, not indeed derived from the discernment of the judicious, but from the indiscriminating admiration of those who are cajoled by quackery, and who are utterly incapable of appreciating literary excellence, or distinguishing the tinsel of composition from the pure metal. Affecting the quaintness of the writers of the Elizabethan era, like all bungling imitators he has only imbibed their absurdity, and caught no portion of that brilliancy of thought, and tenderness of feeling, by which they were distinguished. With him, the beauty of composition seems to lie, not in originality of idea and purity of expression, but in certain out of-the-way phrases ; in heaping together a number of misplaced epithets, and (to talk somewhat in his own strain) in marrying, *nolens volens*, certain irrelative words, that have no possible affection for each other. Thus, in his Rimini, we are presented with such oddities as these : wet shadow—genteel repose—leafy branches—undulous rills—sweet surprise—fawning air—jaunty streams,—*tall* sky, &c. &c. He talks of " A *clipsome* waist, and bosom's *balmy* rise ; " of horses " *lending* their streaming tails to the *fond* air ; " of trumpets

"coming dancing to the heart," and replying with a "*silver answer*," with a heap of other fooleries; and all these in a poem, which he gravely professes to be "an attempt to describe natural things in a language becoming them, and to do something towards the revival of a proper *English versification*!" Nor is he a jot more rational in his prose. He writes in a mincing, colloquial, how-d'ye-do sort of style, without either dignity or thought. As Holofernes says, "he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." He trips along with a mincing, jaunty air, which all the old women and other weak folks, reckon very pretty; but which is utterly deficient in dignity, elegance, and good sense. What a coadjutor for Lord Byron!

To return to the *Liberal*. First then, of the preface. A great portion of this (perhaps the whole) is evidently the composition of Leigh Hunt. It is sprinkled scantily with a few vigorous sentences that look as if they had been inserted by Byron; but, as a whole, it has too much of the affectation at which we have just been glancing, not to be recognized as the production of the former. With some of its positions we are not disposed to quarrel, but it is ludicrous enough to meet with such expressions as the following from the reputed author of the notes to *Queen Mab*; or if not the author, at least the supporter of its theory. "*God defend us from the piety of thinking him a monster! God defend us from the morality of slaves and turncoats!*"* This comes well from the abettor of a doctrine, that denies the very existence of the Divinity, and labours to establish the absurd and monstrous theory, that the universe is controlled and directed by a blind necessity without a providence, and that derides at the more rational belief of an organized and sentient Being, working all for good, however his purpose may be hidden, and to whom, as we have received from Him our existence, our capacities, and every mental and personal endowment, we are clearly accountable for their disposal. Then we are told, that "the object of the work is not political,—except inasmuch as all writing, now-a-

* It will be seen by the reader who has the patience to wade through this number of *The Liberal*, that every opportunity is seized upon, no matter how mal-a-propos, for holding up Southey to contempt. After the lion has done with the carcase, the jackall falls to picking the bones.

days, must involve something to that effect." Availing themselves of this latitudinarian exception, the *liberal* writers hitch in a political sarcasm, wherever they can, throughout the work, be the subject of the article what it may; and in the short space of two pages of the preface, we are presented with a flaming tirade against the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, and all the Sovereigns of Europe! The nature of our work restricting us to literary topics, we are not bound to make public profession of our political creed; and it is of no consequence, for we only adduce the above, as a proof of the singular consistency with which the writers of the *Liberal* make good their assertion, that "the object of their work is not political!" and certainly the phillippics against Lord Castlereagh, let him have been what he would, might have been spared. We dare say, if Mr. Leigh Hunt should take it into his head some day to blow out the portion of brains with which nature has furnished him, it would be no very pleasing reflection for Mrs. Leigh Hunt, to read her husband's life, character and behaviour, sketched and commented on by the pen of malignity, and the peculiar circumstances of his death thrust upon her attention on every occasion with unfeeling brutality.

After the Preface comes the Vision of Judgment. This is in retaliation for Southey's leaden Vision; and the more effectually to gall the Laureate, his Lordship of Byron (who is the undoubted author) makes no scruple of turning into ridicule the decent prejudices (to give them no loftier name) of a great portion of the best disposed and moral persons in the British empire. To administer to his enmity against Southey, too, George the Third is brought upon the *visionary* stage, and handled with no more ceremony. His very infirmities are made the subject of merriment; and although admitted to be no tyrant, which must carry with it the inference that his errors were those of the judgment and not of the heart, he is disfigured with all the hideous attributes of tyranny.

The Vision begins by describing Peter sitting at the gates of heaven with his keys, which had grown rusty from long disuse, "not that the place by any means was full," but the candidates for the other had been more numerous. After a few jokes, about the angels being hoarse, and singing out of tune, the whole of them having little else to do, except the Recording Angel, whose business had increased so much of late that he had exhausted both his wings in

quills, and was obliged to have six angels and twelve saints to assist him,

“lo! there came
A wondrous noise he (Peter) had not heard of late,
A rushing sound of wind and stream and flame.”

This proceeds from an angel, bringing the soul of George the Third. Peter exclaims :

“Well, what's the matter?
Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?”

“ No,” quoth the Cherub; “ George the Third is dead.”
“ And who is George the Third?” replied the Apostle;
“ What George? What Third?” “ The King of England,” said
The Angel. “ Well! he wont find kings to jostle
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
“ Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
“ And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
“ Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

The Angel answer'd, “ Peter! do not pout;
“ The king who comes has head and all entire,
“ And never knew much what it was about—
“ He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
“ And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
“ My business and your own is not to inquire
“ Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
“ Which is to act as we are bid to do.”

The soul of the monarch is being conveyed to heaven. In the rear of the procession, Sathan appears; and when the gate of heaven is thrown open, there issues thence “ a beautiful and radiant thing of light,”—the Archangel Michael. Lucifer disputes the monarch's right of entrance, and claims him for his own.

“ Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
“ When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm,
“ Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
“ The world and he both wore a different form,
“ And much of earth, and all the watery plain
“ Of ocean call'd him king: through many a storm
“ His isles had floated on the abyss of Time;
“ For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

" He came to his sceptre, young ; he leaves it, old :
 " Look to the state in which he found his realm,
 " And left it ; and his annals too behold,
 " How to a minion first he gave his helm ;
 " How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
 " The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
 " The meanest hearts ; and for the rest, but glance
 " Thine eye along America and Fian e.

Hegoes on in this strain through some eight stanzas, and is required by Michael to call his witnesses. These consist of the inhabitants of all countries. Michael is appalled at the sight of the numbers, and declares that

Two honest clean
 True testimonies are enough.

These two are Wilkes and Junius, who are well described, Wilkes parries the question ; but Junius pronounces his condemnation.

At this time there was heard
 A cry for room, though not a phantom stir'd.

This proceeds from the approach of Asmodeus with Southey on his back.

" Confound the renegado ! I have sprain'd
 My left wing, he's so heavy. One would think
 Some of his works about his neck were chain'd "

Asmodeus has brought him, because, anticipating the business they are upon, the Laureate is ready prepared with a " Judgment" of his own.

" Let's hear (quoth Michael) what he has to say
 You know we're bound to that in every way."

Now the Bard, glad to get an audience, which
 By no means often was his case below,
 Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
 His voice into that awful note of woe
 To all unhappy hearers within reach
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow ;
 But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
 Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spur'd
 Into recitative, in great dismay
 Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
 To murmur loudly through their long array ;
 And Michael rose ere he could get a word
 Of all his founder'd verses under way,
 And cried, " For God's sake, stop, my friend ! 'twere best,
 Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation ;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service ; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new occasion ;
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, " What ! what
" Pye come again ? No more—no more of that !"

Michael blows his trump, and at length gains silence for the Laureate.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling ; 'twas his way
Upon all topics ; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides ; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.
He had written praises of a regicide ;
He had written praises of all kings whatever ;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever ;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever ;
Then grew a hearty antijacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

He had sung the praise of battles and against them. He had
condemned reviewing as the "ungentle craft," and then

Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd.

He had written histories,—offers to write Sathan's, which is declined, and at length produces his "Vision of Judgment," by which he proposes to settle who shall or shall not be allowed to enter heaven.

He ceased, and drew forth an M.S. ; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent ; so
He read the first three lines of the contents ;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."

These grand heroics acted as a spell :

The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions ;

The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;

The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—

(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,

And I leave every man to his opinions ;)

Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo !

His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

Saint Peter knocks down the Laureate with his key, and, in the confusion, the monarch slips into heaven. Such is Lord Byron's Vision of Judgment, which we should not have so long dwelt upon, did it not acquire something like importance, as proceeding from the pen of the author of *Childe Harold*, and furnishing an additional proof of the personal hostility with which he regards certain individuals, the length he will go in gratifying this discreditable feeling, the contempt in which he holds all religious opinions, the relentless irony with which he pursues them, and the utter absence of dispassionate reasoning, and sober argument, in all his attempts to destroy what constitutes the happiness of a large portion of mankind, a reliance on the wisdom and protection of a controlling providence. Prejudices (as he would call them) like those he would crush by the weight of his ridicule, arising from the serious contemplation of the awful mystery of man, on a sense of our absolute dependence on a superior power, and the weakness of all human conclusions, are not to be dissipated by sarcasm ;—the hopes of futurity are not to be blighted by the breath of laughter ; and the labours of such a writer in such a cause (highly gifted as he may be) must prove as impotent as they are malignant. Lord Byron has (apparently at least) long since acquired an indifference to the opinion of the world. It is well that he has, or it might pain him to reflect that he possesses so little of its sympathy. It would grate him to think, that their admiration of his talents was an exclusive feeling, in which he has no personal interest ; as we admire the domains of a worthless rich man, without an atom of regard for the possessor.

The other pieces in this first number of the *Liberal*, are no better, and some of them far worse, than the usual run of magazine contributions. The letter to the Editor of my *Grandmother's Review*, follows the Vision. We know Lord Byron can write indifferent prose ; and we suspect this to be his. It has none of the mincing affectation of Leigh Hunt ; and besides, there is about it a certain

soreness,—a feeling for self,—and sundry indications of the wincing of the galled jade, too manifest to lay the *burthen* on any other shoulders.

The Florentine Lovers would be well enough, were it not disfigured by Leigh Hunt's everlasting attempts at familiarity. Really, we think it possible that he might write decent English, could he get rid of his prittle-prattling cockneyisms, and his inveterate affectation of affectedness. He is sometimes betrayed into writing sense, but he soon recollects himself, and canters on as sillily as ever. This tale will furnish proofs of all this. He stops in the midst of his story to give vent to the following dainty conceit. "How delicious it is to repeat those beautiful Italian names! We find ourselves almost unconsciously *writing them in a better hand than the rest*; not merely for the sake of the printer, but for the *pleasure of lingering upon the sound!*" Then we are interrupted in the description of an interview between the two lovers, with a familiar colloquy between the author and his reader (a lady of course) to prove that Italian lovers may be as bashful as English ones.

Rhyme and Reason appears likewise the handy-work of the same indefatigable labourer in the Southern vineyard; and as far as the conceit goes is well enough,—though it is very unwise of him, by-the-bye, to betray his own secrets.

German Apologue, by ditto, is a modest attempt to prove by inference, that the charms of the Graces are to be seen in the writings of Self and Co. as put forth in the Liberal!

Letters from Abroad follow this, containing a tolerably interesting account of Pisa. The public, however, have been already so much surfeited with the tours of erratic sentimentalist, that they could have well dispensed with the four-and-twenty pages which it occupies. In spite of its attempts at novelty of description, it is in many places as tiresome as Paterson's Roads. These however, are occasionally redeemed by some good passages. The following, though in some degree alloyed by Hunt's usual puerilities, are pleasing.

"Let the reader imagine a small white city, with a tower also white, leaning very distinctly in the distance at one end of it, trees on either side, and blue mountains for the back ground. Such is the first sight of Pisa, as the traveller sees it on coming from Leghorn. Add to this, in summer time, fields of corn on all

sides, bordered with hedge row trees and the festoons of vines, of which he has so often read, hanging from tree to tree; and he may judge of the impression made upon an enthusiastic admirer of Italy, who is in Tuscany for the first time. It looks like a thing you have dreamt of, and answers most completely to the imagination.....

.....The first novelty that strikes you, *after your dreams and matter-of-fact have recovered from the surprise of their introduction to one another (! !)* is the singular fairness and new look of houses that have been standing hundreds of years. This is owing to the Italian atmosphere. Antiquity everywhere refuses to look ancient: it insists upon retaining its youthfulness of aspect. The consequence, at first, is a mixed feeling of admiration and disappointment; for we miss the venerable. The houses seem as if they ought to have sympathized more with humanity, and were as cold and as *hard-hearted* as their materials. But you soon find Italy is the land, not of the venerable but the beautiful; and cease to look for old age in the chosen country of the Apollo and the Venus."

May Day Night (next in order) is a translation by the late Mr. Shelley of a part of Goëthe's tragedy of Faust. We agree, in the spirit of the introduction to this piece, that Shelley brought a kindred mind to the task, and was highly fitted for transfusing the wild peculiarity and vigorous imagination of Goëthe into the English language. Two or three trifling articles conclude the number, including some dull epigrams on Lord Castlereagh, as pointless as they are malignant. We speak in the mere spirit of charity, without reference to political feeling, and shall not be suspected of favouring either party in our condemnation of these superfluous instances of illiberality.

On the whole, there is little in the first number of the Liberal to gratify the curiosity, so industriously endeavoured to be excited previously to its appearance. Leigh Hunt's portion is considerably more than one-half, and that the dullest. Doubtless he delights in the task; for he has given previous *Indications* of being thoroughly imbued with scriblomania; but it is certain that his name has not in the least contributed to its interest, and will add nothing to its fame.

A word or two on the printing and the price. It was unquestionably very considerate of the talented associates in the work, considering the present dearth of periodicals, to take pity on our wants, and add

a hundredth to the ninety-nine other efforts to amuse the public in this way; but it is somewhat too bad to charge five shillings for a book, that scarcely contains more than half the quantity of any two shilling magazine of the day. Its superiority may be alleged as a justificatory reason; and so it would prove, were it as apparent to the reader as it doubtless is to the writers. For our parts, we are somewhat sceptical on this point; and we have a shrewd suspicion, that the public already entertain a similar judgment. If the First Number is "a sample for all the rest," Mr. John Hunt will be somewhat mistaken in his expectation of realizing a fortune by its publication; and the Bond street establishment, apparently fitted up for the sole purpose of publishing this work, (as if the most complete success was no more than a necessary consequence) may more profitably revert to what most probably it was originally designed for, a magazine for the sale of caps, laces, and fashionable finery.

Song.

BY YON LONE GROT.

By yon lone grot where the wild fount drips,
 And the tangled woodbine's wreathing,
 A whisper and sigh from viewless lips
 On the fragrant air is breathing.
 A spirit on dewy wing hath past,
 And the young buds sever brightly,
 That each tint and odour around it cast
 May sink in their soft breasts lightly.

'Tis the still sweet voice of passionate love
 By yon lone grot thou hearest,
 And the star-freakt jessamin hath stolen above
 To droop where it floats the clearest;
 For sweeter on earth that whisper and sighs
 Than harps on the moon-lit billow,
 Or strains in elysian bow'rs that die
 O'er a sleeping seraph's pillow.

J. G. G.





R. Cooper Sculp.

JAMES HOGG,
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

London Published by T. Richardson 98. High Holborn.

On the Genius of Hogg.

THE annals of literature afford numerous examples of uneducated persons, placed in the humblest grades of life, overcoming, by the force of genius, the accidents of birth and fortune; successfully "building the lofty rhyme," and acquiring the grateful recollections of posterity. The most depressing circumstances of poverty and servitude have not been sufficient to prevent the manifestation of intellectual superiority, and though many a "village Milton" may have gone to his grave unhonoured, there are encouraging instances of mental triumphs, achieved by beings, whose original situation in the map of existence seemed to interpose an impenetrable bar to the exercise of the loftier endowments of our nature. There is every reason to suppose, that Shakespeare was comparatively illiterate, that he knew no language but his own, and that the education and habits of his early life were very unlikely to have elicited his imaginative faculties; yet to whom, among the Titans of our literary Olympus, can we point, as surpassing the bard of Avon? Chatterton and Dermody, those unfortunate victims of morbidly sensitive feelings, might, had their days been lengthened, have rivalled the noblest of our authors; and Burns, the inspired ploughman, in whose heart-stirring poetry the virtue and loveliness of his country are made immortal, may fearlessly challenge comparison with the most gifted votaries of the muse. Bloomfield, the unaffected, unostentatious poet of nature, does not yield to Thomson in vividness or fidelity of description; and he must be incapable of appreciating poetical excellence, who, after perusing the *Queen's Wake*, denies the meed of genius to the *Ettrick Shepherd*. There is nothing remarkable or praiseworthy in the mere stringing of rhymes; the veriest coxcomb of eighteen can produce a sonnet "made to his mistress's eyebrow," and the most unintellectual lady, that ever fondled a lapdog, may scribble in unreadable quires of verse; but it is for more sterling productions, for compositions that continually evince a glowing fancy and an amiable heart, that the lovers of poetry are indebted to James Hogg. The laborious idler, who dozes over his portfolio the painful business of rhyme-making, deserves no quarter from

his critics, since nobody is compelled to write verses, and has a right to expect no tenderness from the public, on whom he obtrudes his dull and soulless conceits to gratify the cravings of a ridiculous vanity; but when the mind, which Nature has endowed with her choicest gifts, endeavours to free itself from the trammels of necessity and ignorance, we should foster with our applauses the embryos of talent till they germinate and blossom and fructify.

Many intelligent writers have contended, that an intimate acquaintance with classical authors, so far from exciting to mental exertion, tends, on the contrary, to overwhelm the mind with a sense of its own inferiority, and extinguish its hopes of distinction, by setting in array the formidable difficulties to be surmounted in the pursuit of fame: while the aspirant after renown, who has but a confined and imperfect knowledge of the great spirits whose glory illuminates the darkness of past ages, exerts his faculties with undoubting confidence, the necessary result of conscious merit. The accomplished scholar, to whom all the treasures of antiquity are open, should a train of vivid ideas occupy his imagination, feels obliged, ere he can embody them in words, to revert to the labours of others, lest he should inadvertently fall into the sin of plagiarism, and innocently appropriate the thoughts of Homer or Virgil; but the gifted commoner in literature, whose only volume of reference is the glorious book of nature, feels none of this mental timidity, is repressed by no dread of unconscious imitation; his intellect is his freehold, and the august visions which visit the temple of his fancy, lose none of their lustre or vividness from delay; his imagination has no shackles;—to incarcerate his genius with rules and canons of criticism, would be to destroy it. Of course, the exertions of such a mind are irregular and unequal, but there is always a power and freshness about its efforts, which amply atone for occasional want of judgment, and obtain a mastery over our feelings which more elaborate productions seldom possess. Of this kind are the distinctive excellencies of Hogg. With much that is wild and obscure and unpoetical, he has produced some pieces so full of heart and imagination, that it is impossible not to feel, that he is a poet in the best sense of the word. Born in a rank of life almost entirely shut out from the light of erudition, and kept by stern necessity under the influence of circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to the expansion of intellect, we find him, after passing the best days of his youth an unnoted shepherd among his native mountains, emerg-

ing from the obscurity to which he seemed condemned, and winning his way with the firm step of genius to "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." His creative spirit, while

He walked in glory and in pride,

Following his flock along the mountain's side,

had breathed around him an atmosphere of poetry, investing the rocks and glens and lakes of his romantic country with a sublime interest, and a perfect loveliness, delightful to the imaginative eye, and thrilling to the sensitive heart. We may fancy him at the deep of night, standing within a fairy circle in some haunted dell, the clear blue heaven and the bright stars above, the shadowy solitude of nature around, peopling with unearthly guests the echoing caverns of the hill, and vocalizing the dark woods with the songs of spirits. At such a moment, perhaps, did the first rapture of inspiration possess him; and while the brilliant hallucinations of an excited fancy laid all his matter-of-fact feelings to sleep, we may suppose him sweeping the wild harp of Caledonia for the first time, and pouring out the passionate breathing of his soul, unawed by critics or reviews. Nature, beautiful nature, with all her lofty mysteries, her stern grandeur, her delicious softness, and her commanding loveliness, was his muse,—to his eye there was ravishing glory in the moonbeams, to his ear there was heavenly music in the murmur of the waters; a spell of eager joy and intense admiration hung upon his lips and held them mute, while he looked abroad on the unsophisticated charms of his beloved Ettrick, and saw afar off, reposing in the starlight, the white cottage of his parents, which rose amidst the surrounding waste, like a fair female form in a spacious and partially lighted apartment. Then the wondrous tales and strange superstitions, so common in the remoter districts of Scotland; the legends of his infancy, the lullabies of his cradle, the rude rhymes which soothed his childhood, and held him in breathless suspense, as he watched old Marian's wheel, rushed on his mind, and, though dimly remembered through the perspective of years, lost none of their power in their indistinctness. The hardy Cameronian, whose temple was the hill-side, and whose altar was the everlasting granite; the martyr, whose blood called for vengeance from the sword of Claverhouse; the intrepid assertor of religious liberty who perished at Bothwell Brigg,—all passed before him like the impalpable ghosts of Ossian, and the witching hand of fear was upon him while "the stars dim twinkled through their forms."

Nor did he in his watchings on long winter nights fail to possess that second-sight which imagination communicates to her votaries ; for him the curtain of the invisible world was withdrawn, the weird sisters in their nocturnal flights, " horsed on the viewless coursers of the air," were present bodily to him, and often did he shudder while the spirit of the storm wailed his sad descant from the leafless boughs of the blasted oak. In the delicious twilight of summer, too, when the sun is hardly absent long enough for the glow of his beams to fade from the verdant breast of nature, he often crept on stealthy feet to the sequestered haunts of the fairies, and beheld them dancing their newest quadrille or waltz on the daisied meads in the yellow moonlight. Thus was he schooled by fancy in her rainbow-coloured mysteries ; thus was his heart embued with the love of the green earth and the blue sky ; thus did he store his memory with the poetical superstitions and sublime traditional lore of the olden time. Such an education must have many advantages ; for correct writers we shall look to Oxford and Cambridge ; but the enthusiasts, who trace beauty and sublimity springing up under the finger of the Creator, must have studied in the seminaries of nature. Art may give a polish to the overflowings of poetical enthusiasm, and add grace and elegance to the wildness of imagination, but it cannot atone for the absence of those essentials to genuine poetry,—fancy and feeling. Sir Richard Blackmore was intimately acquainted with the wonderful productions of antiquity ; he had drunk deep at the well-spring of learning, yet his prose-verse heroics have found no place in the literature of his country ; while the almost uninformed Ayrshire bard has left behind him compositions as permanent as the glory of his native land.

The Queen's Wake is the most felicitous of Hogg's poems ; and allowing for an occasional alloy of feebleness and prosing, it may be justly esteemed one of the sweetest productions in the language. The story of the work is extremely slight, and has few points of interest, yet there is a romantic air of attraction breathed by the youthful Mary of Scotland, which powerfully excites our attention and deeply agitates our feelings. The songs of the different competitors for the royal harp, are extremely unequal in merit ; some are little better than nursery tales, while others evince a fertile invention, a correct taste, and a lofty genius. There is much and variously delightful music in the poem,—now the inspired minstrel of the Gael calls forth the wild but sublime echoes of past ages

from his mountain lyre, now the Lowland bard breathes a strain as deliciously soft and soothing "as lovers' tongues by night," and now the southern harper exhausts his soul in melody, and touches the chords, as if life and fame depended on their tones. One fault, however, the poet has fallen into, which it would be injudicious to pass unnoticed,—he continually rings the changes on a few favourite rhymes; the effect is highly disagreeable, and many a charming thought is marred by this unseemliness in its dress. Take an example :

"Soft as the breeze of falling *even*,
And purer than the dews of *heaven*."

"When poured from greenwood bower at *even*,
'Twill draw the spirits down from *heaven*."

"I prayed for thee in dell at *even*,
Beneath the pitying stars of *heaven*."

"As fades the dye of falling *even*,
Far on the silver verge of *heaven*."

"And all, ere fell the murk of *even*,
Were lost within the folds of *heaven*."

All these passages occur in the course of a few pages, and though none of them are particularly objectionable if taken alone, the sameness of the endings is extremely reprehensible; yet this is no very serious sin against good taste, and the censure is chiefly designed to prevent its repetition, since the Ettrick Shepherd can be at no loss for variety in his rhymes. The introduction to the Queen's Wake is a delightful piece of writing : the descriptions of Mary's loveliness and grace have a vividness and verisimilitude about them, which wile us into a belief of their reality, and we often forget while we read, that it is but the vision of the poet. The following passages are exquisite:

"Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale,
Wide waving on the southland gale,
Which through the broom wood blossoms flew
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue !

Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
 What beauties in her form were seen !
 And when her courser's mane it swung,
 A thousand silver bells were rung ;
 A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
 A Scott shall never see again."

" When Mary turned her wandering eyes
 On rocks that seemed to prop the skies ;
 On palace, park, and battled pile ;
 On lake, on river, sea, and isle ;
 O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
 To distant mountains wild and blue ;
 She thought the isle that gave her birth,
 The sweetest, wildest land on earth."

To extend our remarks to the whole poem is unnecessary, because the work is well known, and because all its parts are not equally deserving of notice. Kilmeny and the Abbot Mac Kinnon are decidedly the best things in the volume, and indeed appear to us the most successful effort their author has yet made. Moore might have been proud of the dreamy sweetness and exquisite felicity of description in Kilmeny, and even the haughty patrician genius of Lord Byron would not have been disgraced by the gloomy grandeur and mysterious interest of the Abbot Mac Kinnon. The introductory particulars of "Bonny Kilmeny" and her strange disappearance are finely imagined; we feel prepared for the wonders that are to follow, and lose all our incredulity before we are called upon to enter the "land of thought." We are strongly tempted to quote largely, but we will restrain ourselves as much as possible, though the reader cannot but be a gainer by a second perusal of such exquisite poetry.

" Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;
 As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea."

" They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day :
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision and fountain of light :

The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow,
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty might never fade ;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by."

These passages, especially the last, remind one strongly of *Lalla Rookh*, and when it is remembered that the Queen's Wake preceded that astonishing exertion of a highly gifted mind, we shall duly appreciate and applaud such a strain of enchantment.

We think the visions with which *Kilmeny* is treated in the world of spirits, are not well conceived,—surely a young lady might have been shown something more attractive than the horrors and atrocities of the French revolution ; yet the whole is written with a master's hand, and to the subjoined outline of *Kilmeny's* personal charms the most austere and fastidious critic could not object :

" O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and stedfast was her ee !
Such beauty, bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there,
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raikie the lonely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men ;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand."

The Abbot Mac Kinnon has beauties of a still higher order. The savage yet majestic scenery around Holy Isle, is brought before the imagination, grand and terrible as in nature, and the erring

monk is hurried to his doom in the fated ship, with a pomp and awfulness of numbers scarcely to have been expected from the wild harp of Ettrick. Nothing can be more finely picturesque than the troubled appearance of the ocean, over which the Abbot is described as hastening to his destruction.

“ The clouds were journeying east the sky,
The wind was low and the swell was high,
And the glossy sea was heaving bright,
Like ridges and hills of liquid light ;
While far on her lubric bosom were seen
The magic dyes of purple and green.”

The grand poetical picture of the astonishing scenes to which the romance of terror relates, Icolmkill and Staffa, is a proof of great talent and felicitous fancy. The temple of the ocean world with its stupendous chancel, Fingal's cave, fill the mind with astonishment and awe, when contemplated on the spot, and they lose none of their interest or sublimity in the pages of their inspired minstrel.

“ The dreadful strand they gain
Where rose the sacred dome of the main :
Oft had they seen the place before,
And kept aloof from the dismal shore,
But now it arose before their prow,
And what they beheld they did not know.
The tall grey forms, in close set file,
Upholding the roof of that holy pile :
The sheets of foam and the clouds of spray,
And the groans that rushed from the portals gray,
Appalled their hearts and drove them away.”

The Monk's Hymn is admirably done, and the effect of the echo with which it concludes, is in the highest degree poetical : the superstition of the early age in which the action of the poem is supposed to happen, renders the fiction by no means too marvellous, and the writer shews much judgment in the management of the wild fable he illustrates. The beautiful apparition of the Maid of the Sea, (very unlike the Mermaid of St. James's-street) which appears previous to Mac Kinnon's death is described with infinite skill, and the unearthly strain that follows, is almost equal to the song of Ariel in the Tempest, beginning “ Full fathom five thy father lies.”

“ Mac Kinnon lay stretched on the verge of the hill,
And peeped from the height on the bay so still ;
And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,
Laving her fair breast and singing alone ;
And aye she sank the wave within,
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,
Then combed her locks of the pale sea green,
And aye this song was heard between.”

On the whole, if Hogg had always written in the powerful strain, which distinguishes this poem, or with the ravishing dreamy sweetness which renders *Kilmeny* so attractive, there are few names among our living bards that could justly have been placed before his : unfortunately for his reputation, he has been too often content with mediocrity, and though fully capable of the noblest flights of imagination, and the highest darings of genius, has stopped short of perfection, and allowed compositions to go forth to the world, utterly unworthy of his great talents. To the *Queen's Wake*, however, this has hardly any reference ; that work is uniformly respectable, often excellent, and sometimes inimitably fine ; the most pleasing ideas are expressed in the most fascinating language, and the most interesting events are detailed in the most attractive manner, and if occasionally the bard is too ambitious of ornament, and too liberal in similes, we easily pardon the defect when we remember his merits.

The other productions of Hogg, whether in prose or verse, are decidedly inferior to the *Queen's Wake* ; his poetical fairy tale, called the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, is chiefly remarkable for its fable, which Lord Byron in his *Cain*, and Shelley in his *Queen Mab*, have palpably imitated ; as a composition it has little to attract attention, its ideas being destitute of originality, and its language of elegance. What, for instance, can be more awkward than the following stanza ?

“ She looked with joy on a young man's face,
The downy chin, and the burning eye,
Without desire, without a blush,
She loved them, but she knew not why.”

The little work, first published anonymously, called the *Poetic Mirror*, being an imitation of our most popular authors, in appropriate compositions, is an extremely clever production, and proves

the Ettrick Shepherd to be a complete *mental Mathews*. The novels of this writer require no particular notice; the *Brownie of Bodsbeck* immediately strikes the reader as little more than a clumsy iteration of some of the events in *Old Mortality*. What can be more disgusting than the *Claverhouse* of Hogg, after the highly finished portrait of the great Unknown. We know the author declares that his novel was written previously to the publication of the *Tales of my Landlord*; then we must say, that a very small portion of good taste would have prevented its appearing at all. The *Hunt of Eildon* is a very silly affair, but the *Wool-gatherer* is highly interesting, and the poetical dedication to the *Brownie of Bodsbeck* is above praise—the subjoined passages have great merit.

“The orphan’s blessing rests on thee;
Happy thou art, and long shalt be!
’Tis not in sorrow, nor distress,
Nor fortune’s power to make thee less.
The heart, unaltered in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an angel trode,—
The joys within such hearts that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o’erturn!
The stars may from their orbits bend,
The mountains rock, the heavens rend,
The sun’s last ember cool and quiver,
But these shall glow, and glow for ever.”

—“Lady, thou wilt never deem
Religious tale offensive theme;
Our creeds may differ in degree,
But small their difference sure can be!
As flowers which vary in their dyes,
We all shall bloom in Paradise.
As sire who loves his children well,
The loveliest face he cannot tell,—
So ’tis with us. We are the same,
One faith, one Father, and one aim.”

The *Winter Evening Tales* are some of them very pretty; the *Shepherd’s Calendar* presents a faithful transcript of rural manners and feelings, but is not calculated to make any lasting impression; a

character which it shares with its companions. Of the Perils of Man, an ill written, disgusting, and absurd novel, the public has formed an opinion, and we trust the author will not again venture on so flagrant a trespass against common sense and decency. That any printer should be foolish enough to waste paper and labour on such trash, is truly surprising; but the profits of the sale will hardly offer any temptation to similar literary offences. Notwithstanding, however, this miserable falling-off, we have formed a very high estimate of Hogg's capabilities. In all his works, even the worst of them, a candid reader will easily discover indubitable marks of genius, and while fully aware of the errors into which he so often deviates, we cannot but admit that in him

The light that leads astray is light from Heav'n.

H.

Letters and Words.

It is a fanciful idea; but I have often thought there was a deal of what painters term "character," about the formation of letters; and that a portion of vitality and intelligence might be traced in all the members of the alphabetic commonwealth. Their indications, if not always personal, are at least figurative; so that if we cannot at all times trace an individuality in them, they may stand as symbols of some abstract idea or acknowledged truth. The conceit is scarcely more whimsical than the notion of some folks, that the disposition of a man may be known by his autograph; that the unbending rigidity of the proud is manifested by straight strokes and sharp angles, and the liberal feeling of the kind-hearted by off-hand carelessness and rotundity. Let us examine the subject *literally*:

A has a jaunty look. He stands like an impudent fellow; with his legs a-straddle, and a kind of *degagé* air, seeming to say that he can maintain his own ground, and cares for nobody.

B appears more good-natured, but he is every jot as courageous. There is a portliness, a merry looking jollity about him. He is well to do in the world, has never known adversity, and seems as if he never should know it. He would become a court of aldermen, and fill the civic chair with admirable dignity. He is even tempered,

and you can see, that while he has no disposition to offend others, it would be no easy matter to offend him.

C is a modest, hesitating, pusillanimous looking gentleman. He is one of those that are afraid to have an opinion of their own. But he is civil and courteous, and though weak-witted, you have nothing to apprehend from his ill-breeding.

D is rather a negative character. There is nothing striking about him; but he is honest, frugal, and looks like one who takes care of the main chance.

E is good-tempered, graceful, and frank in his disposition. There is a portion of discernment about his appearance, and a sense of propriety, that forbids taking liberties. His aspect begets respect. In brief, he is a very gentlemanly letter.

F looks frightened, melancholy. He seems to "shrink back upon himself, and startle at destruction." A very timid letter.

G is grim and ghastly. He is amazingly struck with a sense of his own dignity, and would not relax an inch. He has all the appearance of a Spanish grandee. A *noli-me-tangere* blade, that holds no communication with any other letter in the alphabet.

H has an air of surprise and consternation. He wants to shift out of the way, and has no wish to associate with his literal brethren. He can hardly keep his feet, and but for the bar across, his sides would separate, and fall to the ground.

I looks proud and solitary. He shrinks from society, and would figure best in a desert, isolated and alone.

K has all the marks of a courtier. He is ever in the attitude of making a bow. He took such pride in this accomplishment, and stood so long in the same posture with his right leg foremost, that a rigidity of the muscles ensued, and he has remained in that position ever since.

L, though not so pusillanimous as C, is modest and unassuming. He neither troubles his head about other folks' affairs, nor pays due regard to his own.

M is grave and sedate. You cannot cheat him, for his eyes are upon you, and he is too honest to cheat you.

N is a negative letter, with no character at all.

O is an important letter, and by no means the cypher he looks to be. He is the symbol of eternity, and deserves much reverence.

P is polite and pleasant. He has only half the jollity of B, and is an agreeable companion when your animal spirits are at par.

Q has a good opinion of himself, and stares at you most incontinently.

R is a saucy letter, and always looks as if he were kicking his next door neighbour. He is a very reckless, hey-day sort of personage, and quite at home in midnight sprees, and toeing it till day-break.

S smiles at you. Really, the best tempered letter in the whole alphabet. Comely, well-shaped, and gentlemanly.

T U V W are insipid and uncharacteristic.

X is an impudent fellow, and a fit companion for A.

Y looks melancholy; and

Z is the shrewdest of them all. There is a quaintness about him that diverts you. He is a Yorkshireman by his looks, and I had rather trust him with my life than my money.

From the shape of letters, let us proceed to the sound of words. However visionary the former theory may appear, there can be no question that the sense and meaning of many words are clearly indicated by their sound. The word *love*, for instance. How soft, how delicate! So is the French, *l'amour*. It is doubtful which conveys the idea most elegantly to the mind. The Italian *amore* is not so good, on account of its being pronounced as three syllables; and the Latin *amor* appears still worse. But this may perhaps arise from our being unacquainted with the proper mode of pronunciation.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the word *slow*, though a single syllable, and composed of only four letters, cannot be pronounced so rapidly as the word *quick*, consisting of five. The former word lingers on the tongue, as if unwilling to quit it; while the latter is scarcely on the lips before it is gone. The word *yes* has an affirmative expression, not merely in sound, but in the form of the mouth when pronouncing it. The French *oui* and the Latin *imo* have also the same character. There is a frankness in the expression of the lips when articulating either of these three words. They cannot be spoken unless the mouth is at least partially open,—a proof that they are inimical to closeness and reserve; while nothing can be more freezingly negative, both in sound and in the position of the oral muscles when giving it utterance, than *no*. The jaw falls, the face lengthens; there is a repulsiveness in the very aspiration of the monosyllable, that would indicate its meaning to the untutored Indian. The lips are brought together in closer contact, and the word drops from them with the gravity of a bullet.

I remember an ingenious friend of mine once remarking, that it

was a doubtful point, whether the French *tonnère*, or the English *thunder*, answered most completely in sound to the idea they are intended to express. They have each their advantages, and I think a distinction may be marked between them. It is observable of the former, that the loftiness of its sound falls on the *second* syllable; the pronunciation of which is certainly very majestic. The English word, on the contrary, has its strongest emphasis on the *first*; and for this reason I give it the preference, as being in stricter consonance with the idea it expresses. It commences sonorously, and subsides into indistinctness, exactly like thunder itself.

Cataract is another word that has its meaning marked by the sound. There is an abruptness, a brokenness about it, that forcibly conveys the idea of a rush of waters, impeded in its precipitous course, by crags and rocks. Words expressing physical properties, are generally strongly expressive in articulation. *Howl* conveys the mournful cry of the wolf; *bark*, the sharp noise of the dog; *roar*, the peculiar attribute of ferocious animals; and *mew* (pronounced *miaou*) the cry of the cat. The *lowing* of oxen, the *bleating* of sheep, the *grunting* of pigs, the *cackling* of hens, the *hissing* of geese, the *gabbling* of ducks, the *yelping* of curs, *cum multis aliis*, are all equally appropriate, and are evidently derived from the sounds themselves. There are some, however, which have no such affinity. *Braying* conveys no idea of the peculiar noise of the ass. Neither does *neighing* at all resemble the sound articulated by the horse. The exceptions however, are comparatively few; and it is evident, that in most possible instances, language has borrowed from nature.

There is also a sort of freemasonry about some words, that gives them currency in all languages; and this is to be attributed, not to the probability of the words of one country being grafted on the language of another by conquest, intercourse, or settlement, as is vulgarly imagined, but by their being so admirably adapted from their sound to convey ideas common to all mankind. They may be said to be instinctive, and among the earliest efforts of language.

Mere abstract ideas cannot be wholly conveyed by sound; but their peculiar character may. The word *revenge* has a fierceness, which although it does not express its meaning to the full extent, is sufficiently sombre, to mark it with a dark and gloomy quality. On the other hand, there is a softness in *pity* equally characteristic.

The *tuning* of the bow-string, the *clash* of arms, the *clangour* of trumpets are all equally significant. Indeed, innumerable instances of a parallel nature must occur to almost every mind; and it is observable that in nearly all words of a sombre character, the syllables will be found to be long; while in those of a lighter quality they are almost invariably short. If we pursue the theory further, and consider the effect of sound in the combination of words into sentences, we shall find it amazingly strengthened. Many quotations might be adduced, where this principle has a decided and powerful influence, and marks the character of the sentence, independently of the meaning of the words. It seems impossible to read the following line of Pope trippingly:

And like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

It lags lazily on the tongue, with an unconquerable indolence. Nor is its tedium so much to be attributed to the idea, as to the words employed to embody it. The poet has evidently chosen the heaviest epithets, and combined with admirable skill; a figure, finely illustrative of his meaning, with words whose sound is equally somniferous. Its being an Alexandrine line adds to the unavoidable slowness of the pronunciation, I admit; but this does not invalidate my assumption; for the five last words, taken separately, are alone sufficient to prove all I have advanced. Of the same character are the commencing lines in Goldsmith's Traveller:

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po.

And, in the same poem:

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

In Dr. Johnson's celebrated prologue, the grandeur of the effect is not so much attributable to their meaning as to the sonorous majesty of the words. It is scarcely possible to pronounce the first two lines without dignity:

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose!

What can convey more forcibly to the mind the hideous aspect and appearance of Polyphemus, than the sound of Virgil's well-known line,

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

If we scan it, the effect is heightened by the synalæpha :

Monstr' horrend' inform' ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

The construction of this line is admirable; all the feet are spondees, except the last but one, which, by *poetical necessity*, is a dactyl; add this circumstance to the three *r's* in the two first words and the grating effect of the elision, and it is impossible for the sound to echo the sense more faithfully.

A learned commentator on the genius of language quotes Horace's celebrated line

Parturiunt montes,—nascetur ridiculus mus,

as a striking instance of the concord between sense and sound, still further heightened by the anticlimax. It begins solemnly, as if announcing some great event, and then slides off into a ludicrous pettiness both in sound and meaning, the very antithesis to the expectation excited by the pompous induction. Neither the thought nor the sound lose anything by a literal English translation,

The mountains groan in labour—out comes a ridiculous mouse.

For loftiness of sound, there is no doubt that the Greek language surpasses all others; and I can well conceive the effect of Demosthenes' orations, independent of the eloquent matter of which they are composed. Most of the terminations of Greek words are inconceivably grand. How noble must have been the effect even in sound of the following, from the lips of the finest orator of the Greeks.

Ἄλλως τε καὶ περὶ κοινῶν
πραγμάτων καὶ μεγάλων ὑμῶν βουλευομένων, &c. &c.*

To this principle, in fact, may be traced the secret of style.† A fine style is but the result of a well attuned ear, that understands the musical order of words, and can so arrange them as to produce a polished and pleasing effect; and it is worthy of remark, though perhaps but partially known, that many writers owe their whole reputation to their skill in this way. A fine style disarms and misleads the critic. The natural love of harmony, existing in

* Pronounced, "Allose tee kaay peri koinone pragmatone kaay meggaleone umone bowleuomenone," &c.

† Pope was a thorough master of the effect produced by the sound of words; but he was judicious enough to make them auxiliaries to, and not destroyers of the sense. To this aural delicacy of perception is to be attributed the happiness of his imitations

greater or less degrees in all bosoms, receives such pleasure from the recognition of that which is congenial to itself, that the judgment is often in danger of being deceived. Hence it is that so many poems have had a brilliant but ephemeral reputation. A heap of soft sounding words without meaning are strung together; the ear is delighted, the imagination lulled; and the charm remains, 'till sober reason, dissolving the spell by critical investigation, exposes the delusion.

To

WHEN eve's last cloud has died in heaven,
 And silence unto all is given,
 And birds are resting on the tree;
 When zephyr on the billow sleepeth,
 And from the grass the glow-worm peepeth,
 I think of thee, I think of thee.

Our early thoughts, our riper feelings,
 Our nightly dreams, our morn's revealings,
 Our days of love, from sorrow free;
 The gentle scenes thro' which we wander'd,
 The stream by which I've sat and ponder'd
 On future happy hours with thee.

The pleasing past, fond mem'ry bringeth,
 Tho' painful thought my bosom wringeth
 Of absence that should never be;
 Still on that form my spirit dwelleth,
 And not a flower or stream but telleth
 Of happiness, now gone with thee.

The friends we lov'd, the friends who lov'd us,
 All that to mirth or sadness mov'd us,
 All that our eyes no more may see;
 The few choice souls for ever parted,
 The noble and the feeling hearted,
 Emblems and counterparts of thee.

Sweet thoughts! they bring thy form before me,
And half to peace again restore me,
In their almost reality.

But peace, alas! for e'er has vanish'd,
And all but the lone wish is banish'd,
That mingles with my dreams of thee.

Love's path, they say, is strew'd with flowers,
But such was not the case with our's,
Tho' early days past pleasantly.

But gone are all the sweets we cherish'd,
The only one that has not perish'd,
Is the dear memory of thee.

Too well we prov'd the minstrel's saying,*
When youthful dreams were round us playing,
And future ills we could not see.
While revelling in love's profusion,
We dreamt not that 'twas all delusion.....
Dwells its remembrance yet with thee?

S. R. J.

* The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

Bigotry.

Some think on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell,
While others deem him instrument of hell.

POPE.

WHEN the Mahometan Emperor heard of the immense extent of the Alexandrian Library, he consigned it to destruction; observing, that if the works of which it was composed were accordant with the Koran, they were unnecessary; if different from it, blasphemous, and therefore to be condemned either as superfluous or mischievous. We smile at the sophistry of the barbarian, and when sensible of the vacuum his decree has caused in the mass of ancient literature, we deplore his bigotry and execrate his memory; yet as he has left on record

so many proofs of a sound mind and vigorous capacity I am inclined to think his determination was the fruit of reflection, and a specimen of profound policy ; for it being evident that his power would be commensurate with the faith of his people, and his empire co-existent with that of the Moslim theology, it was wisdom in him to demolish a pile, which, had it remained accessible to his subjects, would probably have ultimately disturbed the empire to its foundation.

We denounce bigotry as inimical to truth, and the Mahometan is not the only tyrant who lives in our memories for contempt and hatred on account of measures to which bigotry prompted. But our hatred to this, as to most other decried vices, generally exhausts its fervour in declamation and scurrillity. We seldom think of the sin as an abstraction, but of some recorded personation of its abominations, that we may give individuality to our satire, and to our essay historical interest. We never choose to depict any vice as a mental disease by which all are equally liable to be infected, but as the remote and primal cause of some literary disaster, or historical catastrophe ; and in proportion to the elevation and dignity of the personage selected for our satire, and to the magnitude of evil consequences traceable to the vices with which we charge him, are the energy and frequency of our sermonizing. Indeed, were all the prominent actors in the great human drama exempt from human frailties, and were its catastrophes the product of causes too occult for our observation, we should remain in contented ignorance of all our own bad qualities, excepting when they led to overt acts, incurring some penalty. Thus, I should never suspect myself of bigotry if I never lost my friend or my reputation in consequence of its influence.

In spite of the pretended liberality of our own times, I am convinced bigotry is as rife as ever. The ancient sects, both religious, political and literary, have indeed branched into innumerable minor parties, and the number of minds under the active influence of opinion has been immensely augmented by the various recent revolutions in the state of society ; but every modern sect, whatever of the ancient doctrines it may explode, participates in the venerable sentiment of monopolizing to itself nearly all merit, and indulges in rational contempt towards its rivals ; and no increase of adherents can relax the rigid doctrines of a party, unless they infuse some diluting property into its spirit. Instead of considering ourselves philosophers, exempt from all weakness, let us honestly talk

together of that bigotry, in which we so infinitely outstrip our forefathers, in the hope that we may hit upon some expedient to get rid of such an appendage.

Bigotry is either contemptible or detestable according to the properties with which it is associated, and the powers with which it is armed. The honest Christian, who considers his own conventicle or church as the brightest of spiritual constellations, and his own sectarian orthodoxy as the most apostolic of creeds, pursues the even tenor of his way without evoking any loud expression of indignant feeling. But invest a similar spirit with the robes of papal supremacy, and he becomes obnoxious to deep and loud execration. Still the culpability of the retired bigot is not inferior to the roman heresiarch: nay, if we attentively consider their probable motives, we may exculpate the ruler of the Vatican, whilst we must condemn the other. Many of the popes, so far from holding the traditions of the fathers tenaciously, have been notorious worldlings, to whom religion, divested of its earthly attire, was an object of indifference. Still these men, though uninfluenced by bigotry, have been the most ferocious and untiring persecutors. They have attributed their zeal to a regard for God's honour, and immolated his creatures for pretended violations of his laws. But these motives, however vaunted, had not the least connexion with the overt acts with which bigotry is charged. The temporal power of Rome was so indissolubly blended with its ecclesiastical system, that a breach of spiritual discipline was an act of rebellion; and dissent, high treason against the state. The territorial possessions of Rome were indeed confined to a section of Italy, but its civil authority was co-ordinate with the dimensions of christendom. Kings held their crowns in fealty to the church, and the right to levy contributions, regulate the gradations of crime, and prescribe the operations of law, gave it absolute and universal dominion. We are not to suppose the profound politicians, who filled the seat of St. Peter, either indifferent to the maintenance of this wide spread usurpation, or ignorant of the means by which it might be weakened, abridged, or destroyed. So that I think we may fairly state nine-tenths of the Roman persecutions since the full establishment of the papacy, as the effect of policy rather than bigotry. This vice can only infect a mind which sincerely and conscientiously adopts some system of opinions as true. It has not its birth prior to, nor in disconnexion with some kind of education. Thus, even the

fanatical zeal and impious villainies of the Birmingham rioters would be inexplicable if we were not aware that they were the lowest class of churchmen, and that their episcopal prejudices had been inflamed by the arts of those more cultivated and better taught individuals, who, though their cowardice restrained them from heading and aiding their mischievous mobs, were undoubtedly the authors of the disastrous and detestable conspiracy against the rights of dissenters, and must be branded with the disgrace. Such occurrences as that to which I have alluded bring upon christianity the charge of being more favourable to or productive of bigotry than the vilest of superstitions, but a few reflections will suffice to exonerate our holy religion from the imputation. In the first place it is clear that popular fury is never directed by bigotry against atheists, nor the practically irreligious. Now christianity is a bond of union, and can never be a torch of discord; but a church establishment is a human institution associated in the popular mind with religion itself, and those who dissent from the establishment are the objects of animosity to its uninformed adherents. A man supporting that establishment, and avowedly inimical to christianity, would not have been obnoxious to the vengeance of the priesthood, or to the blind instruments of that vengeance which assailed none but the conscientious dissenter; and so in all similar cases it will be found, that whatever popular persecutions are apparently the product of true religion, do in fact originate in some excrescence on its lovely form, or in some appendage devised by human presumption, under the pretext of enhancing its stability and beauty, but positively detracting from both.

Creeds are also the sources of bigotry, and a creed may select all its articles from scripture, and yet, owing to their combination or to the undue prominence given to some over others of equal importance, or to the partial expositions of its most obvious difficulties, scripture may be exculpated from the charge of inspiring bigotry. In religious controversies the odious feeling is exercised and strengthened, but christianity no where enjoins controversy. On the contrary, as a family, its votaries are to dwell together in unity, mutual forbearance and good-will. Social accidents necessitate the establishment of a separate priesthood, and the bigotry of a community is generally concentrated in or mainly fomented by its priests. But though they are the servitors of the temple, it is not the fire of the altar which communicates the unholy flame to their bosoms. No, it is their abstraction from the liberalizing pursuits of the world.

Though not engaged in business they are infected with secularity, and as their immunities and emoluments are secured by the popular faith, they contemplate any doubt of its accordance with reason and scripture, with precisely the same feeling as the miser would think of robbers entering the receptacle of his hoards. Pure religion and undefiled opens all the sluices of the heart, and causes a feeling of general benevolence, but a partial admixture of the world's spirit is adequate to convert the milk into gall. Again, the understanding being contracted, and men naturally averse to the labour of reflection, are incensed by every creed hostile to their own which claims their investigation. In the articles of their sect they have locked up their hopes, and cannot bear with composure to have the title impugned, which is their sole security. Many other reasons might easily be assigned, to free religion from the imputation of bigotry, but I hope enough has been said. It is clear however that in proportion to the liberalizing influences of religion, is the guilt of religionists whose passions it has not assuaged, and whose evil tempers it has not mollified. If the mein of christianity be calm and amiable, and its form display tempered dignity and condescending majesty, its professors should be characterized by anything rather than pride, superciliousness and bigotry. Yet each little conventicle is peopled by those, who, whatever may be thought of their secular importance, enjoy a calm consciousness of their peculiar privileges and exemptions; and though their worship may, to an unbiassed mind, appear made up of the vilest elements, they shall extol it as an accurate copy of apostolic devotion. In the estimation of a Wesleyan, his most intimate friend of the calvinistic persuasion is in jeopardy on account of his faith; while the Calvinist uniformly consigns the Unitarian to everlasting chains and penal fires for his heterodoxy. A large portion of our orthodox divines calculate on the eternal damnation of all the innumerable millions to whom it has not pleased God to make any revelation of his will; and the exalted virtue and sublime devotion of a Fenelon or a Pascal scarcely exempt them from the anathemas denounced from all protestant pulpits against those who have the mark of the Apocalyptic beast. In order to maintain our consistency, we persecute in this world those whom we are to damn in the next, and exclude from the social privileges in time, those whom we verily believe to be debarred from peace in eternity; out of mercy, no doubt, to accustom them to privation and suffering! Bigots

of this description are only contemptible on account of their sentiments, but the publication of those sentiments is hateful, because religion then becomes burdened with the reproach. In vain will they pretend zeal for the promotion of christianity who comment upon it as a penal code, and convert the music of mercy into thunders of wrath. There will be in the recollections of a life of purity too much that is calculated to sharpen and apply the sting of conscience, if the duty of self-examination is omitted or negligently performed; but he who indulges in frequent comparisons between the community to which he is attached and the creed he professes, and that of his neighbour, wastes on the outworks that attention which is required by the citadel, and affords time for any latent treachery to work its accomplishment,—or, to change the simile, he remains intoxicated with contemplating the beauty of his face, while a fatal disorder is fermenting in his heart.

P.

Sonnet, to the Moon.

—
AN IMITATION.
—

CHASTE huntress of the night ! I love thy ray,
What time thou risest from Endymion's bed,
Shunning the uproar of the garish day,
By silvery clouds and fawning breezes led,
While all the stars their glittering splendour shed,
Beaming like gems on Venus' golden car ;
What time that goddess seems heaven's path to tread,
And in her train the muses' loving star,
Thus pensive through Arcadia's verdant grove,
She sought Adonis, when of him bereft—
Thus urg'd by love the dewy shades to rove,
Her tender feet still press'd the path he left.
And thus on PRIMROSE HILL I oft incline
To woo the muse,—but here's the fourteenth line.

Y.

On Dress,

AS INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.

THERE is no opinion more common nor more erroneous, than that dress is an indication of character. A gravely habited personage is generally set down for a sedate, reflecting man ; and his opposite in externals for a silly coxcomb ; while in each of these instances it is ten to one but the calculation proves erroneous. These mistaken estimates of character are the more remarkable, because every day's experience proves their absurdity. The day is gone by, since mankind attired themselves in the outward semblance of what they were, or what they wished to be thought. Doctors visit their patients without gold-headed canes, bag-wigs, and long swords ; parsons do not walk the streets in gowns and cassocks ; and the frequenters of conventicles are no longer distinguished by their tightly-drawn crayats and straight-combed locks. You shall see a methodist chapel as gaily sprinkled with colours as a tulip bed ; and ladies' heads fluttering there with all the colours of the rainbow. Even Quakers are, here and there, gradually, though imperceptibly, dropping the stiff formality of the broad beaver and drab garment, and sporting round hats, Wellington trowsers and lappelled coats. The world, in short, has begun to be ashamed of wrapping itself up in the mystery of gravity ; and since silence no longer passes current for wisdom, the stiff formality heretofore peculiar to professions civil or religious, is discarded. It has at length been discovered that the outward has nothing to do with the inward man, and every one dresses to please himself, though at the risk of being sometimes condemned for what he is not. Yet the old-fashioned prejudice of judging a man by his attire clings to us with wonderful pertinacity. We neither look for learning in a dandy, nor levity in the grey-vestured gentleman of sixty ; though each of these qualities has been found in those apparently unfavorable situations. I have met with good sense in a fop, and folly in the garb of gravity. I wish I could reconcile the contradiction. It would seem that if men habited themselves without regarding the opinion of the world,

and had so far surmounted antiquated notions as to be above the hypocrisy of dress, some trait of character might be traced in their attire. How can we account for learning, sound sense and philosophy, being possessed by one, who is accurately nice in the cut of his clothes, the starching of his neckerchief, the arrangement of its folds, and the polish of his boots?

Can such things be

And overcome us like a summer cloud,

Without our special wonder?

Let us see if we can unravel the mystery. Life is a lottery, and men's stations are fixed without regard to their predilections. Hence it so frequently happens, that these are at variance with the sphere in which they are destined to move. Philosophy has no country. The republic of thought knows nothing of artificial distinctions; and the prince and the peasant are here on terms of equality. An attachment to intellectual pursuits is not peculiar to rank, but is to be found in all the gradations of life. With the outward formulæ of these gradations, the votaries of mind (if I may be allowed the phrase) are, in a manner, compelled to comply; and it being the character of good sense to despise singularity, the thinking member of a fashionable family, however averse he may be to the foppery of dress, would rather attire himself like the other individuals of his connexion, than hazard the character of singularity by the gravity of his garb. On the other hand, an affection for dandyism may exist in the bosom of a Quaker. He is restricted from indulging in it to the extent of his wishes by the dread of infringing the rules of his order. He is hedged in by the line of that circle in which he is inclosed. But as far as he dare over-step the prescribed limit, he will; and, by the softening down of the rigidity of his sect, and some faint variations in dress from its stricter observances, you shall detect the fop at heart. All the artificial restrictions in the world will not entirely suppress the natural bias of the mind. Faint indications of rebellion will occasionally peep out; and neither precept nor example can so completely smother the intuitive operations of the soul, those inward longings for emancipation, which evince themselves wherever there is a restraint on the will, and wherever the individual feels that his lot is so cast in society as to be at variance with his inclination. When Home wrote his tragedy of Douglas, he could not have been unmindful of the

probability (I may almost say the certainty) of that result which eventually happened ; yet it had not sufficient power to repress the indication of that genius which suffered no meaner tie to restrain its energies, and soared beyond the petty regard of narrow-minded bigotry. To dove-tail these apparent digressions, I would say, that as natural predilection cannot be wholly suppressed by artificial restrictions, so it is certain, that individuals, while they conform to the external usages of those with whom they are associated, may be susceptible of inclinations completely opposite in their character ; and applying the principle to the argument of dress, a man of sense may be found in the garb of a fool ; and the fool may be often disguised in the raiment of wisdom.

*

The Wish.

If wishes were not idle air,
 Thus to the Gods I'd breathe my pray'r.
 Oh ! father Jove, be pleas'd to send,
 The sev'ral items underpenn'd.
 To make thy vot'ry independent ;
 Fortune not over large, but decent,
 Not twenty thousand pounds, nor ten,
 " Five, sirrah, I suppose you mean then,"
 Not so your godship, give me clear
 Four or five hundred pounds a year,
 And of your high behests observant
 You'll find me still your humble servant.
 A house far from the noise and smoke
 Of Leadenhall and Basingstoke ;
 Far from the jobbers of 'Change-Alley,
 Far from the beaux of Piccadilly,
 From Smithfield, Lloyd's and the Old Bailey :
 Some dozen miles from this great city,
 In Kent, in Middlesex, or Surry ;

No matter for the spot exactly,
So 'tis fram'd neatly and compactly ;
Though if I chose, and you'd so will,
It should be built on Richmond Hill.
Behind the house a garden trim,
Where I, the wayward child of whim,
May rear at my capricious leisure,
Cabbage for use, or flowers for pleasure.
Exotics rare for summer poesy,
And fruits for the dessert so cozey.
Parlour and kitchen requisites,
That when I dine with friendly cits,
They may admire my domicile,
And say, " the fellow lives in style."
Glasses for dining and for ball room ;
A lamp to grace the entry hall-dome ;
An eight day-clock to go tick-tack,
With ev'ry other little nick nack,
I mean of all domestic stuff,
From bed to frying pan, enough.
A study fair, on all sides shining
With well bound books, the noblest lining ;—
There let me see erudite Coehran,
And full in view wise doctor Buchan ;
Lest when diseases dire attack me,
No Galen should be near to back me.
Franklin's directions to get wealth,
And Solomon's sure guide to health ;—
Lyttleton, Hale, and Lawyer Coke,
With Burns, on Justices, no joke ;
Old Bunyan, deep and allegorical,
And Phillips, light and metaphorical ;
Bible, with comment thereupon,
From Adam to the dream of John ;
Hervey's Reflections ; Fox's Martyrs.
Some physiognomy, Lavater's ;
Chaucer and Spenser, in black letter,
To me the antique types read better
Than those for which the present rage is,
That boldly stare from hot-press'd pages.

Massinger, Marlow, classic Ben,
Will Shakspeare, first of bards and men;
Otway, a noble hand at pathos,
And Butler, most sublime in bathos;
Virgilian Dryden, gentle Gay,
Elegant Pope, Pindaric Gray.
With caustic Swift, and him whose page
Refin'd the manners of an age;
And all those other knights of quill
Who've dealt in prose or rhyme with skill.
With these adorn my study shelves,
While censor of the learned elves,
Sam Johnson, burley, stiff and proud,
Spouts morals to the silent crowd.
This latter item soon provide,
That I may feast till satisfied,
On Shakespear's flesh, and fowl, and fish,
Addison's variegated dish;
The Dean's high flavour'd haunch, Gay's trout;
Fielding's brimm'd can of English stout;
The Rambler's beef, and Goldsmith's veal,
With Chaucer's game, and Butler's eel:
Milton's ethereal champaigne;
Olives, none better grow in Spain,
Gather'd by Smollet, and to finish,
Thomson and Co's dessert and garnish.
Now would I beg the cream of blisses,
For such, old cloud compeller, this is;
A wife, most worshipful, I mean,
My heart's delight, my fancy's queen,
The lady of my choice must
Be fashioned of no common dust,
As for her purse, 'tis no great matter,
For I could never cringe or flatter,
Or vow that in deformity,
Bright Helen's beauty I could see,
Waive face and shape, and teeth, and so on;
I boggle not at trifles, go on;
If miss is beautiful at heart,
For white and red we shall not part.

Not but I sometimes like to sip
 The honey of the pouting lip ;
 Not that I slight the snowy breast,
 Or cheek of nature's bloom possess'd ;
 Not that I ever shall detest
 The white hand, or the slender waist ;
 When virtues grace the young and fair,
 Rare qualities appear more rare,
 And beauty we may justly reckon
 In ev'ry case a great addition.
 If Jove, the maid thou giv'st is witty,
 And ugly, well ; and well if pretty ;
 But whether she be fair or black,
 In shape like Venus, or a coal-sack,
 Promise me, ere my ribs I sever,
 True beauty in her heart for ever.
 Such wishes, if kind heaven would grant 'em,
 Wife, books and house *secundem artem* ;
 I'd breathe, most gentle reader, trust me :
 But Jove is old, and deaf, and crusty,
 Nor will he realize my dream,
 'Till people learn to wish by steam.

H.

ON THE PROSE WRITINGS OF

Maturin.

THE prose writings of Maturin defy the coldness of criticism. They are composed of glaring defects and dazzling beauties, jumbled promiscuously together, without regard to order, consistency, to any known principle of composition. Spurning ordinary limitations, he sets out with the determination of astonishing ; and if he cannot please, he will at least startle you. He makes so little secret, too, of his intention ; he is so indifferent an economist of his resources ; that he is prodigal of the exposure of his treasure at the very outset of his journey. He is all passion and sentiment. We

rise from the perusal of his works, dazzled, and delighted, but displeased;—a strange association, but a true one. The exuberance of his imagination defies all limits; and placing no value either on correctness or consistency, he says the silliest and the sublimest things, all in a breath, without order and without care. His pictures of life are like the phantoms of a fever; the offspring of a morbid fancy, but neither natural nor just. His characters are the beings of an imaginary world, of his own creating, yet he seems to wish them to be taken for counterparts of reality; and though we are chained to the perusal of their developement in breathless attention, they leave no durable impression, no healthful feeling of moral improvement or expansion of heart. Like the lightning's flash, we are dazzled with the momentary lustre, but a sense of darkness succeeds to the exhalation. They may be compared to a large collection of highly coloured paintings,—they bewilder and confuse; and we lose all perception of individual beauty in the overpowering delirium excited by surveying it as a whole. Yet it is in minute portions that his merit chiefly consists. He is ever aiming at brilliancy, and he sometimes succeeds. Always grasping at some novel idea, or placing old thoughts in a new light; ever epigrammatising, and studying effect, he frequently elicits very splendid conceptions. The following, from his "Women," strike me as deserving particular mention.

"Remember, that the tear, which your own Sterne so beautifully describes as giving a new lustre to the sword of Monsieur le Marquis de N—— would only have *rusted* what it *embellished*, if it had been suffered to remain on it too long."....."Love may not always be repaid by love, but it always requires to be repaid by sincerity; and when we surrender our hearts without reserve, we certainly demand an unqualified avowal of the secrets of the heart to which ours are devoted."....."Life may teach us the knowledge of others, but never can instruct us in the knowledge of ourselves."....."When we implore God to search our hearts it is because we dread to search them ourselves; when we make our imagination the interpreter between the Deity and us its oracles are not always infallible."....."Flowers may fade; but the memory of genius survives many flowers, *even the laurel that is strewed on its grave.*"* Speaking of the attempt of an atheist to

* This is a faulty sentence, and merely pleasing from its dazzle. In the first place, laurel (correctly speaking) is not a flower; and it is a poor compliment to the memory

corrupt the principles of Zaira, he says: "Perhaps he wished to succeed, from the natural anxiety of infidelity to make proselytes. Those who feel they are walking in darkness are glad of a companion."

Like every other imaginative writer, he loves to eulogise the beauties of nature; but then it must be in a way that no one ever thought on before. The sublimest scenes, the most heart-stirring and soul-exalting sublimities, would be passed over unnoticed, if he despaired of eliciting novelty in the description. This has a partial appearance of being creditable to his ardent love of originality; and it would be a high compliment to that generous disdain of plodding a beaten track, that distinguishes independent genius, were it not qualified by the alloying truth, that he frequently rejects obvious and just reflections for romantic and distorted delineations. His descriptions are not characterised by the sublime simplicity of the celebrated Scotch novelist, nor does he, like him, describe by inference. He leaves nothing to the imagination of his reader; his is not the art of condensing powerful effect into a brief sentence; he has none of that potency of genius, whose spells are wrought by the magic of a single word; but he wearies and exhausts by the minuteness and sentimentality of his detail. He will devote a whole page to a rose leaf or a blade of glass, and the associations they awaken. He dives into the minutiae even of an ordinary event, to give it a new colouring, and is little anxious as to its correctness, so he can excite an interest by the dissection of its component parts. Thus in his *Melmoth*, where he describes the death of the parricide, by the hands of an infuriated populace, he excites disgust rather than interest. The feelings are outraged, the heart is sickened, by the gradation of suffering he developes with such tedious precision. The man is seized by the mob, buffeted, tossed to and fro, kicked, wounded, bruised, trampled on, and when the soldiery, riding up to his rescue, reach the spot where he was last seen, and ask where he is? a sightless mass of congealed blood, and flesh and bones beaten to a jelly, bearing no resemblance to the human form, is pointed out as the object of their search. Such a description, prolonged as it is through several pages, excites no other sensation than of genius to say that it merely survives what is strewed on its grave. Had he compared it to a flourishing plant, that had taken root, it would be scarcely more than its desert.

unmixed disgust and horror, which swallow up all regard to the retributive justice of his punishment. Compare this with the awfully terrific, and heart-rending account of the death of Amy in Kennilworth. It is told in a few words, and rather inferred than described; but what can surpass the tremendous sublimity of its effect? I confess that its influence over my mind was so powerful, that I was compelled to close the book, and could not resume it for some time.

I have some reluctance at coming to such a conclusion; but to me the moral and religious sentiments to be gathered from Maturin's writings appear the result of an artificial enthusiasm, that would rather eulogise a system, than be condemned to the task of proving its truth. He asserts all, and argues nothing; and seems to advocate received opinions, not so much from a conviction of their justice, as a fear that he should be suspected of a wish to impugn them. It is remarkable, that in the whole controversy between Zaira and Cardonneau (in his "Women") the advantage in point of reasoning is decidedly in favour of the atheist. She does not even oppose the most ordinary arguments, and he brings his theory to a triumphant close without the shadow of efficient refutation. It may be alleged, that he and his creed are loaded with obloquy; that his moral character is represented as base and vicious, that he is described as heartless and unprincipled, and invested with the attributes of a demon;—our contempt, our abhorrence of the man may remain; but what has that to do with his system? and that stands unrefuted. The profession of any set of principles has often little connexion with the moral character. The most outrageously pious, or at least those who have stood forth the prominent adherents to a religious creed have been found guilty of the most flagrant derelictions from the path of virtue; while men, who have denied the existence of a God, have belied their doctrine by the morality of their conduct. That Maturin should have passed by so fair an opportunity of refuting so absurd a doctrine as that of a blind necessity, uncontrolled by an organized intelligence, and involving the destruction of reflecting beings in its unconscious career, is amazing; for if not for the purpose of refutation, why was it introduced at all? An atheist is brought upon the stage, proclaiming a theory, which requires no subtilty of argument, no logical powers, no acute reasoning to overthrow, (for its confutation is lodged in the breast of every man, who

has for a moment reflected on his own absolute dependence on a superior power) and this theory is dismissed, uncontradicted!

His skill in dialogue is indifferent, and all his characters have this glaring defect,—they speak one language. There is little distinction in their sentiments, and none in their mode of expressing them. Eva the methodist, and Zaira the actress, are equally passionate, and they are mere caricatures of humanity. Such beings never have, and never could have existed; and this censure will apply to all his prominent personages.* The parricide in Melmoth and the most virtuous of his characters are equally sentimental; the highest and the lowest are equally learned; discerning and well informed, they are all heroes, and speak not after the fashion of this world. They all philosophize, moralize, and epigrammatise; and every one of them struts about upon stilts. There is no keeping, no character about them. You might often transpose their sentiments without detriment to their individuality, and their speech and their action are characterised by equal absurdity. Yet Maturin is a writer of genius; and that genius would have been highly appreciated, had its exuberance been controlled by the influence of a correct and sober judgment. He wants method, consistency, and verisimilitude. It is evident that he hazards his thoughts upon paper, before they are properly digested. He is no syllabus framer; and there is little doubt that he has often but a confused idea of his plot when he begins to write. He is like a man who should project a magnificent building, without having formed a plan, or reflected on the adequacy of his materials. It proves a mixture of the absurd and the beautiful, and remains a splendid ruin. It is therefore manifest that Maturin's genius has little likelihood of ever advantaging his fame; for his faults, arising from the luxuriance of an over-excited mind, which must either produce weeds and flowers, or weeds only, appear too much the result of an impetuous and diseased habit of thinking, to admit of an effectual remedy.

* Yet he congratulates himself, in the preface to his "Women," on being better qualified to delineate human nature, than in some of his former productions, from his more enlarged sphere of observation, and a keener insight into a knowledge of the world!

Ribault's Priory.

TIME-hallowed relic ! thy beauties I've seen,
When the moon-beams around thee were sleeping ;
When high in the blue vault of Heaven, Night's Queen
Her sentry was silently keeping.

I have seen thee when tinged with morn's earliest hue,
When the birds their first matins were pouring ;
When thy ivies and wall flowers were glistening with dew,
And all nature its God seemed adoring.

When the loveliest and last flash of day was decaying,
I have seen thee by twilight enshrouded,
And in sombre magnificence night was arraying
Each ruin so lately unclouded.

Whether radiant with rays of the bright orb of day,
Or mellowed by moon-beams and gloaming ;
Still o'er thee my busy imaginings stray,
And my fancy creative is roaming.

MARIE.

Cleanliness.

THE English are the cleanliest people on earth. Amongst them, cleanliness seems to be an innate virtue, not ostentatiously nor troublesomely exerted as in Holland, but a feeling of the heart, a concomitant of the natural order of things. Many of our countrywomen practise it without being conscious of the meritorious quality of the exertion, which seems with them, like the act of respiration, naturally and inseparably an adjunct of life. Never having beheld

the filth which pervades the persons and the dwellings of many other nations, they have no precise or forcible idea of its existence. The mother trains the daughter to cleanliness as she teaches her to speak, and miserable and deplorable is the situation of an English-woman, ere she can forget the practice of it; it often survives the loss of virtue, exists amidst the severest inflictions of poverty, and outlives even the deprivation of reason itself.

Cleanliness is a deity, however, to which all nations are necessarily obliged to pay homage, but it is curious to observe the different manner in which they worship at her altar. There the Dutch frequently sacrifice comfort, convenience, and health. Their children are not dearer to them than the gloss on the polished furniture of their apartments, and not the danger of many years of rheumatic torture can deter them from daily and plentiful ablution of the bed chamber. They may be said to be fanatics in cleanliness. In their enthusiasm they seem to have forgotten even delicacy itself, for on summer mornings, in their villages, whole rows of utensils may be seen glittering in the sun, rubbed, scoured, and polished; utensils, the form of which shew the private though necessary use to which they are applied, and which we sedulously endeavour to keep out of sight. The Spanish and Portuguese peasant, and even the Alexises and Corydons of the classical land of Italy, exhibit sometimes with the most disgusting publicity the necessary operations of cleanliness, and it must be observed that in countries approaching to the hot degrees of latitude the labours of the toilet, at least amongst the lower class, comprehend a series of duties which common care and decent living in our climate exempt us from the necessity of performing. But to examine what may be more easily observed, some of my readers may have seen the itinerant fruit dealers of the sister kingdom *cleaning* their wares by a process which would for ever prevent a refined palate from becoming a purchaser, and I remember a delicate butterwoman at Paris who carefully removed every unclean particle from her unctuous commodity by the gentle friction of her fingers. All these, like the different modes of religion, shew only a different manner of expressing the same sentiment, and serve to prove that delicacy of idea is not always a concomitant of cleanliness. The latter arises from the natural loathing we have to physical as well as moral blemish; the former is the effect of a high degree of

refinement, a state of mental susceptibility, in which the pleasing or disagreeable associations of things act strongly upon the imagination.

Philosophically speaking, there is no such thing as positive filth; every thing becomes such when it is misplaced. Day and Martin's ebony liquid is a clean material when applied to the shoe, anoint the forehead with it, and it becomes filth. There are few young ladies now that could command their tempers, were their lovely tresses to be *dirtied* with grease and white dust, yet their grandmothers thought this state to exhibit the most perfect cleanliness. Land, which is the most respectable of all property, and the possession of which carries with it power and consequence, is but a collection of materials we seldom would wish to come in contact with our persons. It is the same in morals: every action takes its character from its relative situation—courage is virtue in a good cause, it is hardened depravity in a bad one; and even mercy, the most amiable attribute of our nature, may, under peculiar circumstances, become the source of wide-spreading and devastating oppression.

I have already mentioned the innate cleanliness of our countrywomen, and may have failed in giving it its due tribute of praise, when we find it, as is generally the case, practised without ostentation and without asperity, but I must own that I have met with some of them who carry it to a ridiculous and painful nicety. Such persons may be said, literally in the words of Burke, "to feel a stain like a wound." Their microscopic eyes never regard the *tout ensemble* of things, but are always fixed on the minute asperities of the surface. They are in pain at the smallest particle that chance may have deposited on the floor-clothed passage, and they shiver with horror at the slightest casual discolouring of the staircase. The whole business of their lives seems to be to invent and discover cosmetics for mahogany tables and chairs, and compositions calculated to brighten the countenances of steel grates and fire irons. Assisted by their principal officer, Molly the house-maid, they carry on a bustling and never-ending campaign against all intruding extraneous matter, and in this war against nature the female heart seems to become callous to the diminished comfort of a husband, or the outraged feelings of a friend. Such ultra votaries of cleanliness view the darkening gloom of a foul day with woeful

forebodings, not because it obscures the fair face of the heavens, or saddens the usual cheerful aspect of the green fields, but because it dreadfully prognosticates that some mark of human foot may soil the purity of the clean but inhospitable threshold. No matter whose foot makes the unlucky impression. Is it a father's? The stain it left behind seems to have obliterated all sentiments of filial tenderness. Is it a husband's? He is followed by a mop, as if the wish were even while he is yet master of the dwelling, prematurely to obliterate every mark of his approach,—a gloomy anticipation that when the honest man is laid in his grave, his *cara sposa* will soon take measures so that in his former abode his memory shall not leave a trace behind. I knew a lady, and what may be readily called a young one, who seldom or ever stirred abroad, but nursed her tremulous nerves and her head-aches at home, in a clean apartment, rather than seek for health and cheerfulness on the dewy grass or the bustling street, where she risked contracting so much external impurity. After a voluntary confinement of three months, she was prevailed upon to favour a neighbouring family with the honour of her company to tea. On her return, a coach conveyed her home, but a slight shower had fallen, and unfortunately the vehicle could not draw up across the pavement in front. No lover was present, who might have had the gallantry of the wily Raleigh and have spread his cloak or his coat across the perilous passage; it was with reason she therefore trembled to undertake it. At last, summoning all her courage, she made the desperate attempt. One step on tip-toe, and then another, were happily accomplished; but at the unlucky third, a particle of moist matter, in obedience to some of the laws of nature, sprung from the earth, and settled on the side of her shoe. Aware of the nature though not of the extent of the calamity, she rushed into the parlour, fixed her eyes intently downwards on the loathsome spot, and in the bitterness of vexation burst into tears. A solemn vow was heard that moment to issue from her lips, that many a day should roll over her head, ere she should be tempted again into such a situation of horror; and as a bright example of female constancy, she has since then kept herself free from the contamination of the dust of summer or the mud of winter, and comforts herself for the loss of friends and acquaintances, that she is not exposed to have her feelings shocked at the soiled ribbons of one, the dusty furniture of another, and the slovenly servant of a third.

I was well acquainted with Frank Heartly, when his whole revenue arose from his pay as an ensign in a marching regiment. Our finances being much upon a par, there was nothing to prevent our juvenile intimacy ripening into friendship. We were separated, however, by distance of time and place, but on meeting again after a lapse of many years, the warm and friendly sincerity of his temper broke forth into a hearty shake of the hand, and a pressing invitation on a fixed day to favour his lady and himself with a call at his residence, near one of the squares at the west end of the town. The appearance my friend made, certainly might have honoured any one whom he should have deigned to notice, as he was mounted on a remarkably beautiful hunter, and followed by a groom, bespeaking an improvement in his circumstances, which, at parting, he whispered to me, was owing to his marriage with a lady possessed of considerable property. On the day appointed, not being fond of dining abroad, I deferred my visit till the hour when I could expect to enjoy all the easy voluptuousness of the tea-table. The day was fine enough to make me suppose that I had no occasion for any other mode of conveyance than that with which nature had furnished me, and I arrived without having, as I imagined, met with any accident by the way. My friend received me in the most kindly manner I could have wished, and presented me with the warmest recommendations to his lady. On making my best bow, which she returned with the most dignified politeness, I perceived that her eyes were directed to my feet with a look of unusual scrutiny. My glance was instinctly turned in the same direction, when, oh woeful ! I beheld that from the edge of the sole of one of my glossy jet Wellingtons there protruded nearly the tenth part of a half inch of seemingly tenacious mud. How I had overlooked this extraneous matter at the scraper I cannot imagine, but as Othello says, "who can controul his fate ?" My doom was fixed, my character was gone. It was in vain that I employed all my powers of conversation, and that I changed successively the topics to give amusement by variety, Nay, it was even in vain that I introduced, in the most delicate and natural manner, a compliment on the person of my fair hostess ; her mind was occupied by one idea, and that was the edge of the sole of my boot ; her uneasiness, in my agitated imagination, seemed momentarily to increase. Should I be so unlucky, thought I, as to deposit the offending particles on the carpet, there could be no saying what might be the consequences

to the peace and happiness of my friend. "It will harden by the fire," said I to myself, as I seemingly by accident placed the offensive foot near the fender, "and when this chemical process is completed my friend's mansion at my departure will be as unsullied as I at first found it. Scarcely had I resolved to try this experiment, than a cup of tea, which had been presented at that moment by the footman, trembled in the lady's hands. She, as I afterwards understood, had taken exception at the man's linen, and in her agitation the warm liquid spread a painful deluge over her fair fingers. As I sat most convenient for the purpose, I flew to relieve her, when my unlucky boot came in contact with the polished fender, and left a long line of blemish in its course. My lovely hostess both heard the dreadful operation and saw its effects, and the whole together was too much for her endurance. Wrapping her pained hand in her handkerchief, she started up, muttered some faint excuse about indisposition, and hastily withdrew. I saw that my friend was uneasy, and therefore took the first opportunity of taking my leave, and from his assiduous civility, when we have since occasionally met at a coffee-house, I easily understood that he felt ashamed at not having the power to exercise the rites of hospitality at home. Indeed I afterwards learnt from the gratuitous loquacity of a lady acquainted with the family, that my friend had sold his independence to a *cleanly shrew*, for an equipage of which he could scarcely be said to be the master; that she had shut the door against a friendly old uncle of his, because he had let fall a crumb on the carpet; that she had a new set of servants every month, the old ones being discharged uniformly on account of their persons not exhibiting that degree of purity which existed in their mistress' imagination, and that.....but I had heard enough, and begged my fair informant rather to speak of herself, which I said was to me a much more agreeable subject.

Shall I wind up my rambling dissertation with a moral? It shall be so, and that addressed to my fair readers. Let each of them aim at being beloved rather than admired, to become objects of attachment rather than awe, and never to sacrifice good nature, urbanity, and benevolent feeling on the shrine of any virtue whatever.

R.

Stanzas.

Oh! say farewell before we part,—
This parting is for ever;
Oh! smile once on me—and my heart
Shall lose remembrance—never!

The brightest joys my love foretold
Like morning dreams have vanish'd;
The hopes my spirit joy'd to hold,
Thy frowns have long since banish'd.

And sadly have my moments flown,
Gone is my heart's young lightness,
Long, long dark hours have I known,
Without one gleam of brightness.

But never yet has tear or sigh
Told *thee* how deep my sorrow;
I struggled much when thou wert nigh,
A transient smile to borrow.

But now this heart must know the worst,—
To catch a gleam of gladness
From *one* soft word of thine—or burst
Beneath its weight of sadness.

Then say farewell before we part—
Before we part for ever;
Smile but *once* on me—and my heart,
Shall lose remembrance—never!

EDWARD REGINALD.

The Freebooter.

A SKETCH.

[Concluded from p. 287.]

" Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

THE TEMPEST.

THE carousal of these lawless desperadoes, into whose power I was thus suddenly thrown, and on whose mercy or discretion not only my liberty but very existence depended, concluded at an earlier hour than might have been expected. The watch was set; several retired to their hammocks in the half-deck, Foster and his next subordinate in power alone remaining in the cabin;—a stranger to deeds of horror and violence, I could but regard with astonishment the apathy of these men, who severally betook themselves to rest with all the apparent confidence of sound slumber, while to myself, the yet curdling blood and creeping flesh indicated a long absence of the soother, sleep. The weight upon my spirits imparted no heaviness to my eye-lids; and seating myself upon the lockers near Miss Darnton, I rivetted my gaze upon the author of the night's terrible events, in return meeting from time to time the glance of mixed sternness and suspicion, which shot upon me from his quick, dark, and repulsive eye, in which the latent spirit of ferocity was yet flashingly alive. For a few minutes he ascended the deck to issue orders to those upon the watch, and on passing me, on his return, said in a tone of calm but determined significance, " We understand each other, sir! There's your bed as before, but another hot word, and your birth's in the fore-castle for the rest of the voyage." Ill inclined to provoke a fulfilment of this threat, I remained silent as he drew to and locked the the door of the closet, pompously called the state-room, and betook himself to rest in the bed of his murdered captain.

Assured that no immediate violence was intended us, I now again endeavoured, and not wholly without success, to calm the fears of my terrified companions, of whom the waiting maid was natu-

rally the most violent in her apprehensions, and as I withdrew the pannel of her bed, presented a ghastly picture of terror and exhaustion. I threw myself at length upon my bed, and the remainder of this night of misery passed in anxious rumination on its events, and impatient wishes for the approach of morning; not a sound reaching my ear, except at intervals a deep sigh from Cicely, or the tread of the watch above, 'till shortly after midnight, when a breeze sprang up, which kept gradually freshening, and the slowly increasing motion of the ship indicated a less tranquil sea.

As the first glimmerings of dawn came through the cabin sky-light, Foster ascended the companion-ladder, and the next moment after, I was startled by several thundering strokes above, and a loud cry of "all hands upon deck ahoy!"—a summons which, though not applying to me, my anxious curiosity to learn our ultimate destination prompted me to regard with voluntary compliance. Morning was breaking slowly and sullenly over the eastern wave, the wind freshening in occasional gusts, and the ship labouring directly against it with proportionably trifling effect. Land was dimly discernible to leeward, and I surveyed with regret the receding cliffs of my native shore, which I was thus unwillingly compelled to desert, and knew not what evils awaited me ere I might regain it. On the part of the crew, however, all was alacrity and animation; as it grew lighter, several were engaged in fresh painting the ship's sides, and displacing a figure of Caledonia projecting from her prow; doubtless as precautionary steps against her recognition by any British vessel. Others were assiduously occupied in raising from the hold, some small carronades and swivel-pieces, the former from six to eight pounders, and which were ranged in equal numbers by the port-holes on either side.

"There's a pretty row of teeth!" said Foster, "and now, my tars, bear a hand, and lug up those chests from below. Hearty, my soul, jump aloft there, and keep a sharp look-out from the fore-top-sail yard."

The chests alluded to had been secreted in the hold, and were filled with weapons and ammunition; a circumstance which evinced that the conspiracy had been a previously planned and organized measure.

As the day advanced it grew thick and squally, the wind shifted capriciously from point to point, and blew in fitful and heavy gusts, pressing the ship's leeward broadside in the water; the waves

curled and blackened, and dark clouds passed rapidly over the sky.

"Fore-top-sail yard there!" vociferated Foster.

"Sir!"

"It's coming on hellish thick, keep a sharp look-out!"

"Aye aye, Sir!" replied the fellow, and before ten minutes had elapsed, justified the readiness of his answer by the cry "a sail a-head!"

All hurried forward. A strange ship was soon discernible, and at no very remote distance, the haziness of the weather having prevented her from being earlier discovered. Foster seized the telescope, and clambered aloft, descending again almost upon the instant, exclaiming "Clean heels, my lads, and away! she's a French frigate with a d——d tier of grinders. By heavens! we'll be up with her, hand over hand, in a brace of shakes! 'Bout ship ahoy!" An order which was instantly obeyed, the ship woreed, and again our course was fortuitously changed: in the mean time the frigate was evidently crowding all her canvass to come within shot, and although the *Caledonia*, having at one period been in the transport service, had the reputation of a fast sailor, it was easy to perceive that the enemy's advantage in this respect would render the chase of no long duration.

"Here she comes, Halliard!" cried Foster with a dark and dejected look.

"Aye, aye, Sir," was the answer, "if you don't clap your main-yard to the mast, the d——d scoundrel will let drive at us, round and grape!"

And, in fact, the Frenchman commenced firing from his quarter deck guns, when suddenly the fog, which had prevailed more or less throughout the day, became of tenfold density; we lost sight of our pursuer, and steering instantly upon another tack, had again hopes of being enabled to baffle her; hopes, which, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, I could not help indulging in common with the guilty beings around me, well aware that escape from the Freebooters was a less impracticable matter than from the walls of a foreign prison.

We had escaped immediate danger, but the portentous haziness of the sky, the increasing violence of the wind, which now blew with alarming fury, and the heavy rolling of the waves, gave cause to apprehend peril in a yet more vindictive shape. The canvas, which had been crowded upon her in the chase, and now pressed her almost upon her beam ends, was with difficulty erduced, and before

the mainsail could be reefed, a sudden blast tore it to streaming fragments;—the confusion which prevailed upon deck, rendered it no longer a place for one unoccupied, and I descended to the cabin, where it was intimated to me I should do well to remain during the storm, and where the companions of my ill-fortune sat listening with increasing dejection and anxiety to the raging tumult of the elements around. My entrance, together with a returning sense of danger, broke upon the melaucholy conference in which Darnton and his daughter had been previously engaged; but at intervals the old man's incoherent exclamations, uttered in a low, querulous, and despairing tone, left me in little doubt of the topic.

No, Cicely, we had better die at once. If I am to lose this remnant too, let me lose life with it! What will the world be to me? Had I saved but the half, only the half! Had *you* but refused to venture upon the sea! Why did I not die before I determined upon it? What is to become of us? Where is my property? Aye aye, blow on, tempest can hurt me no further!"

"We are not bereft of all," replied Cicely. "Even if these men plunder us to the utmost, the moiety vested in my uncle's hands will secure us from utter destruction; you shall never hear of a murmur from me, and, at least," she added, "let us not exclaim against the judgment of God in the moment when only his mercy can rescue us from destruction."

"Judgment!" answered the old man, "what crime have I committed, or what have I to hope from mercy? Will God raise up the treasure I have lost in these devouring waves?"

"Oh hush! hush!" exclaimed his daughter, shuddering at the impiety of the question, and turning upon me a distracted look. I joined the unhappy girl in an attempt to awaken his reliance on the just and merciful decrees of Providence, and adverted to our recent escape from capture, but the roaring of wind and wave, the tumultuous hubbub of sound above, shouting, swearing, stamping, —the incessant crashing and thundering, from side to side, of various articles at every lurch of the ship, which now rocked and laboured furiously, soon induced a dead and fearful pause in the conversation. Grasping each a beam or the pannel of a bed, we remained silent and dejected, now mutually watching the sickly expression of fear deepening on every countenance, and now looking upwards to the sky-light, where the gloom of approaching night was fast mingling with that of the unabated fog.

"What a night of wretchedness will this be!" ejaculated Cicely.

A shout or yell from above followed, while a heavy sea broke in thunder upon the deck, and mocking the feeble opposition of the casement, deluged the cabin. A seaman half leaped, half stumbled down the companion, and dragged a large tarpaulin from the lockers. "Are we in danger?" shrieked both the females, to which he answered with a surly composure, "danger! aye danger enough; God knows, here's a bubbling sea! and wind enough to skelp a seventy-four out of the water." With an injunction to remain below, and if possible to revive the fire, he again ascended, and the next minute all was total darkness, the tarpaulin being stretched over the casement, and the companion roof drawn to.

It was now that the wretchedness of our situation drew to its climax; we heard the sea washing furiously over the deck, and the incessant clanking of the pumps told with what fatal success the rebellious surges assailed our devoted vessel. Several hours, each appearing an age in its lapse, rolled over us in this agony of suspense, and I felt the deep conviction of how much danger is darkened in its aspect by the inability to contend, even though despairingly, with the evils that surround us; the very cries and frantic shoutings of the crew had something of excitation from which a fortitude resembling madness might arise; but to perish as it were with fettered hands, with a phrenzied yet unavailing longing for exertion, with leisure, in the dead nervelessness of inoccupation; for the torturing play of every mental faculty, to meet the stroke of fate in unresisting torpor, appeared to me multiplying pang upon pang, and dying death upon death. The perils, which could I have borne a part in opposing, I might have contemned, wrought me now into very cowardice, and a thousand harrowing apprehensions flitted across my mind.

The pumps were unremittingly plied, the ship driving we knew not whither, through fog and tempest, and should she eventually perish, was it not, I reflected, probable that the crew would secure the boats, and leave us imprisoned in the cabin to share the fate of the sinking wreck? As this idea struck me, some one rapidly descended, and a voice which I knew to be Forster's, vociferated impatiently for light; the fire however, was utterly extinguished, he execrated the evil chance, and proceeded to search for flint and steel. "Where are we?" I asked. "Tell me that," he replied, "and I'll give half the ship's worth; such an infernal night! If the wind lasts we'll all be in h—ll in another hour."

This exclamation drew groans from Darnton, and sobs of agony from the servant.

"Have you reduced the leak?" I continued.

"Not a tumbler full; and she licks it at every seam!"

At this moment a tremendous gust threw the ship on her beam ends, and exclaiming, with an oath, "there she goes at last!" he scrambled as he best might to the deck. I followed with difficulty; but what a scene! the guns were instantly thrown overboard, and the mizen mast cut away—all was horror and tumult, enormous surges bursting over her from van to rear, and as she righted again sweeping two unhappy wretches into the eternal womb of ocean! I heard their cries, but for a moment drowned, in the thunder of the next billow: the hull drove on at the mercy of the tempest, sea after sea striking her tortured frame, and both pumps deserted by the exhausted crew, who clung to the rigging in momentary expectation of a wave striking her stern and sealing their doom at once. Foster rushing to and fro on the deck like the incarnate demon of the night, raved for the boats to be got out, and several, as an expiring effort for life, attempted to obey him, when a frantic cry of "breakers ahead!" sounded the knell of their destiny, and seemed to render all human exertion fruitless! I grasped a cord in despair, and as the groaning wreck bounded towards the rocky beach upon which the surf was breaking in thunder—committed my soul to God. The main-mast was now cut away, and the sheet anchor dropt from her bows, but the cable parted instantaneously! the best bower followed, and refusing to take ground dragged unavailingly at the bottom, till the very jaws of destruction were closing upon us, when it fastened at length, and a third being thrown out on the instant, the shattered bulk stopped on its career of death, but with such a sea raging beneath and around her, her prow now scaling the clouds and now plunging in the terrific abyss beneath, that to hope she would ride in safety a quarter of an hour would have been madness. She was, besides, fast filling with water, and nothing remained but to get the boats out, or to form a raft of the broken booms and spars; of which almost hopeless expedients, the former was first attempted, and my thoughts reverting to my helpless partners in calamity, I rushed once more to the cabin, snatched Miss Darnton from her bed, and calling wildly upon her father and the girl to follow, bore her half dead with terror to the quarter, just as the assembled crew were watching the heave of the sea to throw a boat

over the side....the bursting roar of a wave, and a cry of mingled terror and disappointment told the issue; the boat was staved, and another victim torn into eternity by the avenging element! Hope was gone, but despair prompted fresh efforts, and while they prepared to launch a second boat, and Cicely clung to the torn cordage at the quarter, I again ventured an effort to rescue her unhappy friends below; the girl, nerveless with agony, lay in the splashing brine that deluged the cabin-floor, and answered my intreaties to make one minute's struggle for existence, only by dropping into my arms as she arose; with difficulty I dragged the helpless creature up the companion, reiterating call upon call to Darnton, whose cries of "one moment more, and I shall save it!—one moment more!" evinced that, even at this dreadful juncture, life was not his only care; the ship was now settling by the head, the panting seamen awaiting only the recoil of the next billow for a final effort, and again, yielding to the distraction of Cicely, I called vehemently upon her father but in vain! the boat was launched—the crew poured in, and their diminished numbers inducing no apprehensions of being over-crowded, I succeeded in placing Cicely, safely at the stern. The poor girl, her maid, was my next care, but alas! in the impatience of terror she sprung heedlessly from my grasp, ere an arm could be extended to save, a giant surge rolled over her powerless frame, and choked her expiring shriek! The ship gave at the moment a heavy and warning lurch.—I leapt from her side just as the vociferated order of "Put off! put off!" was obeyed by the crew, and before we had gained five strokes of an oar distance, the broken wreck of the *Caledonia* went headlong down, ingulphing the wretched Darnton in its foaming vortex.

Why should I yet dwell with painful prolixity on the horrors of the night? The boat drove shoreward, now hanging on the curl of the billow, and now shooting down its tremendous slope as if to plunge for ever in the depths it boiled and thundered over. None knew distinctly the coast we were approaching, and on drawing near, a reef, on which the surf broke furiously, intervened, and warned us to seek a safer landing-place. With toil and difficulty they weathered a high cape that projected far into the tide, and on passing it, again stood fairly in for the beach, when the report of a gun was heard, and by the growing clearness of the sky, a vessel became discernible rocking at anchor, sheltered from the violence of the storm by a range of hills sweeping round the indented line

of a small bay, which the promontory we had just weathered doubly protected.

A light presently gleamed through the spray, as if a beacon fire among the rocks—they toiled with redoubled ardour towards it, and two who were able swimmers venturing with the life-line through the waves, which here rolled with abated fury to the strand, the boat was at length dragged in safety through the reluctant surge. To describe with what feelings I once more pressed the bosom of earth, and gazed upon the drooping girl I had twice been the instrument of snatching from destruction, is impossible. Following the surviving few who had escaped with us, I supported her with trembling limbs to the cavern, near whose mouth the boat was moored, and in which we were welcomed by several strangers (apparently seamen) to the fire that blazed cheerfully in its centre:—with a rough, but welcome courtesy they spread a couch for Cicely, composed of a sail and their heavy gregos or watchcoats, and in the exhaustion and torpor of long suffering she lay wordless and motionless by my side. While lost in the absorbing consciousness of our mutual preservation, and in gratitude to the eternal Disposer of Events, I was scarcely sensible of the presence of those around, scarcely heard the shout of recognition with which the strangers greeted Foster, or gave a thought to the dangerous relation in which I stood to that guilty being. All that caught and lingered on my attention of their conference, was, that we were thrown on Coquit Island, off the Northumbrian Coast, that our hosts were of the crew of the vessel riding in the bay, and having landed for some purpose, made the cave their residence till the subsiding of the tempest permitted their boat's return.

It was now drawing fast to day-break, the roar of the gale dying gradually away, and the thunder of the yet advancing tide, slowly subsiding. Cicely seemed to sleep; a flask was handed to me, and incautiously I drank freely of the contents—their effect was overpowering drowsiness; and at length a light slumber. Merciful heaven! how was I aroused! An almost choking grasp—a shriek—the rush of footsteps—the dash of oars—and while struggling in agony to start from the cold rock to which ruffian hands had bound me, the smothered cries for help of her whom I should never more save or see. The cavern whirled round and round in the dizziness of my anguish; the tide, dashed at my foot, but rolled no further, and I cursed its retiring surges that did not with their former fury destroy

the being, it was now cruelty to spare! Day dawned, and broke, and brightened over the waters. The curlew clapt his heavy wings at my prison, when at last a human shape with a human heart came to my relief, and with faint and benumbed limbs I staggered to the sandy beach; my eye wandered over the distant wave, fixed vacantly upon a dim speck on the horizon, and when that vanished for ever, turned in utter hopelessness to the deserted bay, a broken mast among its rocks, and a single corpse upon its strand, shrouded in the white foam of the remorseless wave that whirled it there.

I wandered in my distraction I knew not whither,—from creek to creek, from headland to headland, and pictured a boat in every fragment of rock that the distant waters eddied and broke upon,—every murmur of the surge thrilling upon my tortured sense, as a cry of helpless agony. Even yet, my heart sinks, crushed and torn, as I recal the anguish of the blow! Even yet, the scene, the hour, the feeling of desertion and despair,—the deep and burning wish to rush into the wave, to strike and to avenge, repeatedly crowd upon me in their distracting freshness. In vain! The tide of years may roll on, and throw the ruffian Foster at my feet at last; but never can their melancholy hue be brightened with even a hope of again gazing upon the victim of his atrocity. The flower, his villainy wrung from my cherishing hand,—the being, whose pure and gentle heart must soon have broken for ever in the grasp of the destroyer!

Bishop-Wearmouth.

J. G. G.

Song.

BACCHANALIAN.

AWAY with your weeping and wailing!

This world's but an ocean of fun,

Let's all go for pleasure a-sailing,

And laugh till the voyage is done!

He's the wisest, I think, past denying,

Who daily grows gladder and gladder;

A plague upon grieving and sighing—

“It blows a man up like a bladder!”*

* Falstaff.

What is love but a toy for the simple?
A trifle to cheat and cajole?
There's heavenly charms in a dimple,
But heaven itself in the bowl!
Then prate not of beauty's caressing,
Tho' soft as a strain of Apollo's,
Her lip, like the grapes, sweet in pressing,
But zounds! where's the nectar that follows?

J. G. G.

Fine Arts.

"These are imperial works, and worthy kings."

ABOUT sixty years since, the Royal Academy was founded under the auspices of our late sovereign, and from that time to the present the state of the arts has been visibly advancing. The public began to take a deeper interest in their prosperity, and as might be expected, the subjects assumed a nobler character. Prior to that period, much time was mis-spent and talent misapplied in the depicting of groups of "still life," as they are technically called. A hare and partridges, a dish of fish, or an assemblage of vegetables, challenged our admiration, which they generally obtained, if not for the taste they discovered, at least for the patience they had exhausted. But soon the page of history began to be ransacked, and the casket of poetry rifled for material for the painter's use; and in a short time, the loftiest epics glowed upon the canvass; patrons increased; artists improved; and the Exhibition became a fashionable lounge to the connoisseur, the scholar, and the gentleman. The leaven thus infused, fermented in a greater or lesser degree the whole mass of society, and the country boor and city dame were to be found among the visitors, if for no other purpose, at least to escape the reproach of being ranked among the Goths and Vandals of their day. In proportion to the demand is always the supply. Exhibitions multiplied; and beautiful collections of ancient and modern masters, some in oil and others in

water, were invifing us on every side. The pretensions of individuals to fame soon challenged our scrutiny. Mr. West beckoned us here, Mr. Haydon there, and Mr. Wilkie in a third direction. The increasing interest that the public took, soon augmented the spirit and the enterprize of the mere traffickers in these articles, and our curiosity was continually being excited by fresh importations from foreign countries. The nobility and gentry too, were far from niggardly in their patronage—large sums were given to the most successful artists for specific performances, and smaller ones to those of less celebrity; the Marquis of Stafford, Sir John Leicester, and other distinguished personages have from time to time thrown open their galleries, and even the parliament advanced some large sums to secure the Elgin Marbles and the Townley collection to the country. But something still was wanting, and that our sovereign seems disposed to supply. His Majesty has indicated an intention of forming an extensive museum, to which, upon certain days, the public are to have free access. For several years past, his Majesty has been inc̄reasing his collection, and the apartments at Carlton palace contain a number of works of the great Flemish, Dutch, and Italian painters, which are to be placed in the museum as well as the cartoons of Raphael which are now at Hampton Court, and also the Two Misers at Windsor Castle. Parliament, it is said, is to have the direction of this establishment, and funds are to be created to enrich the collection, as opportunities offer, by the acquisition of foreign and native master-pieces. It is also reported that the Elgin Marbles and other specimens of art in the British Museum, are to form a part; so that the whole of our riches in this department may be seen at one view. In future then, we shall have no reason to say with Sterne, “they manage these things better in France.” They should have been managed better in England, when we consider the importance of the arts to the well being and glory of a state. By them we are enabled to record historical events in a manner so lively, that the rudest are impressed as powerfully as the most cultivated. By them we are enabled to excite youth to the most arduous and daring undertakings; for the glowing canvas and the breathing marble seem to throw off sparks of ethereal flame to ignite the kindred spirit. By them we create a *taste* for beauty in the natural world, which leads to a discernment and selection of what is excellent in the moral. By them we are furnished with a never-failing source of rational and innocent amusement,

to the detrition of those pursuits which are low, worthless, or injurious. By them political duties are taught, moral lessons inculcated, and sweet religion eloquently enforced. Their use, in short, is to soften, instruct, refine, and ennoble. What folly is it then to shut them up in private cabinets and distant castles, where, age after age, they hang useless, mouldering like lamps in sepulchres. The utility of such a building as the one contemplated, will be the more apparent, when we call to mind the fact that the artist cannot, like the literary character, multiply the impressions of his mind, and send them to distant parts to find admirers. What wrong then is done to the authors of these laborious creations, to have them thus confined in obscurity ! Besides, we contend it is a violation of an understood contract between the artist and his country. Though popes and emperors have thought it no degradation to the diadem they wore, to do homage to genius in the persons of artists, and a few of them have sailed down the stream of life under the influence of benignant skies and gentle gales, yet by far the greater portion have been tossed about from the cradle to the grave by the rude blasts of adversity. Love of lucre then was not the impelling principle in the selection of their pursuit (indeed it may be said that an affection so sordid could never beget a progeny so noble) but a thirst for distinction, an irresistible desire to fill a conspicuous situation in the pantheon of the world. The glory of being thought a superior intelligence among men, was the meed for which they laboured. If then you refuse to administer to this lofty and valuable passion, you deprive them of what is justly their due, and society suffers for the injustice done them.

His majesty has shewn himself, in various instances, a friend to polite literature and the arts, and could we venture to hope that our feeble voice would ever pierce the walls of his palace, we would respectfully remind him that there is more renown attached to the successful cultivation of these peaceable pursuits, than those of a warlike description. The value of all things is proportioned to their scarcity ; every country, as regards all other excellence, may be said to have had its day ; each has successfully been awful in wisdom, and terrible in arms, but there are only one or two favoured spots beneath the sun, where those things that may be considered to form the *beauty* of a state, have attained perfection. This is the beauty of Rome, and of Athens, which we contemplate and admire at the present day. The glory of their arms has been equalled ; the

wisdom of their policy excelled ; and the light of their philosophy eclipsed ; but their painters, their sculptors, their poets and orators, are examples to posterity to imitate, perhaps rival, but never to surpass. If we refer to the brilliant period of Grecian story, when the illustrious Pericles presided over the no less illustrious Athens, it is not for the purpose of instancing that great man's prowess in war, or profundity in legislation. Great as his acquirements were in these respects, they concerned chiefly the time in which he lived, and the country over which he presided, but we adduce this age for the purpose of shewing to what a height of excellence polite literature and the fine arts were carried, when cherished by the invigorating beams of power. Far be it from us to meddle with politics, but we must be permitted to say, that we wish the chaplet of fame should be contended for in the fair fields of literature and art rather than in the ensanguined plains of slaughter. For there, success excites no envy, and extorts no tear ; the strife is generous ; the prize is noble, and whoever carries it off receives the congratulations of his antagonists and the plaudits of all. Should therefore his majesty dedicate a portion of that power with which the empire has invested him to the advancement of these lofty objects, we prophecy that posterity will have reason to merge the glory he has acquired in vanquishing the most successful of warriors, and ambitious of men, in that greater glory of being the nursing father of polite literature and the fine arts. Then will the fallacious and fanciful reasons that have been assigned for our seeming insusceptibility to the refined charms of the pictorial art, by Du Bos, Winkleman, Montesquieu, and other vain theorists, meet a practical refutation. The humid atmosphere and the bleak north blasts that have weighed down or scattered the subtle particles of animal spirit that should mantle and confederate upon the intellectual throne, are now scarcely discernible in our works. If such has been the effect of a partial and a parsimonious patronage, what achievements may we not calculate upon, when that patronage becomes as liberal as befits the ample hand of royalty to bestow ? We answer that the country, whatever be the nature of its climate, that has given birth to a Byron, a Pope, a Dryden, a Milton, and a Shakespeare, under favourable circumstances will produce an Angelo, a Raphael, a Phidias, or an Apelles, if it be indeed a fact, that poetry and painting are ak in. Let us ask the disciples of those theorists we have named, a question or two. If a natural cause

promote or prevent our arrival at a point of excellence, how is it that its operation is not uniform? If a fine climate be essential to success, how came Italy to be destitute of an artist deserving that appellation till Cimabue arose in the early part of the fourteenth century? And after having kept advancing for about two centuries, how was it she gradually declined, till her painters became as degenerate as those of her neighbours? On the other hand, how came artists of the very first order, though not in the same line, to spring up among the reeky bogs, and in spite of the withering blasts of Holland? And again, if artists are procreated like maggots by the beams of the sun, how is it that the nearer we approach the equator, the greater is the paucity of intellectual vivacity and bodily energy, both which are essential to their production? But we will tell these vain apologizers for our supposed mental deficiencies, that the reason why the arts flourished in Italy, and did not flourish in England at the period alluded to, was owing not to natural, but to moral causes. Had Leo the Tenth never existed, Raphael and Angelo would probably never have been heard of; and with respect to England, at this period, she was busily engaged in the great work of the reformation; and such had been the abuse of pictures and images in the Romish Church, that our pious, austere, and inflexible ancestors banished them altogether. But we must conclude. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of remarking, that the signs of the times are cheering. The valley of dry bones at last shews symptoms of animation, and we hope speedily to see them covered with flesh, and have breathed into them the breath of life.

S.

Song.

Love you? yes beyond the scope
That passion ever knew before,
Altho' the soothing smile of hope
Will beam upon my breast no more.

Not mine the coldly selfish heart
To throb for individual joy,
No, I would sooner pine apart,
Than one dear bliss of yours destroy.

Go where you will, do as you may,
Be always happy, always free,
And that which makes *you* glad and gay
Can never bring but joy to *me*.

Like some transplanted flow'r that sees
From 'neath some cold and rugged fir,
The sun-shine on her native trees
And feels *that* sun enough for her.

M. L. R.

Literature.

MAID MARIAN.

THE novel-reading public, on whose account half the presses of the metropolis are constantly employed, are little aware of the quantity of intellect expended in the composition of their favourite works, contemptible as they frequently are. The novel writer has difficulties to encounter, unknown to the labourers in other departments of literature. It is hardly possible for him to be original, yet his book will have small chance of success, if destitute of the new and surprising; his invention must be taxed for a story which no fellow dealer in fiction has narrated before, yet who that contemplates the immense mass of stale circulating library histories, can hope to tell a tale which has not already been twice told? And should he overcome these obstacles to his success, should he succeed in producing a work, recommended by the freshness and glow of originality, it will be his fate to have his book thumbed by readers whose perceptions of literary excellence are extremely obtuse; for except in the case of the great Unknown and a very few others, what novel writer has a chance of exciting the attention of the judicious? Many elaborate works of fiction fall still-born from the press, or are only seen by the ignorant and tasteless, to whom the vilest garbage of the Minerva Library would be equally acceptable, and hence there is but little temptation to adventurers in this field of mental exertion. We have many authors, however, who, without obtaining any very powerful influence over public opinion, contrive to create a temporary interest in the minds of a certain class of readers, which the good-natured critic will hope is attended with profit, if not with fame. The writer of Headlong Hall, Nightmare

Abbey, and some other novelletes with odd names, comes under this description, and if in the course of perusal his volumes excite our smiles, the mirth which they produce will not bear analysis, for the wit which caused it, is literal rather than intellectual. It is agreeable to notice improvement, and we gladly seize the opportunity afforded us at present, for Maid Marian, the work before us, has higher claims to attention than any of its elder sisters. The fable trenches considerably on the copyhold of the author of *Waverley*, many of the characters are mere imitations after *Ivanhoe*, and some of them rather indifferent; the heroine is the greatest novelty in the group, though in truth she is little more than a double of our old favourite Diana Vernon, baring the accomplishments of *fencing* and *archery*, which seem to us to add little to the lady's attractions. Dramatic effect is aimed at through the whole of the tale, and in most instances successfully; the opening chapter would furnish striking material for the first act of a *melo-drama* in the *Moncrieff* or *Dibdin* style, and the incidents are generally so well adapted to the stage, that if the opera on the subject, which has been so long hatching, is well managed, it can hardly fail of becoming popular. Miss Tree will make an admirable Maid Marian. We remember her powers in the duel scene of *Twelfth Night*, and have the utmost confidence in her soldiership, even though she should be brought into contact with the redoubted Richard Cœur de Lion. The fault of this novel is, and it is no small one, that there is no truth of nature, either in the construction of the plot, or the delineation of the characters: we see at once that the agents are not the men and women of our own world; we laugh at them as we do at our own monstrously elongated images in a concave mirror, for we know that they are caricatures. The author, with no very good taste we think, continually labours to prove that the age of King John was better than the age of King George. On the interruption of the marriage, we are told, that "some of the women screamed, but none of them fainted, for fainting was not so much the fashion in those days, when the ladies breakfasted on brawn at sunrise, as in our more refined age of green tea and muffins at noon." Now for our own parts, if the absence of brawn and ale, or the introduction of tea and muffins, has transformed our woman-kind from fierce fighting viragos to affectionate domestic companions, we think there is no great hardship in compounding with them for an occasional fainting fit.

The reader of Maid Marian will find some very awkward

left-handed compliments in the course of the work, as for instance, the following, the rudeness of which is hardly excused by its humour. "The baron inferred from this, that the earl's case was desperate, and those who have had an opportunity of seeing a rich friend fall suddenly into poverty, may easily judge by *their own feelings*, how quickly and completely the whole moral being of the earl was changed in the baron's estimation." We hate cant of every description, but none more than that which deafens you with ringing the changes on legitimacy, the holy alliance, natural equality, "and all that sort of thing,"—it disgusts us in all places, but especially in a work of fiction, to which we look for amusement not political discussion. Perhaps the author hoped to allure the many-headed monster, the multitude, by his wordy enthusiasm about freedom, but however it may be, he takes every occasion to lecture on the subject, not merely in his own person, but from the mouths of Scarlet, Little John, and the Friar of Rubygill, and even from the sweet lips of Maid Marian herself. The subjoined remarks on the paper currency are edifying doubtless, but rather out of place. "Those unenlightened days were ignorant of the happy invention of paper machinery, by which one promise to pay is satisfactorily answered by another promise to pay, and that again with another, in infinite series; they would not, as their wiser posterity has done, take those tenders for true pay which were not sterling." The eloquence of the Friar, who occasionally holds forth to the outlaws in Sherwood Forest, is of a kind that induces us to think he must have read Cobbett,—but how? Probably in a dream. Yet that will not account for the Robin-Code as given by this writer, for surely nobody out of Bedlam would think of legislating for a troop of deer-stealers, contemporary with Henry the Second, in such terms as these: "our government being legitimate, all our proceedings shall be legitimate: wherefore we declare war against the whole world, and every forester is by this legitimate declaration, legitimately invested with a roving commission to make lawful prize of every thing that comes in his way." We are happy in being able to mingle praise with our censure, for these are almost our only objections to what would otherwise be a very amusing little work. The Baron is an entertaining, testy old gentleman. Mr. Farren will do him all justice. Sir Ralph is a very poor creature, but many of the scenes in which he figures, particularly in that with the valorous Sheriff of Not-

tingham, are highly comic. The Robin Hood, like the Locksley of Ivanhoe, is a failure, though the affair at Edwinstow Church is extremely ludicrous ; as for the Friar, he is too palpable a copy of the renowned Friar Tuck, and who can tolerate the imitation who has seen the original ? Yet even this character is adroitly managed, and the duet with the baron's daughter would be irresistible on the stage. Liston and Miss Tree would do it to perfection. The attempts at poetry are of " the right butter-woman's rank to market : one might make such for seven years at a stretch, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted." The following lines are pretty, and seem by a different hand.

" Ye woods, that oft at sultry noon
 Have o'er me spread your massy shade :
 Ye gushing streams, whose murmured tune
 Has in my ear sweet music made,
 While, where the dancing pebbles show
 Deep in the restless fountain-pool
 The gelid water's upward flow,
 My second flask was laid to cool :
 Ye pleasant sights of leaf and flower :
 Ye pleasant sounds of bird and bee :
 Ye sports of deer in sylvan bower :
 Ye feasts beneath the greenwood tree :
 Ye baskings in the vernal sun :
 Ye slumbers in the summer dell :
 Ye trophies that this arm has won :
 And must ye hear your friar's farewell?"

With many and glaring imperfections, the novel of Maid Marian must be considered an ingenious production ; the author is obviously possessed of talents, and we hope he will evince his gratitude for public approbation, by greater exertions to deserve it.

H.



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